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SONGS AND CAROLS  


FROM A

MANUSCRIPT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OF THE

Fifteenth Century.

EDITED BY

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Sloane MS. No. 2593, in the British Museum, has been long known to the literary historians of the English middle ages, and several of the songs contained in it have been printed. I myself, when first entering on the study of this class of literature, edited a selection from it in a small black-letter volume published by the late Mr. Pickering. Since that time, another volume of the same kind, and containing second copies of some of its contents, fell into my hands accidentally, and I edited it entire for the Percy Society, under the title of *Songs and Carols, now first printed from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.* As far as I have been able to ascertain, these are the only collections of the kind known to exist; they are both of them apparently the song-books of minstrels;

and they are both curious for the character and variety of the poetical effusions they contain, and for the interesting illustration they afford us of contemporary popular sentiments ; they are both also of about the same date. The Sloane MS., from which the present collection is printed, has been generally ascribed, from the character of the writing, to the reign of Henry VI. I have thought, therefore, that it would not be unacceptable to the readers of our old poetry, if I gave a complete edition of the Sloane Manuscript, as a companion to the volume printed for the Percy Society.

One of these songs, No. lii, p. 73, furnishes us with curious data for fixing more exactly the period at which it at least was composed, if we could identify the circumstances alluded to in it. The reader, or rather the hearer, of this song, is reminded, as so many memorials of the frailty of human affairs, of certain great disasters which, at the time it was composed, were fresh in people's memories. The first of these were the "dear years three," in which multitudes of people died of hunger; the next were two pestilences of a fearful description ; after this came a tempest—a wind's blast—which blew down steeples, and was accompanied with terrible thunder

and lightning, by which the priory of the Carmelites, and the tolbooth at Lynn, in Norfolk, were burnt. This last circumstance would fix the date immediately, but unfortunately I have not been able to discover any historical notice of the event to which it alludes. Pestilences and famines were rather common during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and when described in general terms are not easily identified. After a comparison of the events of this kind mentioned in the old chronicles, I am inclined to think, however, that the two pestilences mentioned in our song are those two celebrated pestilences of the fourteenth century (occurring in the years 1349 and 1361-2) which are commemorated in the well-known popular poem of Piers Ploughman, and that the “wyndes blast” of our song is the terrible south-western wind of the same remarkable poem, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1362, and of which we are there told—

He preved that thise pestilences  
Were for pure synne,  
And the south-westrene wynd  
On Saterday at even  
Was pertliche for pure pride,  
And for no point ellis ;  
Pyries and plum-trees

Were puffed to the erthe,  
 In ensaumple that the segges  
 Sholden do the bettre ;  
 Beches and brode okes  
 Were blowen to the grounde,  
 Turned upward hire tailes,  
 In tokenyng of drede  
 That dedly synne er domes-day  
 Shal for-doон hem alle.

*Piers Ploughman, l. 2500.*

Stowe says of this tempest, “The king held his Christmas at Windsore, and the xv. day following a sore and vehement southwest winde brake forth, so hideous, that it overthrew high houses, towers, steeples, and trees, and so bowed them, that the residue which fell not, but remained standing, were the weaker.” The first of the two pestilences was followed by a period of excessive dearness, which I suspect was identical with the three dear years of our song.

Now the great pestilences of the fourteenth century were certainly well remembered for two centuries afterwards, but they were remembered not as the *two* pestilences, but as the *three* pestilences, of which the third occurred in the year 1369. If I am right, therefore, in explaining the allusions,

this song must have been originally composed before the third pestilence, or between 1362 and 1369, and probably very soon after the former year.

Of course this date would apply only to the particular song in question, and it proves nothing as to the age of the others ; but I think we may fairly infer from it, that the songs contained in these two collections do not by any means belong to the particular age of the manuscripts in which they are found, but that they belong to a numerous class of popular literature which were preserved in the memory of the sort of people who sang them, during several generations, and that some of them were only at times copied down by accident in collections like the two which I have edited, which we may therefore regard as very curious monuments of the minstrel lore. All this explains the great incorrectness with which they are written, and the numerous variations we find where we have more than one copy of the same song, which would naturally arise in taking it down from the memory of different persons at different times. The collection printed for the Percy Society is the more curious of the two, both because it contains a larger proportion of songs not of a religious character, and

because some of them are accompanied with the musical notes.

I will only add that in editing the Sloane MS. I have followed the same principle adopted in the volume printed for the Percy Society, of strictly following the manuscript, even in its errors, many of which are in themselves philologically curious. The Latin, especially, is in many cases extremely corrupt.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

14, *Sydney Street, Brompton,*  
*April, 1856.*

## SONGS AND CAROLS.

---

I.

Thou wost wol lytyl ho is thi foo.

MAN, loke thou have this gys,  
Quat sum evere thou xalt doo,  
Of thi speche the wil avys,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Man, rewle thi tung in swych a gys,  
That non mysspeche come the froo ;  
For than thou dost as the wys,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Idil speche I rede thou spys,  
Lok to hom thou seyst thi wil too ;  
Qwether thou stonde, walke, or ryde,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

The bryd seyde on his devys,  
 Thou mytyst telle sum man thi woo,  
 He wol it were dublyd thryis ;  
 Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

If thou wyt beryn avey the prys,  
 Lestene this song and syngc the too,  
 Of thi speche the wil avys,  
 Thou wost wol lytil ho is thin foo.

## II.

Now bething the, gentilman,  
 How Adam dalf and Eve span.

IN the vale of Abraham  
 Cryst hym self he made Adam,  
 And of his rybbe a fayr womman,  
 And thus this scmly word began.

“ Cum, Adam, and thou xalt se  
 The blysse of paradis that is so fre ;  
 Therin stant an appil-tre,  
 Lef and frewt growit theron.

Adam, if thou this appil etc,  
 Alle these joyis thou xalt forȝetc,

And the peynis of helle gete."

Thus God hym self warnid Adam.

Quan God was fro Adam gon,

Sone after cam the fend anon;

A fals tretour he was on,

He tok the tre, and krep theron.

"Quat eylyt the, Adam, art thou wod?

Thi lord haȝt tawt the lytil good,

He wolde not thou understod

Of the wyttes that he can.

Tak the appil of the tre,

And ete therof, I bidde the,

And alle hese joyis thou xalt se,

Fro the he xal hedyn non."

Quan Adam hadde that appil ete,

Alle hese joyis wern forȝete,

Non word more myȝt he speke,

He stod as nakyd as a ston.

Than cam an aungil with a swerd,

And drof Adam into a disert;

Ther was Adam sore aferd,

For labour coude he werkyn non.

## III.

Alle maydenis, for Godes grace,  
Worchepe þe seynt Nicolas.

SEYNT Nicholas was of gret posté,  
For he worchepid maydenis thre,  
That wer sent in fer cuntré  
Common wommen for to be.

Here fader was man in powre aray,  
Onto his dowteres he gan say,  
“Dowteres, þe must away,  
Non lenger kepe þou I may.

Dowteres, myn blyssing I þou ȝeve,  
For catel wil not with me thryve,  
þe must with ȝowre body leve,  
ȝour wordeȝe must dryve.”

The eldest dowter swor, be bred of qwete,  
“I have levere beggyn myn mete,  
And getyn me good qwer I may gote,  
Than ledyn myn lyf in lecherie.”

The medil dowter seyde, so mote che the,  
“I hadde levere hangyd and drawyd be

With wylde hors to or thre,  
 Than ledin myn lyf in lecherie."

The ȝongere lechery gan to spyse,  
 And preyid saynt Nicholas, as che was wise,  
 " Saynt Nicholas, as he was wyse,  
 Help us fro lecherie."

Saynt Nicholas, at the townys ende,  
 Consoylid tho maydenis hom to wynde,  
 And throw Godes grace he xulde hem synde  
 Husbondes thre good and kind.

## IV.

God that alle mytes may,  
 Helpe us at our ending daye.

THIS word, lordingges, I understande,  
 May be lyknyd to an husbonde,  
 That taket a ferme into his honde  
 To ȝelde therof serteyn pay.

Spende we neyther speche ne spylle,  
 Neyther for good ne for ille,  
 We xuln ȝevyn acontes grylle  
 Beforn our Lord on domys daye.

Leve lordynges, be war of this,  
 For oftyn tyme we don amys,  
 Ther is non of us i-wys  
 But that we trespassyn every day.

This word, lordynges, is but a faryc,  
 It faryt ryȝt as a neysche weye,  
 That now is wet and now is dreye,  
 For sothe serteyn, as I ȝou say.

Now is joye and now is blys,  
 Now is balle and bitternesse ;  
 Now it is, and now it nys ;  
 Thus pasyt this word away.

Now I hope and now I syngc,  
 Now I daunce, now I sprynge,  
 Now I weyle and now I wryngc,  
 Now is wel, and now is way.

Now I hoppe and now I daunce,  
 Now I preke and now I praunce ;  
 This day heyl, te morwe perchaunce  
 We mown be ded and ley in clay.

At domis day quan we xul ryse,

And come beforne our heye justyse,  
 And ȝevyn acountes of our servise,  
 And payin up our laste pay,

Help us, Mary, for than is nede ;  
 Help to excusyn our misdede,  
 As thou art monewere at our nede,  
 Help us than, and sey not nay.

## v.

O flos de Jesse virgula,  
 Laus tibi sit et gloria.

ADAM our fader was in blis,  
 And for an appil of lytil prys  
 He loste the blysse of paradys,  
*Pro sua superbia.*

And alle that evere of hym cam  
 The ryth weye to helle nam,  
 Bothe Ysaac and Abraham,  
*Teste profecia.*

Than these profetes prechyd aforne,  
 That a chyld xuld be born

To beye that Adam hadde forlorn,  
*Sua morte propria.*

Moyses ferst in his lawe told  
 A chyld ther xuld be born so bold,  
 To beye azyn that Adam sold,  
*Sua nocte pessima.*

Isaac withoute lesyng  
 Profeciid in his prechyng  
 Of Jesse rote a flour xuld spryng  
*De virginie purica.*

Jeromy, that was so ȝyng,  
 Profecyid of his comyng,  
 That is veri lord and kyng,  
*Summi patris gracia.*

Ferthere more, as I ȝou tellc,  
 Than profecyid Danyelle,  
 Of hys comyng he gan spellc,  
*Gentibus in Judea.*

Quan tyme cam of God almyȝt,  
 That wolde brynge mankynde to ryȝt,  
 In a maydyn he gan lyȝt,  
*Que vocatur Maria.*

Now is he born, that blysful chyld,  
 Of Mary moder mayde myld,  
 Fro the fynd he us schyld,  
*Qui creavit omnia.*

Prey we to hym with al our mynde,  
 That hast mad al mankynde,  
 He brynge us alle to good ende,  
*In die novissima.*

---

VI.

Eya, Jhesus hodie  
 Natus est de virgine.

BLYSSID be that mayde Mary,  
 Born he was of here body,  
 Godis sone that syttit on hy,  
*Non ex virili semine.*

In a manjour of an as  
 Jhesu lay and lullyd was,  
 Harde peynis for to pas,  
*Pro peccante homine.*

Kynges comyn fro dyvesse londe,  
 With grete ȝyftes in here honde,

In Bedlem the child they fonde,  
*Stella ducte lumine.*

Man and chyld bothe eld and yng,  
 Now in his blysful comyng,  
 To that chyld mow we syng,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

Nowel, nowel in this halle,  
 Make merye, I prey ȝou alle,  
 Onto the chyld may we calle,  
*Ullo sine crimine.*

## VII.

Gay, gay, gay, gay,  
 Think on drydful domis day.

EVERY day thou myȝt lere,  
 To helpe thi self qwil thou art here,  
 Quan thou art ded and leyd on bere,  
 Cryst help thi sowle, for thou ne may.

Thynk, man, on thi wyttes fyve,  
 Do sum good qwyl thou art on lyve;  
 Go to cherche, and do the schryve,  
 And bryng thi sowle in good aray.

Thynk, man, on thi synnys sevene,  
 Think how merie it is in hevene;  
 Prey to God with mylde stefne,  
 To be thin helpe on domys day.

Loke that thou non thing stere,  
 Ne non fals wytnesse bere;  
 Thynk how Cryst was stunge with spere,  
 Quan he deyid on good Fryday.

Loke that thou ne sle non man,  
 Ne do non foly with non womman;  
 Thynk the blod from Jhesu ran,  
 Quan he deyid withoutyn nay.

---

VIII.

Wommen be bothe good and trewe,  
 Wytnesse of Marye.  
 Of hondes and body and face arn clene,  
 Wommen mown non beter bene,  
 In every place it is sene,  
 Wytnesse of Marie.

It is knowyn and evere was,  
 Ther a womman is in plas,

Womman is the welle of gras,  
Wytnesse.

They lovyn men with herte trewe,  
Ho wyl not chaungyn for non newe,  
Wommen ben of wordys ffewe,  
Wytnesse.

Wommen ben trewe without lesyng,  
Wommen be trewe in alle thing,  
And out of care they mown us bryng,  
Wytnesse of Marie.

---

ix.

Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu,  
Saf us alle thorw thi vertu.

JHESU, as thou art our savyour,  
That thou save us fro dolour;  
Jhesu is myn paramour;  
Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Jhesu was born of a may,  
Upon Cristemesse day,  
Sche was may beforne and ay;  
Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Thre kynges comen fro segent,  
 To Jhesu Cryst they browte present;  
 Lord God omnipotent,  
 Saf us alle throw thy vertue.

Jhesu deyid and schad his blod  
 For al mankynde upon the rod ;  
 He graunt us grace of happis good,  
 I beseke the, swete Jhesu.

Jhesu, for thy moderes sake,  
 Kepe us fro the fyndis blake,  
 Azens hym that we mown wake ;  
 And save us alle throw thi vertu.

—  
X.

Now go gyle, gyle, gyle,  
 Now go gile, gyle, go.

GYLE and gold togedere arn met,  
 Coveytyse be hym is set,  
 Now haȝt gyle leyd his net,  
 To gyle bothe frynd and fo.

Ther is non man worȝt a schelle,  
 But he cun plete with wryt or bylle,

His neybowres for to spylle,  
 And othere men to werkyn wo.

Coweytise in herte is lent,  
 Ryzt and resoun awey is went;  
 Man, be war thou be not schent,  
 Gyle wil thy herte slo.

Now haȝt gyle get hym gre,  
 Bothe in town and in ceté,  
 Gyle goth with gret mené,  
 With men of lawe and othere mo.

Trewthe hevene mot he wynne,  
 Gyle xal in helle brenne;  
 He that made al mankynde,  
 Amend hem that mys han do.

---

XI.

Syng we alle and sey we thus,  
 Gramersy myn owyn purs.

QUAN I have in myn purs i-now,  
 I may have bothe hors and plow,  
 And also fryndis i-now,  
 Throw the vertu of myn purs.

Quan my purs gynnyȝt to slak,  
 And ther is nowt in my pak,  
 They wil seyn, “ Go, far wil, Jak,  
 Thou xalt non more drynke with us.”

Thus is al myn good i-lorn,  
 And myn purs al totorn,  
 I may pleyine with an horn,  
 In the stede al of myn purs.

Far wil, hors, and far wil, cow,  
 Far wil, carte, and far wil, plow;  
 As I pleyid me with a bow,  
 I seyd, “ God, quat is al this ? ”

---

XII.

Synful man, for Godis sake,  
 I rede that thou amendis make.

Thow thou be kyng of tour and town,  
 Thow thou be kyng and were coroun,  
 I sette ryȝt not be thi renown,  
 But if thou wylt amendys make.

That hast here is othere menys,  
 And so it xal ben quan thou art hens;

Thi sowle xal abeye thi synnys,  
 But if thou wit amendes make.

Thow thou be bothe stef and strong,  
 And many a man thou hast do wrong,  
 Wellaway xal be thi song,  
 But, etc.

Man, be war, the weye is sleder,  
 Thou xal slyde thou wost not qweder ;  
 Body and sowle xul go togeder,  
 But, etc.

Man, ber not thi hed to heye,  
 In pumpe and pride and velonyc ;  
 In helle thou xalt ben hangyd hyc,  
 But if thou wilt amendis make.

---

XIII.

Of a rose, a lovely rose,  
 Of a rose is al myn song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, bothe elde and ȝynge,  
 How this rose began to sprynge ;  
 Swych a rose to myn lykynge  
 In al this word ne knowe I non.

The aungil cam fro hevene tour,  
 To grete Marye with gret honour,  
 And seyde sche xuld bere the flour,  
 That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,  
 That is bothe bryȝt and schen;  
 The rose is Mary hevene qwyn,  
 Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myȝt,  
 That sprong on Cyrstemesse nyȝt;  
 The sterre schon over Bedlem bryȝt,  
 That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,  
 The fendys power doun to felle;  
 Therin myȝt non sowle dw[e]lle;  
 Blyssid be the tyme the rose sprong.

The thredde branche is good and swote,  
 It sp[r]ang to hevene crop and rote,  
 Therin to dwellyn and ben our bote;  
 Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,  
 Che that bar the blyssid flowr,  
 Che be our helpe and our socour,  
 And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

---

## XIV.

Man, be war, be war, be war,  
 And kep the that thou have no ear.

THI tunge is mad of fleych and blod,  
 Evele to spekyn it is not good,  
 But Cryst, that deyid upon the rood,  
 So ȝyf us grace our tunge to spare.

Thi lyppis arn withoute bon;  
 Spek non evyl of thi fon;  
 Man, I rede, be seynt Jon,  
 Of evyl speche that thou be war.

Quan thou seyst thi evyl seying,  
 Be it of eld, be it of ȝyng,  
 Among many men thi speche may spring,  
 And make thin herte of blysse ful bare.

Therfore I telle the, be seynt Austyn,  
 Ther xal non man of evele speche wyn  
 But sorwe and schame and moche syn,  
 And to his herte meche care.

Prey we to God and seynt Margerete,  
 That we mown our tunges kepe,  
 Qwether we wake or slepe,  
 And our body fro evele fare.

—  
xv.

God be with trewthe qwer he be,  
 I wolde he were in this cuntré.  
 A MAN that xuld of trewthe telle,  
 With grete lordys he may not dwelle,  
 In trewe story as klerkes telle,  
 Trewthe is put in low degré.

In laydyis chaumberes comit he not,  
 Ther dar trewthe settyn non fot;  
 Thow he wolde, he may not  
 Comyn among the heye mené.

With men of lawe he haȝt non spas;  
 They lovyn trewthe in non plas;

Me thinkit they han a rewly grace,  
 That trewthe is put at swych degré.

In holy cherche he may not sytte ;  
 Fro man to man they xuln hym flytte ;  
 It rewit me sore in myn wytte,  
 Of trewthe I have gret peté.

Religiuss, that xulde be good,  
 If trethe cum ther, I holde hym wood ;  
 They xuldyn hym rynde cote and hood,  
 And make hym bare for to fle.

A man that xulde of trewthe aspye,  
 He must sekyn esylye  
 In the bosum of Marye,  
 For there he is for sothe.

---

xvi.

I drukke, I dare, so wil I may,  
 Quan I thynke on myn endyng day.

I AM a chyld, and born ful bare,  
 And bare out of this word xal fare ;  
 ȝyt am I but wermys ware,  
 Thow I clothis go never so gay.

Thow I be of meche prys,  
 Fayr of face, and holdyn wys,  
 Myn fleych xal fadyn as flour-de-lys,  
 Quan I am ded and leyd in clay.

Quan I am ded and leyd in ston,  
 I xal rotyn fleych and bon,  
 Fro myn fryndys I xal gon;  
 Cryst help myn sowle quan I ne may.

Quan I xal al my frendes forsake,  
 Cryst schyld me fro the fendes blake ;  
 To Jhesu Cryst my sowle I betake,  
 He be our help on domys day.

---

### XVII.

Gay, gay, to be gay,  
 I holde it but a vanité.

ȝYNG men that bern hem so gay,  
 They think not on domys day,  
 Quan they xul stonde in powre aray,  
 And for here dedes damnyd be.

God that made se and sond,  
 With blody woundis he xal stond,

“ Come ȝe alle on my ryȝt hond,  
 ȝe chylderin that han servyd me.”

To wykkyd men Jhesu xal say,  
 “ ȝe han led your lyf bothe nyȝt and day,  
 ȝour sowle into a wykkyd way,  
 Out of myn syte wynd ȝe.

Quan I was nakyd, ȝe me not clad ;  
 Quan I was hungry, ȝe me not fad ;  
 Quan I was in prisoun and harde bestad,  
 ȝe wold not visite me,

Therfore myn chylderyn xuln han i-wys  
 That ilke joye, that ilke blys,  
 That arte haȝt ben, and alwey is,  
 Beforn myn angel fayr and fre.”

---

#### XVIII.

Be war, sqwyer, ȝeman, and page,  
 For servyse is non erytage.

If thou serve a lord of prys,  
 Be not to boystous in thin servys,  
 Damne not thin sowle in non wys,  
 For servyse is non erytage.

Wynteris wether and wommanys thowt,  
 And lordis love, schaungit oft;  
 This is the sothe, if it be sowt,  
 For servyse, etc.

Now thu art gret, to morwe xal I,  
 As lordys schaungyn here baly;  
 In thin welthe werk sekyrly,  
 For, etc.

Than serve we God in alle wyse,  
 He xal us quityn our servyse,  
 And ȝevyn us ȝyftes most of pryse,  
 Hevene to ben our erytage.

---

XIX.

A, a, a, a,  
 Nunc gaudet Maria.

MARY is a lady bryȝt,  
 Sche haȝt a sone of meche myȝt,  
 Over al this word che is lyȝt,  
*Bona natalicia.*

Mary is so fayr of face,  
 And here sone so ful of grace,  
 In hevene he make us a place,  
*Cum sua potencia.*

Mary is so fayr and sote,  
 And here sone so ful of bote,  
 Over al this word he is bote,  
*Bona voluntaria.*

Mary is bothe good and kyndc,  
 Evere on us che haȝt mende,  
 That the fend xal us not schende  
*Cum sua malicia.*

Mary is qwen of alle thinge,  
 And here sone a lovely kynge;  
 God graunt us alle good endyngc,  
*Regnat dei gracia.*

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xx.

Man, be war, er thou be wo,  
 Think on pride and let him goo.  
 PRYDE is out, and pride is ine,  
 And pride is rot of every synne,

And pride wil never blynne,  
Til he haȝt browt a man in woo.

Lucyfer was aungyl bryȝt,  
And conqwerour of meche myȝt;  
Throw his pride he les his lyȝt,  
And fil doun into endeles woo.

Wenyst thou for thi gaye cloathing,  
And for thin grete othis sweryng,  
To be a lord or a kyng,  
Lytil it xal avayle the too.

Quan thou xalt to cherche glyde,  
Wermys xuln ete throw thi syde,  
And lytil xal avayle thi pride,  
Or ony synnys that thou hast doo.

Prey to Cryst, with blody syde,  
And othere woundes grile and wide,  
That he forȝeve the thi pride,  
And thi synnys that thou hast doo.

---

## XXI.

I may syngē of a may,  
Of joyis fyve and merthis most.

THE ferste joye, as I ȝou telle,  
With Mary met seynt Gabrielle,  
“ Heyl, Mary, I grete the welle,  
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.”

The secunde joye, in good fay,  
Was on Crystemesse day,  
Born he was of a may,  
With Fader, etc.

The thredde joye, withoutyn stryf,  
That blysseful berthe was ful ryf,  
Quan he ros fro ded to lyf,  
With Fader, etc.

The forte joye, in good fay,  
Was upon halewyn thursday,  
He stey to hevene in ryche aray,  
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.

The fyfte joye, withoutyn dene,  
In hevene he crownyd his moder clene,  
That was wol wil the eyr a sene,  
With Fader, etc.

## XXII.

Man, be war of thin wowyng,  
For weddyng is the longe wo.

LOKE, er thin herte be set,  
Lok thou wowe er thou be knet;  
And if thou se thou mow do bet,  
Knet up the haltre and let here goo.

Wylvys be bothe stowte and bolde,  
Her husbondes azens hem durn not holde,  
And if he do, his herte is colde,  
How so evere the game go.

Wedewis be wol fals i-wys,  
For cum bothe halse and kys,  
Til onys purs pikyd is,  
And they seyn, Go, boy, goo.

Of madenys I wil seyn but lytil,  
For they be bothe fals and fekyl,  
And under the tayl they ben ful tekyl,  
A twenty devele name, let hem goo.

---

## XXIII.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,  
 Deo patri sit gloria.

*Salvator mundi, Domine,*  
 Fader of hevene, blyssid thou be,  
 Thou gretyst a mayde with on ave,  
*Que vocatur Maria.*

*Adesto nunc propicius,*  
 Thou sendyst thi sone swete Jhesus,  
 Man to become for love of us,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

*Ne mentem sompnus oprimat,*  
 Betwyx an ox and an as  
 Cryst hym self born he was  
*De virgine Maria.*

*Te reformator sensuum,*  
 Bothe lytil and mekil and alle a[nd] sum  
 Wolcum the tyme that now is com,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

*Gloria tibi, Domine,*  
 Thre personys in trenyté,  
 Blyssid mot they alle be,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

## XXIV.

Nowel el el,  
 Mary was gret with Gabriel.

MARY moder, meke and mylde,  
 Fro schame and synne that ȝe us schyllde,  
 For gret on grownd ȝe gon with childe,  
*Gabriele nuncio.*

Mary moder, be not adred,  
 Jhesu is in ȝour body bred,  
 And of ȝour bryst he wil be fed,  
*Cum pudoris lilio.*

Mary moder, the frewit of the  
 For us was naylid on a tre,  
 In hevene is now his majesté,  
*Fulget resurreccio.*

Mary moder, the thredde day  
 Up he ros, as I ȝow say,  
 To helle he tok the ryȝte way,  
*Motu fertur proprio.*

Mary moder, after thin sone,  
 Up thou steyist with hym to wone;  
 The aungele wern glad quan thou were come  
*In celi palacio.*

## XXV.

I syng a of a mayden  
that is makeles,  
Kyng of alle kyngeſ  
to here sone che ches.  
He cam also stylle  
ther his moder was,  
As dew in Aprylle  
that fallyt on the gras.  
He cam also stylle  
to his moderes bowr,  
As dew in Aprille  
that fallyt on the flour.  
He cam also stylle  
ther his moder lay,  
As dew in Aprille  
that fallyt on the spray.  
Moder and maydyn  
was never non but che ;  
Wel may swych a lady  
Godes moder be.

---

## XXVI.

I HAVE a gentil cook  
    crowyt me day,  
He doth me rysyn erly  
    my matynis for to say.  
I have a gentil cook,  
    comyn he is of gret,  
His comb is of red corel,  
    his tayil is of get.  
I have a gentyl cook,  
    comyn he is of kynde,  
His comb is of red scorel,  
    his tayl is of inde ;  
His legges ben of asour,  
    so gentil and so smale,  
His spores arn of sylver qwyt  
    into the wortewale ;  
His eynyn arn of cristal,  
    lokyn al in aumbyr ;  
And every nyȝt he perchit hym  
    in myn ladyis chaumbyr.

---

## XXVII.

*Omnes gentes plaudite.*

I saw myny bryddis setyn on a tre ;  
 He tokyn here fleyȝt and flowyn away,  
 With, *Ego dixi*, have good day !  
 Many qwyte federes hȝzt the pye :—  
 I may noon more syngyn, my lyppis arn so drye.  
 Manye qwyte federis hȝzt the swan :—  
 The more that I drynke, the lesse good I can.  
 Ley stykkys on the fer, wyl mot is brenne ;  
 ȝeve us onys drynkyn er we gon henne.

—  
XXVIII.

ADAM lay i-bowndyn,  
 bowndyn in a bond,  
 Fowre thowsand wynter  
 thowt he not to long ;  
 And al was for an appil,  
 an appil that he tok,  
 As clerkes fyndyn wretyn  
 in here book.  
 Ne hadde the appil take ben,  
 the appil taken ben,

Ne hadde never our lady  
 a ben hevene quen.  
 Blyssid be the tyme  
 that appil take was !  
 Therfore we mown syngyn  
*Deo graciā.*

---

## XXIX.

I HAVE a ȝong suster  
 fer bezondyn the se,  
 Many be the drowryis  
 that che sente me.  
 Che sente me the cherye  
 withoutyn ony ston ;  
 And so che dede [the] dowe  
 withoutyn ony bon ;  
 Sche sente me the brere  
 withoutyn ony rynde ;  
 Sche bad me love my leman  
 withoute longgyng.  
 How xuld ony cherye  
 be withoute ston ?  
 And how xuld ony dowe  
 ben withoute bon ?

How xuld ony brere  
 ben withoute rynde ?

How xuld y love myn lemmann  
 without longyng ?

Quan the cherye was a flour,  
 than hadde it non ston ;

Quan the dowe was an ey,  
 than hadde it non bon ;

Quan the brere was onbred,  
 than hadde it non rynd ;

Quan the maydyn haȝt that che lovit,  
 che is without longyng.

—  
 xxx.

Al the meryere is that place,  
 The sunne of grace hym schynit in.

THE sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
 in on day quan it was mor[we],  
 Quan our Lord God born was,  
 withoute wem or sorwe.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
 on a day quan it was pryme,  
 Quan our Lord God born was,  
 so wel he knew his tyme.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
 on a day quan it was non,  
 Quan our Lord God born was,  
 and on the rode don.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
 on a day quan it was undy[rn].  
 Quan our Lord God born was,  
 and to the herte stongyn.

---

xxxii.

I HAVE a newe gardyn,  
 and newe is begunne ;  
 Swych another gardyn  
 know I not under sunne.  
 In the myddis of my gardyn  
 is a peryr set,  
 And it wele non pere bern,  
 'but a pere jenet.  
 The fayrest mayde of this toun  
 preyid me  
 For to gryffyn here a gryf  
 of myn pery tre ;  
 Quan I hadde hem gryffid  
 alle at here wille,

The wyn and the ale  
 che dede in fille.  
 And I gryffid here a g[ryf]  
 ryȝt up in here honde,  
 And be that day xx. wowkes  
 it was qwyk in here w[ombe].  
 That day twelfve monith  
 that mayde I mette,  
 Che seyd it was a pere robert,  
 but non pere jon[et].

---

## XXXII.

Out of the blosme sprang a thorn,  
 Quan God hym self wold be born,  
 He let us nevere be forlorn,  
 That born was of Marie.

Ther sprang a welle al at here fot,  
 That al this word is t[o]rnyd to good,  
 Quan Jhesu Cryst took fleych and blod  
 Of his moder Marie.

Out of the welle sprang a strem  
 Fro patriarch to Jerusalem,  
 Til Cryst hymself aȝen it nem  
 Of his moder, etc.

In wynter quan the frost hym fres,  
A powre beddyng our Lord hym ches ;  
Betwyin an ox and an as  
Godes sone born he was  
Of his, etc.

It was upon the twelwe day,  
Ther come thre kynges in ryche aray,  
To seke Cryst ther he lay  
And his, etc.

Thre kynges out of dyves londe,  
Swythe comyn with herte stronge,  
The chyld to sekyn underfonge,  
That born was of Marie.

The sterre led hem a ryte way  
To the chyld ther he lay ;  
He help us bothe nyȝt and day,  
That born was of Marie.

Baltyzar was the ferste kyng,  
He browte gold to his offeryng,  
For to presente that ryche kyng,  
And his moder Marie.

Melchiar was the secunde kyng,  
He browte incens to his offering,  
For to present that ryche kyng,  
And his, etc.

Jasper was the thred kyng,  
He browte myrre to his offeryng,  
For to presente that ryche kyng,  
and his, etc.

Ther they offerid here prosens,  
With gold and myrre and francincens,  
And clerkes redyn in here seqwens  
in Ephifanye.

Knel we down hym beforne,  
And prey we to hym that now is born,  
And let us never be forlorn,  
that born was of Marye.

---

XXXIII.

Of alle the spyces that I knowe,  
Blyssid be the qwete flour.

**QWETE** is bothe semely and sote,  
Of alle spyces that is bote,

The vertu spryngit out of the rote,  
 so blyssid be the qw[e]te flour.

The secunde vers I sey beforne,  
 Qwete is kyng of every corn ;  
 Jhesu hym self for us was born,  
 so blyssid, etc.

The thredde vers, with Godes grace,  
 Qw[e]te is good in every place,  
 In qwete is porteyidid Godes face,  
 so, etc.

The forte vers, withoute stryf,  
 Of qwete is mad the bred of lyf,  
 Us to receyvyn in clene lyf,  
 so, etc.

The fylle vers, withoute skorn,  
 Qwete is a spyce, a wol good on,  
 King that is of every corn,  
 so, etc.

The sexte vers, I xal ȝou seye,  
 Jhesu Cryst that sit on heye  
 He let us never for hunger deye,  
 so blyssid be the qwete flour.

---

## XXXIV.

The sterre hym schon bothe nyȝt and day,  
To lede thre kynges ther our Lord lay.

JHESU was born in Bedlem Judé,  
Of mayde Mary, thus fynde we;  
Out of the est come kynges thre  
with ryche presentes, as I ȝow say.

As they went forth in here pas,  
The sterre schon al in here fas  
As bryȝt as golde withine the glas,  
to Bedlem to ledyn hem the way.

Kyng Herowdes was most of pryse,  
He seyde to tho thre kynges that wern so wys  
“ Go and sekit me ȝone chyld of prysc,  
and comit ageyn be me, I ȝou pray.

And I myself xal with ȝow wynde,  
The chyld to worchepe, the child to fynde,  
And worchepyn hym with al myn mynde,  
with al the onour that I may.”

Quan they kemyn into that plas  
Ther Jhesu with his moder was,

They settyn hem doun and made solas,  
and every kyng to other gan say.

Quan they haddyn offerid up here presens,  
With gold and myrre and francincens,  
As clerkes redyn in here sequens,  
he took it of hem, and seyd not nay.

Quan they hadde offerid here offeryng  
To Jhesu that is hevene kyng,  
Of an aungyl they hadd warnyng,  
to wendyn hom be another way.

The aungyl cam fro hevene kyng,  
And bad tho thre kynges ageyn hom wynd,  
Therin to dwelle, therin to ben,  
til kyng Herowdes endyng day.

Kyng Herowde wox wol ille,  
For tho thre kynges comyn hym not tille,  
For to fulfill his wykkyd wille,  
and to his knytes he gan say.

Kyng Herowdes wox wroth anon,  
The chylderin of Israel he dide slon,  
He wende Jhesu hadde ben the ton,  
and ȝyt he falyid of his pray.

Kyng Herowdes deyid, and went to helle,  
 For swete Jhesus that we spelle ;  
 God saf us fro the peynis of helle,  
 and fro the wykkid fyndes pray.

---

## xxxv.

Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn.  
 I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk  
     al at ȝone wodes ende,  
 Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyne  
     was ther non other gynge.  
 Stronge thevys wern the chylderin non,  
     but bowmen gode and hende ;  
 He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,  
     if God wold it hem sende.  
 Al day wentyn the chylderin too,  
     and fleych fowndyn he non,  
 Til it were ageyn evyn  
     the chylderin wold gon hom ;  
 Half a honderid of fat falyf der  
     he comyn aȝon,  
 And alle he wern fayr and fat inow,  
     but markyd was ther non.  
 Be dere Gode, seyde gode [Robyn],  
     hereof we xul have on.

Robyn went his joly bowe,  
 therin he set a flo,  
 The fattest der of alle the herte  
 he clef a-to.

He hadde not the der i-slawe  
 ne half out of the hyde,  
 Ther cam a schrewde arwe out of the west  
 that felde Robertes pryde.

Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,  
 be every syde,  
 “ Hoo hat myn mayster slayin ?  
 ho hat don this dede ?

Xal I never out of grene wode go  
 ti[1] I se sydis blede.”

Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,  
 and sowt under the sunne,  
 He saw a lytil boy he clepyn  
 Wrennok of Doune ;

A good bowe in his hond,  
 a brod arewe therine,  
 And fowre and xx. goode arwys  
 trusyd in a thrumme.

“ Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,  
 herof thu xalt han summe.

Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,  
 herof thou gyst plenté.”

“Evere on for another,” seyde Gandeleyne,  
“mysaunter have he xal fle.”  
“Qwerat xal our marke be?”  
seyde Gandeleyne.  
“Everyche at otheris herte,”  
seyde Wrennok ageyn.  
“Ho xal ȝeve the ferste schote?”  
seyde Gandeleyne.  
“And I xal ȝewe the on beforne,”  
seyd Wrennok ageyn.  
Wrennok schette a ful good schote,  
and he schet not to hye,  
Throw the sanchothis of his bryk  
it towchyd neyther thye.  
“Now hast thou ȝovyn me on beforne,”  
al thus to Wrennok seyde he,  
“And throw thu myȝt of our lady  
a bettere I xal ȝeve the.”  
Gandeleyne bent his goode bowe,  
and set therin a flo,  
He schet throw his grene certyl,  
his herte he clef on too.  
“Now xalt thou never ȝelpe, Wrennok,  
at ale ne at wyn,  
That thou hast slawe goode Robyn  
and his knave Gandeleyne;

Now xalt thou never ȝelpe, Wrennok,  
 at wyn ne at ale,  
 That thou hast slawe goode Robyn,  
 and Gandeleyyn his knawe.”  
 Robyn lyȝth in grene wode bowdyn.

---

## xxxvi.

PROCEDENTI puereo,  
 eya nobis annus est,  
 Virginis ex utero,  
 gloria, laudes,  
 Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

Sine viri semine,  
 eya nobis, etc.  
 Natus est de virgine,  
 gloria, laudes,  
 Deus homo, etc.

Sine viri coitu,  
 eya nobis annus est,  
 Pleno sancto spiritu,  
 gloria, laudes,  
 Deus homo factus est, etc.

Syne viri copia,  
 eya nobis, etc.  
 Natus est ex Maria,  
 gloria, laudes,  
 Deus nobis factus est, et immortalis.

In hoc festo de termino,  
 eya nobis annus est,  
 Benedicamus Domino,  
 gloria, laudes,  
 Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

---

XXXVII.

A new ȝer, a newe ȝer, a chyld was i-born  
 Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn,  
 So blyssid be the tyme.

The fader of hevene his owyn sone he sent,  
 His kyngdam for to cleymyn.

So blyssid be the tyme.

Al in a clene maydyn our Lord was i-lyȝt,  
 Us for to savyn with al his myȝt.  
 So blyssid, etc.

Al of a clene maydyn our Lord was i-born,  
Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn.

So blyssid, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere fode,  
How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere smerte,  
How xalt thou sufferin the scharpe spere to thi herte?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytyl child, I synge al for thi sake,  
Many on is the scharpe schour to thi body is schape.

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil child, fayre happis the befalle,  
How xal thou sufferin to drynke ezyll and galle?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, I synge al beforne,  
How xalt thou sufferin the scharpe garlong of thorn?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, qwy wepy thou so sore?  
And art thou bothin God and man, quat woldyst thou  
be more?

So, etc.

Blyssid be the armys the chyld bar abowtc,  
And also the tetes the chyld on sowkid.

So, etc.

Blyssid be the moder, the chyld also,  
With *benedicamus Domino*.

So blyssid be the tyme.

---

XXXVIII.

Moder, qwyt as lylie flour,  
ȝour lullyng lassyt myn langour.

As I me ros in on morwenyng,  
Myn thowt was on a mayde ȝynge,  
Che song aslepe with here lullynge  
Here dere sone, our Savyour.

As che hym tok al in here lap,  
He tok that maydyn be the pap,  
And tok therof a ryȝt god nap  
And sok his fille of that licour.

To his moder than he gan say,  
“ For this mylk me muste day,  
It is myn kynde therwith to play,  
My swete moder, myn paramour.”

That mayde frely began to syng,  
 And in here song che mad murnynge,  
 That here sone, that is our kynge,  
 Xuld schred his blod with gret dolour.

“ȝour wepyng, moder, grevit me sore,  
 But I wold deye, ȝe wern forlore;  
 Do wey, moder, and wepe non more;  
 ȝour lullyng lassit myn langour.”

---

## XXXIX.

Reges de Saba venient,  
 Aurum, tus, myrram, offerent.  
 Alleluia.

Now is the twelthe day i-come,  
 The Fader and Sone togeder arn nome,  
 The Holy Gost, as they wern wone,  
 in fere.

God send us good newe ȝere.

I wil ȝou syng with al myn myȝt,  
 Of a chyld so fayr in syȝt,  
 A maydyn hym bar this ender nyȝt,  
 so styllie;

As it was his wylle.

Thre kynges out of Galylie  
 Kemyn to Bedlem that ceté,  
 For to takyn in to that se,  
 be nyte;

It was a ful fayr syte.

As they keme forȝt with here offeryng,  
 They mette with Herowdes, that mody kyng;  
 He askyd hem of here comyng,  
 that tyde,

And thus to hem he seyde :

“Fro qwens come ȝe, kynges thre?”  
 “Out of the est, as thou mayst se,  
 To sekyn hym that evere xal be,  
 throw ryte,  
 Lord and kyng of myte.”

“Quan ȝe han at that kyng i-be,  
 Comit ageyn this weye be me,  
 And tel me the sytes that han sc;  
 I praye,  
 ȝe gon non other waye.”

Of Herowdys, that mody kyng,  
 He tokyn here leve, of cld and ȝyng;

And foþt they wente with here offeryng  
in syȝte,

And ther wey come be nyte.

Quan they comyn into the plas  
Ther Jhesu with his moder was,  
Thei made offeryng with gret solas,  
not ferre,

With gold, incens, and myrre.

As they wern hom-ward i-went,  
The Fader of hevene an aungyl sent  
To tho thre kynges that made present,  
or daye,

And thus to hem gan saye.

“ My Lord haȝt warnyd ȝou of ȝour fon,  
Be kyng Herowdes that ȝe not gon;  
For if ȝe don, he wil ȝou slon,  
and traye;  
ȝe gon another waye.”

Quan they comyn hom to here cuntré,  
Blythe and glad they wern alle thre  
Of the sytes that they had se,  
be nyte,

Jhesu and Mari bryte.

With tresoun to us gan he sayn,  
 He trowid Jhesu to han slayn;  
 Into Egypt thei went ful playn,  
                           be syde;  
 Josep was here gyde.

Into Bedlem thei gunne pas,  
 The sterre gan schynyn in here fas  
 Brytter than evere schon sunne in glas,  
                           in londe,  
 Jhesu with Mari thei fonde.

Kyng Herowdes he made his vow,  
 Gret plenté of chylderin he slow,  
 He wende ther xuld a be Jhesu;  
                           I saye,  
 He falyid of his praye.

Herowdes was wod in ryalté;  
 He slow schylderin ryȝt gret plenté  
 In Bedlem, that fayre ceté,  
                           with stryf;  
 Ne left he non on lyf.

The chylderin of Israel cryid “wa, wa!”  
 The moderis of Bedlem cryid “ba, ba!”

Almyty God in magesté,  
In on God personys thre,  
Bryng us to the blysse that is so fre,  
in fere;  
And send us a good newe zere.

*Reges de Saba venient, aurum, tus, mirra, offere[nt].*

XL

As I went throw a gardyn grene,  
I fond an erber makyd ful newe;  
A fayrere syte had I non sene,  
On every tre song a turtil trewe.

Therin a womman bryȝt of hewe,  
Che seyde in here song not lest,  
This was he[re] carpyng, as I knewe,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

I askyd that mayde quat che ment,  
Che bad me abydyn and I myȝt lere

To here song than tok I intent,  
 Che seyde a song wloys clere.

“The pryns that is without pere  
 Is born and leyd betwyn tweyn best;  
 Therfore I syng, as thou myȝt here,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*”

In that wone forȝt gan I wynde,  
 A semely song than herd I tho,  
 Of thre schepperdes that wern ful hynde,  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

I wold not the hadde ferryd me froo,  
 Wol faste after hem than gan I prest;  
 Thei told me that they sungyn soo,  
 For *verbum caro factum est.*

ȝyt ferthere more in that fryth,  
 I saw thre kynges comyn corown;  
 I sped me faste to speke hem wyt,  
 And to tho lordes I knelid adown.

Tho kynges curteys to me gun rown,  
 And seydyn thei woldyn fare prest,  
 “To Bedlem bour now arn we bown,  
 For *verbum caro factum est.*”

This is as meele for to say,  
 As Godes sone becum is fleych,  
 He was born this ilke day,  
 A blysful weye us for to wych.

That may now withoutyn mys,  
 Here I wyte bothe most and lest,  
 For che was the cause i-wys.  
*Of verbum caro factum est.*

Godis sone becomyn is fleych,  
 That bote haȝt of al our bale,  
 A blysful weye us for to wych,  
 That mayde hym herberwyd in here hale.

Che curid that lovely in here sale,  
 Che hyld that hyndin in here rest,  
 With trewe tunge che told the tale,  
*For verbum caro factum est.*

*Verbum caro* is to say  
 That Godes sone becomyn is man ;  
 He was born this ilke day,  
 To savyn us fro the fend Sathan.

That may that is qwyd as swan,  
 Che fed that Lord upon here bryst ;  
 Therfore I synge ȝou as I can,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

## XLII.

Be the way wanderyng as I went,  
 Sore I scyid for sorwenis sad,  
 For harde happys that I have hent,  
 Murnyng makyd me masyd and mad.

To a lettere alone I me ledde,  
 That wel was wretyn upon a wal;  
 A blysful word theron I redde,  
 Was, evere more thank God of al.

ȝyt I redde wel ferthere more,  
 With trewe intent I took thertyl,  
 Cryst may wel our stat restore,  
 It is not to strywe agen his wil.

He may us save, and that is skyl,  
 Thynk ryȝt wel we ben his thral;  
 Quat thou tholyst, wo or yl,  
 Evere more thank God of al.

If that thou waxe blynd or lame,  
 Or ony evyl to the be set,  
 Thynk ryȝt wel it is non schame,  
 With swych grace God haȝt the gret.

In sorwe and care if thou be set,  
 And thi ryches begynne to falle ;  
 I can not se thou may do bet  
 Than evere more thank God of al.

If thou welde thi wordele goodes,  
 And ryȝt ryally leve in thi rest,  
 Fayr of face, frely of fode,  
 Ther is non swych be est ne west.

God wil sende ryȝt as hym leste,  
 For ryches tranyȝt as a bal ;  
 In ilke a manere this is the beste,  
 Evere more to thank God of al

If thi good begynne to pase,  
 And thou waxe a powre man,  
 Thak good cumfort and mak good fase,  
 And trust on hym that al began.

Of God ferst our good began,  
 He may us reve bothe bour and halle ;  
 Betere counsel I non can,  
 Than evere more thank God of al.

Thynk on Job that was so ryche,  
 He wex powre fro day to day.

His bestes drenkelyd in every dyche,  
 His good wansid al away.

He was put in a powre aray,  
 Neyther in purpyl ne in palle,  
 In sympel wede, as I  $\zeta$ ou say,  
 And evere he thankyd God of alle.

For Godes love, so do  $\zeta$ e,  
 He may  $\zeta$ ou bothe  $\zeta$ eve and take ;  
 Quat myschyf  $\zeta$ e in be,  
 He ha $\zeta$ t my $\zeta$ t  $\zeta$ our wo to slake.

Ful good amendes he wil us make,  
 If we to hym wil crye or calle ;  
 Quat wel or wo we ben in take,  
 Evere more thank God of al.

If thi fryndes fro the fayle,  
 And deth ha $\zeta$ t reft hem of here lyf ;  
 Qwerfore xuldyst thou wepyn or wayle,  
 It is not to stryve ageyn his wyl.

Thynk he made bothe man and wyf,  
 And that we alle ben his thral ;  
 Quat wo thou sufferyst or how thou thryf,  
 Evere more thank God of al.

Dyves sondes God haȝt us sent,  
 Here and also in othere place ;  
 Tak we hem in good atent,  
 The sunnere God wil sendyn us grace.

If ȝour body be bowndyn in bas,  
 Lok ȝour herte be good and stal ;  
 Thynk he is ȝyt ther he was,  
 And evere more thank God of al.

For Godes love be not as a chyld,  
 Ne mak thi self not to stowt,  
 But take with god herte and myld  
 The good that God sendit al abowt.

Than dar I seyn, withoute dowt,  
 In hevene blysse is mad your halle ;  
 Ryche and powre that ȝe lowe lowt,  
 And evere more thank God of alle.

This wordele good xuld incres,  
 And eche man kynde wold be,  
 And partyn abowtyn of here ryches  
 To hem that arn in poverté.

A wonder thing now may we sene,  
 That kynde love adoun is falle ;  
 Non betere counsel can I mene,  
 Than evere to thank God of alle.

## XLII.

Worchiþ we boþe more and leſce  
Crystes body in furme of bred.

It is bred fro hevene cam,  
Fleych and blod of Mary it nam,  
For the synnys of Adam,  
    He sched his blod that was so red.

He that onworthi this bred ete,  
The peyne of helle he xal gete,  
My swete body awey to lete,  
    And makyn his sowle to ben ded.

He that this bred haȝt in mynde,  
He xal levyn withoutyn ende;  
This is bred to ȝevyn a frende,  
    Withoutyn qwyte, withine red.

On Schyre-Thursday, al at the messe,  
To hese desipele he seyde thisse,  
“ Etyȝt this bred, myn body it isse,  
    Lok therof ȝe han non dred.”

Aftyrward at here soper,  
He tok the wyn that was so cler,

And blyssid it with mylde cher,  
 “This is myn blod that is so red.”

The Juwys wern bothe wylde and wode,  
 He puttyn Jhesu upon the rode,  
 For to spyllyn his herte blode;  
 For manys synne he sufferid ded.

Jhesu, lynd us this bred to ete,  
 And alle our synnys for to forzete,  
 And in hevene a place to gete,  
 Throw the vertu of this bred.

---

XLIII.

Synge we, synge we,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

MAN, if thou hast synnyd owth,  
 Chaunge redely thi thowth,  
 Thynk on hym that haȝt the bowth,  
 So dere upon the rode tre.

Thynk he cam for to ben born,  
 To beyin aȝen that was forlorn,  
 Many a m<sup>l</sup> ȝer beforne,  
 Out of his owyn magesté.

Thynk the Juwis quan hym tokyn,  
 Hese desipele hym forsokyn,  
 Alle the veynys on hym schokyn,  
 For dowl of deth wold he not fle.

Thynk the cros he dedyn hym bere,  
 Garlond of thorn he dedyn hym were,  
 False tretowres that they were,  
 Til he kemyn ther he wolde be.

Thynk he dedyn hym on the rode ;  
 Thynk it was al for our goode ;  
 Thynk the Juwys wyxin wode,  
 On hym they haddyn non peté.

Thynk how sore he was bowndyn ;  
 Thynk he sufferid harde woundys,  
 Of tho false helle howndys,  
 With schorge and spere and naylys thre.

Thynk, man, on the werste of alle,  
 He ȝevyn hym drynkyn ezyll and galle,  
 Hely for peyne he gan to calle  
 To his fader in trenité.

Thynk, man, wytterly,  
 Think he bowt the bytterly ;  
 Forsake thi synne and to hym cry,  
 That he have mercy upon the.

## XLIV.

SEYNT Stevne was a clerk  
    in kyng Herowdes halle,  
And servyd him of bred and cloth,  
    as every kyng befallie.  
Stevyn out of kechoun cam  
    with boris hed on honde,  
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryȝt  
    over Bedlem stonde.  
He kyst adoun the bores hed,  
    and went into the halle,  
“ I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,  
    and thi werkes alle.  
I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,  
    and thi werkes alle,  
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
    is beter than we alle.”  
“ Quat eyleyt the, Stevene?  
    quat is the befallie?  
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk  
    in kyng Herodwes halle?”  
“ Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk  
    in kyng Herowdes halle;  
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
    is beter than we alle.”

Quat eylyt the, Stevyn? art thou wod?  
or thou gynnyst to brede?  
Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe,  
or ony ryche wede?"  
"Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe,  
ne non ryche wede;  
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
xal helpyn us at our nede."  
"That is also soth, Stevyn,  
also soth i-wys,  
As this capoun crowe xal  
that lyth here in myn dych."  
That word was not so sone seyd,  
that word in that halle,  
The capoun crew *Christus natus est*  
among tho lordes alle.  
"Rysyt up, myn turmentowres,  
be to and al be on,  
And ledit Stevyn out of this town,  
and stonit hym with ston."  
Tokyn he Stevene,  
and stonyd hym in the way  
And therfore is his evyn  
on Crystes owyn day.

---

XLV.

MARY moder, cum and se,  
Thi sone is naylyd on a tre,  
Hand and fot, he may not go,  
His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi swete sone, that thu hast born  
To save mankynde that was forlorn,  
His hed is wrethin in a thorn,  
His blysful body is al to-torn.

Quan he this tale began to telle,  
Mary wold non lenger dwelle,  
But hyid here faste to that hylle,  
Ther Jhesu his blod began to spylle.

“ Myn swete sone, that art me dere,  
Qwy han men hangyd the here?  
Thi hed is wrethin in a brere,  
Myn lovely sone, qwer is thin chere.

Thin swete body that in me rest,  
Thin comely mowth that I have kest,

Now on rode is mad thi nest;  
 Leve chyld, quat is me best?"

"Womman, to Jon I the betake;—  
 Jon, kyp this womman for myn sake;  
 For synful sowlys my deth I take,  
 On rode I hange for manys sake.

"This game alone me muste play,  
 For synful sowles I deye to day;  
 Ther is non wyȝt that goth be the way,  
 Of myn peynys can wel say."

## XLVI.

A, a, a, a,  
 Nunc gaudet ecclesia.

LESTENYȝ, lordynges, bothe grete and smale,  
 I xal ȝou telyn a wonder tale,  
 How holy cherche was brow[ȝ] in bale,  
*Cum magna injuria.*

The greteste clerk of al this lond,  
 Of Cauntyrbery, ȝe understand,  
 Slawyn he was [be] wykkyd hond,  
*Demonis potencia.*

Knytes kemyn fro Hendry kyng,  
 Wykkyd men, withoute lesyng,  
 Ther they dedyn a wonder thing,

*Ferventes insania.*

They sowtyn hym al abowtyn,  
 Within the paleys and withoutyn  
 Of Jhesu Cryst hadde they non dowte,

*In sua malicia.*

They openyd here mowthis wonder wyde,  
 To Thomeys they spokyn mekyl pryde,  
 "Here, tretour, thou xalt abyde,

*Ferens mortis tedia."*

Thomas answerid with mylde chere,  
 "If ȝe wil me slon in this manere,  
 Let hem pasyn alle tho arn here,

*Sine contumilia."*

Beforn his aunter he knelyd adoun,  
 Ther they gunne to paryn his crown ;  
 He sterdyn the braynys up and doun,

*Optans celi gaudia.*

The turmentowres abowtyn sterte,  
 With dedly wondys thei gunne him hurte ;  
 Thomas deyid in moder cherche,

*Pergens ad celestia.*

Moder, clerk, wedue, and wyf,  
 Worchepe ȝe Thomeys in al ȝour lyf ;  
 For ij. poyntes he les his lyf,

*Contra regis consilia.*

---

XLVII.

Man, be glad in halle and bour,  
 This tyme was born our Savyour.

In this tyme Cryst hȝzt us sent  
 His owyn sone in present,  
 To dwelle with us verement,  
 To ben our helpe and socour.

In this tyme ros a sterre cler,  
 Over Bedlem, as bryȝt as fer,  
 In tokenyng that he hadde non per,  
 Lord God, kyng, and emperour.

In this tyme it is befalle,  
 He that deyid for us alle,

Born he was in assis stalle,  
 Of Mary, that swete flour.

In this tyme kemyn thre kynges,  
 He kemyn fro fer with ryche thinges,  
 For to makyn here offerynges  
 On here knen with gret honour.

In this tyme prey we  
 To hym that deyid on the tre,  
 On us have mercy and peté,  
 And bryng us alle to his tour.

---

XLVIII.

M and A, and R and I,  
 Syngyn I wyl a newe song.  
 It wern fowre letterys of purposy,  
 M and A, R and I,  
 Tho wern letteris of Mary,  
 Of hom al our joye sprong.

On the mownt of Calvory,  
 With M and A, R and I,  
 There he betyn his bryte body  
 With schorges that wern bothe scharp and long.

Our swete lady stod hym by,  
 With M and A, and R and I,  
 Che wept water with here ey,  
 And alwey the blod folwyd among.

God that sit above the sky,  
 With M and A, and R and I,  
 Save now al this cumpany,  
 And send us joye and blysse ammong.

—  
XLIX.

How hey, it is [non] les,  
 I dar not seyn, quan che seyz pes.  
 ȝYNG men, I warne ȝou everychon,  
 Elde wywys tak ȝe non,  
 For I myself have on at hom;  
 I dare not seyn, quan che seyz t pes.

Quan I cum fro the plow at non,  
 In a reven dych myn mete is don,  
 I dar not askyn our dame a spon;  
 I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame bred,  
 Che takyt a staf and brekit myn hed,

And doth me renny under the led;  
I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame fleych,  
Che brekyt myn hed with a dych;  
“Boy, thou art not worȝt a reych;”  
I dar, etc.

If I aske our dame chese,  
“Boy,” che seyȝt, “al at ese;  
Thou art not worȝt half a pese.”  
I dar not sey, quan che seyȝt pes.

## L.

Synge we, synge we,  
*Regina celi, letare.*

HOLY maydyn, blyssid thou be,  
Godes sone is born of the;  
The fader of hevene worchepe we,  
*Regina celi, letare.*

Heyl, wyf! heyl, maydyn! heyl, brytȝ of ble!  
Heyl, dowter! heyl, suster! heyl, ful of peté  
Heyl, chosyn to tho personys thre!  
*Regina, etc.*

Thou art empresse of hevene so fre,  
 Worthi maydyn in magesté ;  
 Now worchepe we the trenyté,

*Regina, etc.*

Lady so lovely, so goodly to see,  
 So buxsum in thi body to be,  
 Thou art his moder for humylité,

*Regina celi, letare.*

These ben curteys kynges of solunté,  
 They worchepyd thi sone with umylité ;  
 Mylde Mary, thus rede we.

*Regina, etc.*

So gracijs, so precyows in ryalté ;  
 Thus jentyl, thus good, thus fynde we  
 Ther is non swych in non cuntré.

*Regina, etc.*

And therfore knel we doun on our kne,  
 This blyssid berthe worchepe we ;  
 This is a song of humylyté.

*Regina, etc.*

## LI.

Synge we nowe alle and sum,  
*Ave, rex gentes Anglorum.*

A NEWE song I wil begynne,  
 Of kyng Edmund that was so fre,  
 How he deyid withoute synne,  
 And bowdyn his body was to a tre.  
 With arwys scharpe they gunne hym prykke,  
 For non rewthe wold they lete ;  
 As dropys of reyn they comyn thikke,  
 And every arwe with other gan mete.  
 And his hed also thei of smette,  
 Among the breres thei it kest ;  
 A wolf it kepte withoutyn lette,  
 A blynd man fond it at the last.  
 Prey we to that worthi kyng  
 That sufferid ded this same day,  
 He saf us, bothe eld and ȝyng,  
 And scheld us fro the fendes fray.

## LII.

Man, be wys, and arys,  
 And thynk on lyf that lestenit ay.

THYNK, man, qwerof thou art wrount,  
 Powre and nakyd thou were heder brownt,  
 Thynk how Cryst thi sowle haȝt bowt,  
 And fond to servyn hym to pay.

Thynk, man, on the dere ȝeres thre ;  
For hunger deyid gret plenté,  
Powre and ryche, bond and fre,  
Thei leyn dede in every way.

Thynk, man, on the pestelens tweye ;  
In every cuntré men gunne deye ;  
Deth left neyther for lowe ne heye,  
But lettyd hem of here pray.

Deth is wonder coveytous ;  
Quan he comit in a manys hous,  
He takit the good man and his spows,  
And bryngit hem in powre aray.

After cam a wyndes blast,  
That made many a man agast ;  
Stefve stepelys that stodyn fast,  
The weyke fyllyn and blewyn away.

Many merveylis God haȝt sent,  
Of lytenyng and of thunder dent ;  
At the frere camys haȝt it hent,  
At Lynne toun, it is non nay.

Lytenyng at Lynne dede gret harm,  
Of tolbothe and of fryre carm ;

Thei stondyn wol cole, that stodyn wol warm;  
 It made hem a wol sory fray.

Lok, man, how thou ledyst thi lyf,  
 And how thou spendyst thi wyttes v. ;  
 Go to cherche, and do the schryf,  
 And bryng thi sowle in redy way.

---

## LIII.

Go bet, peny, go bet, go,  
 For thou mat makyn bothe frynd and fo.

PENY is an hardy knyȝt;  
 Peny is mekyl of myȝt;  
 Peny of wrong he makyt ryȝt,  
 In every cuntré qwer he goo.

Thow I have a man i-slawe,  
 And forfetyd the kynges lawe,  
 I xal fyndyn a man of lawe  
 Wyl takyn myn peny and let me goo.

And if I have to don fer or ner,  
 And peny be myn massanger,  
 Than am I non thing in dwer  
 My cause xal be wol i-doo.

And if I have pens bothe good and fyn,  
 Men wyl byddyn me to the wyn;  
 "That I have xal be thin;"  
 Sekyrly thei wil seyn so.

And quan I have non in myn purs,  
 Peny bet, ne peny wers,  
 Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,—  
 "He was a man, let hym goo."

## LIV.

We ben chapmen lyȝt of fote,  
 The fowle weyis for to fle.

We bern abowtyn non cattes skynnys,  
 Pursis, perlis, sylver pynnis,  
 Smale wympel for ladyis chynnys;  
 Damsele, bey sum ware of me.

I have a poket for the nonys,  
 Therine ben tweyne precyous stonyss;  
 Damsele, hadde ȝe asayid hem onys,  
 ȝe xuld the rathere gon with me.

I have a jelyf of Godes sonde,  
 Withoutyn fyt it can stonde;

It can smytyn and hæzt non honde; .

Ryd yourself quat it may be.

I have a powder for to selle,  
 Quat it is can I not telle;  
 It makit maydenys wombys to swelle;  
 Theroft I have a quantyté.

---

## LV.

*Ave maris stella,*  
 the sterre on the see,  
*Dei mater alma,*  
 blyssid mot xe be.  
*Atque semper virgo,*  
 pray thi sone for me,  
*Felix celi porta,*  
 that I may come to the.  
 Gabriel, that archangyl,  
 he was massanger,  
 So fayre he gret our lady,  
 with an ave so cler.  
 Heyl be thou, Mary,  
 be thou, Mary,  
 Ful of Godes grace,  
 and qwyn of mercy.

To temper seruse. Grynd hit smalle one a stone with gum water, and so worche therewith.

Iff thou wylt preve asure bice, if hit be good or badde, take a penselle or a penne, and drawe smale rulys on blew letteris with the seruse, and if thi seruse be not clere and bryzte and wyte, but fade and dede, than is the asure-bice not good ne fyne.

How thou schalte make cenopere: take v. galonis of old urine, and do sethe hit overe the fyre to hit be clere and welle y-stomyd, and than let hit kele to hit be lewke-warme; and than take j. li. lake, and breke hit smale, and serse hit into powdere, and put that powdere into the uryne by lytelle and lytelle, and alwey stere hit welle, and than eft-sone set hit one the fyre to hit boyle, and than strayne hit throze a bagge of canvas, so that alle the drastys byleve thereine, and thanne eft-sone set hit on the fyre to hit boyle, and in the boylynge put therein iij. unce of alome glasse made into powdere, and alwey stere hit, and whanne hit hathe sodyne awhyle, take hit fro the fyre and thanne take j. unce, and j. di. of alome glas molte into clere water, and sprynge of that water alle abowte, and that schalle gadere alle thy mater togedyre, and than streyne hit throze a smale bagge of lynn clothe, and of the substance that levythe in the bagge after the straynynge make smalle ballys thereof, as hit were hasylle nottes,

and let hem dry withowte ony sonne or wynd, and than take j. li. of turbentyne, and j. li. of frankencens, and melte hem togedyre, and put thereto oyle of lynsede, as myche as nedythe; and thus thou schalt assay iff hit be welle molte togedyre, take a drop or ij. of clere water, and sprynge hit thereinne; and than take a lytelle thereof bytwene thy fyngyrs, and if hit be holdynge togedere as gum-wex, than hit is good and fyne, and if it do not so, put thereto more oyle to hit be holdynge as wex, and than let hit kele, for hit is made welle.

To make aurum misticum:—take a vyele of glas, and lute hit welle, or elles a longe erthyne potte; and take j. li. of salle armoniac, j. li. of sulphere, j. li. of mercury crude, j. li. of tynne: melt thyne tynne, and than caste thy mercury therein, and so alle the othere by-foreseyde; and grynd all thyes togedyre opone a stone, and thanne put alle thyes togedyre into a vyole, or into ane erthyne pote, and stoppe alle the mowthe thereof, safe only a lytelle hole, as a spowte of a pauper or of perchemyne may be set thereinne; and than set hit overe the fyre in a furneyse, but furst make an esy fyre, and afterward a good fyre the space of xxiiij. howrys, to thou se no more brethe come owte of the glas, and than take hit fro the fyre, and breke the glasse.

To make a good grene. Take j. li. of limayle of

Ther come thre kynges out of the est,  
 To worchepe the kyng that is so fre,  
 With gold and myrre and francincens,

*A solis ortus cardine.*

The herdes herdyn an aungele cry,  
 A merye song then sungyn he,  
 Qwy arn ȝe so sore agast,

*Jam ortus solis cardine.*

The aungele comyn doun with on cry,  
 A fayr song then sungyn he,  
 In the worchepe of that chyld,

*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

---

LVIII.

Man, be merie as bryd on berie,  
 And al thi care let away.

THIS tyme is born a chyld ful good,  
 He that us bowt upon the rod ;  
 He bond the devyl that is so wod,  
 Til the drydful domys day.

Quan the chyld of meche myȝt  
 Wold be born of Mary bryȝt,

A tokene he sente to kyng and knyȝt,  
 A sterre that schon bothe nyȝt and day.

The sterre schon as bryȝt as fer,  
 Over al the world bothe fer and ner,  
 In tokene he was withoutyn per;  
 And pereles he xal lastyn ay.

The .vij. day he was circumsize,  
 For to fulfylle the profecye;  
 The profetes with wordes wyse  
 Hym present with ryche aray.

The .xij. day come kynges thre,  
 Out of the est, with herte fre,  
 To worchepyn hym thei knelyd on kne,  
 With gold and myrr[e] and francincens.

---

LIX.

I may seyn to most and lest,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

JHESU of his moder was born,  
 For us he werde garlond of thorn,  
 And ellys hadde we ben forlorn;  
 He tok his deth for most and lest.

I xal *ȝ*ou telle good skele qwy  
That he was born of Mary,  
For he deyid on Calvory,  
He tok, etc.

He wrowt us alle with his hond ;  
The fendes woldyn adoun us wrong,  
He bowt us ageyn with peynys strong,  
He tok his, etc.

A kerche thanne to him was fet,  
A spere to his herte was set ;  
Than seyde the Juwys, “ have thou that ! ”  
He, etc.

The Juwis *ȝ*evyn hym drynk ezyll and galle,  
Quan Jhesu after drynk gan calle ;  
God, let us never in synne falle.  
He tok, [etc.]

Prey we to that lord so fre,  
For us he deyid on a tre,  
At domys day our helpe he be.  
He tok, etc.

## LX.

Nowel, el, el.

Nowel, el, bothe eld and ȝyng,

Nowel, el, nowe mow we syng,

In worchepe of our hevene kyng,

Almyty God in trinité.

Lestenyȝt, lordynges, bothe leve and dere,

Lestenyȝt, ladyis, with glad chere,

A song of merthe now mow ȝe here,

How Cryst our brother he wolde be.

An aungyl fro hefne was sent ful snel,

His name his clepyd Gabriel,

His ardene he dede ful snel,

He sat on kne and seyde “Ave!”

And he seyde, “Mary, ful of grace,

Hevene and erthe in every place

Withine the tyme of lytyl space

Reconsilid it xuld be.”

Mary stod styll as ony ston,

And to the aungyl che seyde anon,

“Than herd I nevere of manys mon,  
Me thinkit wonder thou seyst to me.”

The aungyl answerd anon ful wel,  
“Mary, dryd the never a del,  
Thou xalt conseyve a chyld ful wel,  
The Holy Gost xal schadue the.”

Mary on bryst here hand che leyd,  
Styllē xe stod, and thus xe seyd,  
“Lo me here Godes owyn handmayd,  
With herte and wil and body fre.”

Mary, moder, mayde myld,  
For the love al of thi chyld,  
Fro helle pet thou us schyld ;  
Amen, amen, now syngē we.

---

LXI.

Prenegard, prenegard,  
Thus bere I myn baselard.

LESTENIT, lordynges, I ȝou beseke ;  
Ther is non man worȝt a leke,  
Be he sturdy, be he meke,  
But he bere a baselard.

Myn baselard haȝt a schede of red,  
 And a clene loket of led ;  
 Me thinkit I may bere up myn hed,  
 For I bere myn baselard.

My baselard haȝt a wrethin hafte ;  
 Quan I am ful of ale cawte,  
 It is gret dred of man-slawtte,  
 For then I bere, etc.

My baselard haȝt a sylver schape ;  
 Therfore I may bothe gaspe and gape ;  
 Me thinkit I go lyk non knape,  
 For I bere a baselard.

My baselard haȝt a trencher kene,  
 Fayr as rasour scharp and schene ;  
 Evere me thinkit I may be kene,  
 For I bere, etc.

As I ȝede up in the strete,  
 With a cartere I gan mete,  
 “ Felawe,” he seyde, “ so mot I the,  
 Thou xalt forego thi baselard.”

The cartere his qwyppē began to take ;  
 And al myn fleych began to qwake,

And I was lef for to ascape,  
 And there I left myn baselard.

Quan I cam forȝt onto myn damme,  
 Myn hed was brokyn to the panne;  
 Che seyde I was a praty manne,  
 And wel cowde bere myn baselard.

---

## LXII.

I may seyn, and so mown mo,  
 That in semenaunt goth gyle.

SEMENAUNT is a wonder thing,  
 It begylyt bothe knyȝt and kyng,  
 And makit maydenys of love-longyng;  
 I warne ȝou of that gyle.

Semenaunt is a sly peyntour,  
 It florchyt and fadit in many a flour,  
 And makit wommen to lesyn here bryte colour,  
 Upon a lytil qwyle.

In semenaunt be thinges thre,  
 Thowt, speche, and prevyté;  
 And trewthe xuld the forte be—  
 It is hens a m<sup>l</sup>. myle.

Trewthe is fer and semyt hynde,  
 Good and wykkyt it hæzt in mynde ;  
 It faryt has a candele ende  
 That brennit fro half a myle.

Many man fayre to me he spekyt,  
 And he wzyste hym wel bewreke,  
 He hadde we[1] levere myn hed to-breke,  
 Than help me over a style.

God that deyid upon the cros,  
 Ferst he deyid sythin he ros,  
 Have mercy and peté on us ;  
 We levyn here but a qwyle.

---

### LXIII.

Kep thi tunge, thi tunge, thi tunge,  
 Thi wykyd tunge werkit me w[o].

THEIR is non gres that growit on ground,  
 Satenas ne peny round,  
 Wersse then is a wykkyd tunge,  
 That spekit bethe evyl of frynd and fo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stryf  
 Betwyxe a good man and his wyf,

Quan he xulde lede a merie lyf,  
 Here qwyte sydys waxin ful blo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stauns,  
 Bothe in Engelond and in Frauns ;  
 Many a man wyt spere and launs,  
 Throw wykkyd tunge, to dede is do.

Wykkyd tunge brekit bon,  
 Thow the self have non ;  
 Of his frynd he makit his fon,  
 In every place qwere that he go.

Good men that stondyn and syttyn in this halle,  
 I prey ȝou bothe on and alle,  
 That wykkyd tungen fro ȝou falle,  
 That ȝe mown to hefne go.

---

LXIV.

*Alma Redemptoris mater.*

As I lay upon a nyȝt,  
 My thowt was on a mayde bryȝt  
 That men callyn Mary of myȝt,  
*Redemptoris mater.*

To here cam Gabriel so bryȝt,  
 And seyde, “ Heyl, Mari, ful of myȝt,  
 To be cald thou art adyȝt  
*Redemp.*”

After that word that mayde bryȝt  
 Anon conseyyd God of myȝt,  
 And therby wyst men that che hyȝt

*R.*

Ryȝt as the sunne schynit in glas,  
 So Jhesu in his moder was,  
 And therby wyt man that che was

*R.*

Now is born that babe of blys,  
 And qwen of hevene is moder is ;  
 And therfore think me that che is

*R.*

After to hevene he tok his flyȝt,  
 And ther he sit with his fader of myȝt ;  
 With hym is crownyd that lady bryȝt,

*Redemptoris mater.*

## LXV.

Non pudescit corpore,  
Quod testatur hodie,  
Manna monumenti,  
dies

Adest procul dubio  
nova res auditu,  
Infans viso gladio  
cessat a vagitu,  
dies.

Innocencium sanguine  
Rubent matrum lacryme,  
o licor suavis,  
Nati danti jugulo,  
Set caret preposito  
Herodes tua vis,  
dies.

Bonus pastor prodiit,  
gaude, grex Anglorum,  
Cujus primus extitit  
Thomas, flos pastorum,  
dies.

Thomas Cantuarie,  
Omni carens carie,  
    pro lege luctaris  
Dans mucroni militis  
Tinam tui capitis,  
    sic quod coronaris,  
        dies.

Patitur se parvulus  
    carne circumcidi,  
Qui pro carnalibus  
    venerat occidi,  
        dies.

O stupenda pietas,  
Amoris quod immetas  
    verbi incarnati,  
Nam stillat sub calice  
Cruor carnis tenere  
    Jhesu nuper nati,  
        dies.

---

## LXVI.

MEUM est propositum in taberna mori,  
Et vinum appositum scienti ori;  
Ut dicant cum venerint angulorum cori,  
Deus sit propicius iste potatori.

Potatores singuli sunt omnes benigni;  
Tam senes quam juvenes in eterna igni  
Cruciantur rustici, qui non sunt tam digni  
Qui bibisse neverint bonum vinum vini.

Unum super omnia bonum diligamus,  
Nam purgantur vissia dum vinum potamus,  
Cum nobis sint copia vinum dum clamamus,  
Qui vivis in gloria, te Deum laudamus.

Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernam,  
Ipsam nullo tempore sprevi neque spernam,  
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam,  
Cantantibus pro ebriis requiem eternam.

Fertur in convivium vinus, na, num,  
Masculinum duplicet atque femininum,  
Set in neutro genere vinum est devinum,  
Loqui facit socios optimum Latinum.

## LXVII.

IF I synge ȝe wyl me lakke,  
 And wenyn I were out of myn wyt;  
 Therfore smale notes wil I crake,  
 So wolde God I were qwyte.  
 Syn me muste take this mery toyn,  
 To glade withal this cumpany,  
 I rede, or ony swych be don,  
 For Godes love, tey up ȝour ky.  
 For sothe I may not synge, I say,  
 My voys and I arn at discord;  
 But we xul fonde to take a day,  
 To takyn myn avys and myn acord.

---

## LXVII.

Wolcum, ȝol, thou mery man,  
 In worchepe of this holy day.

WOLCUM be thou, hevene kyng,  
 Wolcum, born in on morwenyng,  
 Wolcum, for hom we xal syng,  
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, Stefne and Jon,  
 Wolcum, innocentes everychon;  
 Wolcum, Thomas, marter on;  
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, good newe ȝere,  
 Wolcum, twelthe day, bothe in fere;  
 Wolcum, seyntes, lef and dere;  
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, candylmesse;  
 Wolcum be ȝe, qwyn of blys,  
 Wolcum bothe to more and lesse;  
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe that arn here;  
 Wolcum, alle, and mak good chere;  
 Wolcum, alle, another ȝere;  
 Wolcum, ȝole.

---

### LXIX.

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn swetyng;  
 Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.

I SAW a fayr maydyn syttyn and synge,  
 Sche lullyd a lytyl chyld, a swete lordyng,  
 Lullay, myn, [etc.]

That eche lord is that that made alle thinge,  
 Of alle lordis he is lord, of alle kynges kyng.  
 Lullay.

Ther wasmekyl melody at that chyldes berthe,  
 Alle tho wern in hevene blys thei made mekyl merthe,  
 [Lullay.]

Aungele bryȝt theisong that nyȝt and seydyn to that chyld,  
 Blyssid be thou, and so be sche that is bothe mek and  
 myld.

[Lullay.]

Prey we now to that chyld, and to his moder dere,  
 Grawnt hem his blyssyng that now makyn chere.

[Lullay.]

---

LXX.

Hostis Herodis impie, Christum venire quid times? non erpit  
 mortalia.

ENMY Herowde, thou wokkyd kyng,  
 Qwy dredes thou the of Cristes comyng?  
 He dezryrt here non erthely thing,  
 That hevene haȝt at his ȝevyng.

Ibant magi quam viderant stellam sequentes, premant lumen.  
 Thre kynges thei saw a sterre ful bryȝt,  
 Thei folwyd it with al here myȝt,  
 Bryȝtnesse thei saw throw that lyȝt,  
 Thei knewe God with here ȝyftes ryȝt.

Lavacra puri gurgitis celestis angnus attigit peccata....non....

The welle haȝt waschyn us fro wo,  
 The lomb of hevene is comyn us to,  
 He that synne nevere wold do,  
 Haȝt waschyn clene our synnys us fro.

Novum genus potencie aque rubescunt idrie unum....ine.

His myȝt is chawngyd of newe maner,  
 The water wyx red in pecher;  
 The water is turnyd to wyn ful cler,  
 Ageyn the kynde thow it were.

Gloria tibi, Domine, qui aperuisti hodie cum patre et sancto  
 spiritu in sempiterna secula. Amen.

Lovynge Lord be to the ay,  
 That haȝt schewyd the to us this day,  
 With fader and holy gost veray,  
 That in the word never fayle may.

---

LXXI.

As I me lend to a lend,  
 I herd a schepperde makyn a schowte;  
 He gronyd and seyde, with sory syghyng,  
 “A, Lord! how gos this word abowte.

“ It gos ful wrong, ho so it wyst,  
 A frend he may ken fro his foo ;  
 To hom I may trewely trost,  
 In fayth I fynde but fewe of tho.

“ The sothe me thinkyt, if I xulde say,  
 Trewe frendes arn fewe withoutyn dowte ;  
 Alle half frendes wel worth hem ay,  
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte.

“ Alle trewe frendes wel worth hem ay,  
 In wel, in wo, in hert, in thowth,  
 It must be soth that alle men say,  
 He was nevere good frend was wroth for nowth.

“ Now wel, now wo ; now frend, now foo ;  
 Now lef, now thef ; now in, now out ;  
 Now cum, now go ; now to, now froo ;  
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

“ The werst wyttes werte of alle mankende,  
 Alle wykkyd tungen ay worth hem woo !  
 Thei arn ful fayin fals talis to fynd,  
 Thei gref me thus I may not goo.

“ But, God, of hem thou take sum wreche,  
 And arest hem alle be rowt,  
 That fals arn and fayre cun spake ;  
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

## LXXII.

Mak me merthe for Crystes berthe,  
 And syng we ȝol til candilmesse.

THE ferste day of ȝol we han in mynde,  
 How man was born al of our kende,  
 For he wold the bondes onbynde  
 Of alle our synne and wykkydnes.

The secunde day we synge of Stevene,  
 That stonyd was, and fid up evene,  
 With Cryst ther he wold stonde in hevene,  
 And crownyd was for his promys.

The threde day longe to saynt Jon,  
 That was Crystes derlyng, derest on,  
 To hom he lok, quan he xuld gon,  
 His dere moder for his clennes.

The forte day of the chylderyng ȝyng,  
 With Herowdes wretthe to deth were wrong,  
 Of Cryst thei cowde not speke with long,  
 But with here blod bare wytnesse.

The fytte day halwyt seynt Thomas,

Ryth as strong as peler of bras,  
 Hyld up his kyrke and slayin was,  
 For he stod faste in rythwynes.  
 The extende day tok Jhesu his nam,  
 That savyd mankynde fro synne and schame,  
 And circumsyzed was for non blame,  
 But for insane and mekeness.  
 The xii. day offeryd to him kynges iij.  
 Gold, myrre, incens, this ȝyftes fre,  
 For God, and man, and kyng is he,  
 And thus thei worcheþyd his worthinessse.  
 The forty day cam Mary myld,  
 Onto the temple with here schyld,  
 To schewyne here alone that never was fyld ;  
 And herewith endis Crystemesse.

---

## LXXII.

Mak ȝe merrie, as ye may,  
 And syng with me, I ȝou pray.

IN Patras ther born he was  
 The holy buschop seynt Nycholas,  
 He wyst mekyl of Godes gras,  
 Throw vertu of the Trinité.  
 He reysyd thre klerkes fro deth to lyfve,  
 That wern in salt put ful swythe,  
 Betwyx a bochere and his wyfve,

And was hid in privyté.

He maryid thre maydenys of myld mod ;

He ȝaf hem gold to here fod ;

He turnyd hem fro ille to good,

Throw vertu of the Trynyté.

Another he dede sekyrly,

He savyd a thef that was ful sly,

That stal a swyn out of his sty ;

His lyf than savyd he.

God grawt us grace, bothe old and ȝyng,

Hym to serve at his plesyng ;

To hevene blysse he us bryng.

Throw vertu of the Trinité.

---

LXXXIV.

Kyrie, so kyrie, Jankyn syngt merie, with aleysen.

As I went on ȝol day

in owre prosessyon,

Know I joly Jankyn

be his mery ton ;

Jankyn began the offys

on the ȝol day ;

And ȝit me thynkyt it dos me good,

so merie gan he say,

Kyrieleyson.

Jankyn red the pystyl  
 ful fayre and ful wel,  
 And ȝyt me thinkyt it dos me good,  
 as evere have I sal.

Jankyn at the sanctus  
 crakit a merie note,  
 And ȝit me thinkyt it dos me good,  
 I payid for his cote.

Jankyn crakit notes,  
 an hunderid on a knot,  
 And ȝyt he hakkyt hem smallere  
 than wortes to the pot.

k.

Jankyn at the angnus  
 beryt the pax brede,  
 He twynkelid, but sayd nowt,  
 and on myn fot he trede.

*Benedicamus Domino,*  
 Cryst from schame me schylde.

*Deo gracias thereto,*  
 alas ! I go with schylde.

k.



## NOTES.

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*Page 2, line 9. Now bething the, gentilman.* This is but another form of the old popular proverb—

When Adam dolv'd and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?

It was the well-known motto of the English popular insurrections of the fourteenth century. Holinshed, speaking of the troubles in the reign of Richard II, and of the priest John Ball, says, “When all the prisons were broken up, and the prisoners set at libertie, he being therefore so delivered, followed them, and at Blackeheath when the greatest multitude was there got togither (as some write) he made a sermon, taking this saieng or common proverbe for his theame, whereupon to intreat,—

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?

and so continueing his sermon, went about to proove by the words of that proverbe, that from the beginning all men by nature were created alike, and that bondage or servitude came in by unjust oppression of naughtie men.” The same proverb existed in German, and is given by Agricola (Prov. No. 264) as follows:—

So Adam reutte, und Eva span,  
Wer was da ein eddelman?

In a Manuscript in the British Museum of the fourteenth century, (MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 7) the same proverb is given in Latin leonines—

Cum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,  
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generosus erat?

*Page 2, l. 11. In the vale of Abraham.* According to the mediæval notion, the scene of the creation lay in the valley of Hebron, which was afterwards the residence of Abraham. “And in that same place,” says Maundevile (p. 66), “was Abrahames hous; and there he satt and saughe thre persones, and worschipte but on, as holy writh seythe, *Tres vident et unum adoravit*, that is to seyne, he saughe thre, and worshiped on; and of the same resceyved Abraham the aungeles into his hous. And righte faste by that place is a cave in the roche where Adam and Eve duelleden, whan thei weren putt out of Paradyse, and there gotten thei here children. And in that same place was Adam formed and made, afre that that sum men seyn. For men weren wont for to clepe that place the feld of Damasce, because that it was in the lordship of Damask. And fro thens was he translated into Paradys of delytes, as thei seyn; and afre that he was dryven out of Paradys, he was there left.”

*Page 2, l. 17. An appil-tre.* The popular religious writers in the middle ages believed literally that the tree of knowledge was an apple-tree, and that the fruit which Eve plucked was an apple. In the curious sermon, in French verse of the thirteenth century, published by M. Jubinal, we read—

O Deus, quele dolor  
Et cum grant tristor  
Lor vint à soffrir,

Par icerle *pome*  
 Qui à un sol home  
 Vint si à plaisir!

The account of the fall in the same poem may be quoted as illustrative of our song, especially in the circumstance that the part acted by Eve is omitted, and the serpent is supposed to have tempted Adam.—

Grant mal fist Adam,  
 Qui par le Sathan  
 Tel conseil crut;  
 Mal conseil li dona,  
 Qui ceo lui loa,  
 Car tost l'out soduit.  
 Par l'enticement  
 Del mortel serpent  
 Fu tost deposés;  
 Mult par fu chatifs  
 Quant de Parais  
 Fu déserités.  
 Mult par pout plorer  
 Quant ne pout entrer  
 Là dum il esteit;  
 Li angres ert devant  
 O s'espée ardent  
 Qui deffendeit.

*Page 4, l. 3. Seynt Nicholas...maydenis thre.* This was one of the stories of the beneficent interference of St. Nicholas which was very popular in the middle ages. It is told as follows in Caxton's edition of the *Liber Festivalis* (1484). “Than fyl it so that there was a ryche man that had doughters fayre and yonge wymmen, but by myschyef he was fallen unto poverte, so for grete nede he ordeyned

hem to be comen women for to geten her lyvyng and hys bothe ; and whan Nicholas herde therof, he had grete compassyon of hem, and on a nyght pryvelye at a windowe he caste a bagge wyth a somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre. Than on the morowe-tyde that man aroos and founde thys golde ; than was he glad therwith that no man coude telle hit, and anone with that golde he maried his elder daughter. Than another nyght Nycholas caste another somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre as he dyd before ; and so the iij. nyght, whan this man herde the golde falle, anone he went out and overtoke Nycholas, and knewe that it was he that had holpen hym soo in his myschyef, and knelid doun and wold have kissed his fete, but he wold not suffre hym, but prayed hym to kepe counceyl whyle he lyved.”

*Page 6, l. 5. Furye.* An enchantment; a scene of fairy-land.

*Page 11, l. 13 Wommen be bothe good and trewe.* Another copy of this song is found in MS. Harl. No. 7358, which, as it presents some variations, may be given entire for comparison.

Wymmen beth bothe goude and truwe,  
Wytnesse on Marie.

Wymmen beth bothe goud and schene,  
On handes, fet, and face clene;  
Wymmen may no beter bene;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth gentel on her tour;  
A womman bar oure Savyour;  
Of al thys wor[ld] wyman is flour;

W. o. M.

Wyrchyp we wymmanys face,

Wer we seth hem on a place;  
For wymman ys the wyl of grace.

W. o. M.

Love a womman with herte truwe,  
He nel chongy for no newe;  
Wymmen beth of wordes fewe;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth goud, withoute lesyng;  
Fro sorwe and care hy wol us bryng;  
Wymman ys flour of alle thyng;

W. o. M.

*Page 16, l. 7. Man, be war.* This stanza, with slight variation, forms the commencement of a song in the *Songs and Carols* edited for the Percy Society, p. 4.

*Page 16, l. 15. Of a rose.* Another copy of this song will be found in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 21.

*Page 20, l. 7. Religiuss.* It may perhaps be well to observe that this word, in old English, meant almost invariably people in the monastic orders.

*Page 26, l. 2. Of joyis five.* A different song on the “five joys” is printed in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 68. It is a subject celebrated in a vast number of petty effusions in verse and prose, and in many languages, scattered through the manuscripts of the middle ages. A short English poem on the same subject will be found in the *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. i, p. 48.

*Page 27, l. 6. Knet up the haltre and let here goo.* Nearly the same phrase occurs as the burthen of a ballad on the fickleness of women, of the age of Henry VI, printed in the *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. i, p. 75, the first stanza of which is as follows.—

I not what I shall syng nor say,  
 I, man forsakyn, wo worth the whyle !  
 Ho may hold that wyll away?  
 My soveren lald has don me gyle.  
 I have bethoȝt me upon a wyle,  
 Sythen that hur hert ys turnyd me fro,  
 I hold yt the best, for drede of gyle,  
 Turne up hur halter and let hur go.

Another poem on the same subject and of the same period, printed also in the *Reliquiae Antiquae* (vol. i. p. 27), has a similar burthen, taken like it from the language of hawking. The first stanza is—

Who carpys of byrddys of grete jentrys,  
 The sperhawke me semyth makys moste dysporte,  
 And moste acordynge for alle degreys,  
 For smalle byrddys sche puttys to morte.  
 Y reclaymyd on, as y schalle reporte,  
 As longe as sche wolde to me aply ;  
 When sche wolde noȝt to my glove resorte,  
 Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.

*Page 28, l. 1.* Another copy of this song, with variations, and the omission of the third stanza, will be found in the *Percy Society Songs and Carols*, p. 18.

*Page 29, l. 2.* *Gret with*, i. e., greeted by. A not unusual phrase in early English.

*Page 31, l. 1.* The writer of this song appears to have had in his eye the description of the cock in Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale* (Cant. T. 16,335).

In which sche had a cok, hight Chaunteclere,  
 In al the lond of crowyng was noon his peere.  
 His vois was merier than the mery organ,  
 On masse dayes that in the chirche goon ;

Wel sekerer was his crowyng in his logge,  
 Than is a clok, or an abbay orologge.  
 By nature knew he ech ascencioun  
 Of equinoctal in thilke toun ;  
 For whan degrees fyftene were ascendid,  
 Thanne crewe he, it might not ben amendid.  
*His comb was redder than the fyn coral,*  
 And batayld, as it were a castel wal.  
 His bile was blak, and *as the geet it schon;*  
*Lik asur were his legges, and his ton ;*  
 His *nayles whitter than the lily flour,*  
 And lik the burnischt gold was his colour.

*Page 31, l. 16. Wortewale.* The skin which covered the claws.

*Page 32, l. 11. Adam lay i-bowndyn.* Adam was supposed to have remained in bonds, with the other patriarchs, in the *limbus patrum*, from the time of his death till the crucifixion of the Saviour.

*Page 33, l. 7.* The sort of paradoxes contained in this curious popular song seem to be of considerable antiquity, and have been preserved in nearly the same form, almost, if not quite, down to our own time. They will be found in the following ballad, which is here given from a chap-book printed at Newcastle about the beginning of the present century, but which is no doubt of much greater antiquity.

#### LORD ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The lord of Roslin's daughter  
 Walks through the wood her lane,  
 And by came captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.

He said unto his servant man,  
 Were it not against the law,  
 I would take her to my own bed,  
 And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alane, she says,  
 Amang my father's trees,  
 And you may let me walk alane,  
 Kind sir, now, if you please.  
 The supper bell it will be rung,  
 And I'll be miss'd, you knew;  
 So I will not lie in your bed,  
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says, My pretty lady,  
 I pray lend me your hand,  
 And you'll have drums and trumpets  
 Always at your command,  
 And fifty men to guard you with,  
 That well their swords can draw,  
 And we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's ly next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
 I pray let go my hand;  
 The supper bell it will be rung,  
 No longer will I stand;  
 My father he'll no supper take,  
 If I be miss'd, you knew;  
 So I'll not lie in your bed,  
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then said the pretty lady,  
 I pray, tell me your name.

My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.  
 Tho' thy father and his men were here,  
 Of him I'd not stand in aw;  
 But wou'd take thee into my bed,  
 And lay the next the wa'.

He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
 And set his lady on,  
 And held her by the milk-white hand,  
 Even as they rode along.  
 He held her by the middle so jimp,  
 For fear that she shou'd fa';—  
 So I'll take thee to my own bed,  
 And lay the next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging house,  
 His landlady look been,—  
 Since many pretty ladies  
 In Edinburgh I've seen;  
 But such a pretty face as thine  
 In it I never saw.  
 Go meake her up a down bed,  
 And lay her next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
 I pray you let me be;  
 For I will not go to your bed  
 Till you dress me dishes three.  
 Dishes three you must do to me,  
 If I shou'd eat them a',  
 Before that I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

O, I must have to my supper  
A cherry without a stone;  
And I must have to my supper  
A chicken without a bone;  
And I must have to my supper  
A bird without a ga';  
Before that I lie in your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,  
I am sure it has no stone;  
And when the chicken's in the shell,  
I'm sure it has no bone;  
The dove it is a gentle bird,  
It flies without a ga';  
And we's lie baith within ae bed,  
And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
I pray you give me o'er;  
For I will not go till your bed,  
Till you answer me questions four.  
Questions four you must tell me,  
And that is twa and twa,  
Or I will not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock or wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit  
That in December grew;  
And I must have a silk mantle,  
That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw;  
What bird sings best and wood buds first,  
That dew doth on them fa';  
And then I'll lie into your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit  
 That in December grew ;  
 My mother has a silk mantle,  
 That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw ;  
 The cock crows first, cyder buds first,  
 The dew doth on them fa' ;  
 So we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
 And do not me perplex ;  
 For I'll not lie into your bed  
 Till you answer me questions six ;  
 Questions six you must tell me,  
 And that is four and twa,  
 Before that I lie into your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass ?  
 What's higher than the trees ?  
 And what is worse than woman's voice ?  
 What's deeper than the seas ?  
 A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn,  
 This night to join us twa,  
 Before I lie into your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass ;  
 Sky is higher than the trees ;  
 The devil's worse than woman's voice ;  
 Hell's deeper than the seas ;  
 A sparrow's horn you may well get,  
 There's one on ilka pa',  
 And two upon the gab of it,  
 And you shall have them a'.

The priest he's standing at the door,  
 Just ready to come in,  
 No man can say that he was born,  
 No man without a fin :  
 A hole cut in his mother's side,  
 He from the same did fa' ;  
 So we will both lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

O, little did the lady think,  
 That morning when she raise,  
 That it was to be the last night  
 Of her maiden days ;  
 But there is not in the king's realm  
 To be found a blyther twa :  
 And now they both lie in one bed,  
 And she lies next the wa'.

In his interesting little volume, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 150, Mr. Halliwell has given the following verses, as current in the north of England, which resemble still more closely those in our text :—

#### THE FOUR SISTERS.

I have four sisters beyond the sea,  
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.  
 And they did send four presents to me,  
 Partum, quartum, paradise, tempum,  
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.

The first it was a bird without e'er a bone ;  
 Para-mara, dictum, &c.  
 The second was a cherry without e'er a stone ;  
 Partum, quartum, &c.

The third it was a blanket without e'er a thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

The fourth it was a book which no man could read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a bird without e'er a bone?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone?

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a blanket without e'er a thread?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a book which no man can read?

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the bird's in the shell, there is no bone;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the cherry's in the bud, there is no stone;

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the blanket's in the fleece, there is no thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the book's in the press, no man can read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

*Page 37, l. 3. Betwix an ox and an as.* The ox and ass were perhaps first introduced for the sake of pictorial effect, to show that the scene was really a stable; but it became subsequently an article of literal belief that these two animals attended the birth of the Saviour, and they always appear in the illuminations of missals, etc.

*Page 37, l. 18. Baltyzar.* The legends differ in the order of the kings, and also in the appropriation of their offerings. In the *Coventry Mysteries*, as in our song, the first king is

Baltazare, and he offers gold ; the second, Melchizar, who offers incense ; and the third, Jasper, whose offering is myrrh. The order is the same in the French *Geu des Trois Roys*, published by M. Jubinal. In the *Towneley Mysteries*, the first king is Jaspar, who offers gold ; the second, Melchor, who offers "rekyls" (incense) ; the third, Balthesar, who offers myrrh. The English legend of the Three Kings, published in my edition of the *Chester Plays*, tells us, " Melchior that was kyng of Nube and of Arabie, that offred gold to God, he was lest of stature and of persone ; Baltazar, that was kyng of Godolie and of Saba, that offred encense to God, he was of mene stature in his persone ; and Jasper that was kyng of Taars and of Egripwille, that offred mirre to God, he was most in persone, and was a blacke Ethiope."

*Page 42, l. 5. Robynn.* This song furnishes us with rather a curious example of the danger of hasty criticism. Ritson, who printed it in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, took the word *lyth* for a proper name, although the form it takes in the refrain at the end, *lyȝth*, shows clearly enough its meaning, *lieth*. Not content with this, by a little stretch of his imagination, he has given a short sketch of the life of his hero, Robin Lyth, whom he even supposed to be one of Robin Hood's own men, who set up the trade of outlaw for himself after the death of his master. " Who or what this Robin Lyth was," he observes, " does not, otherwise than by this little performance, composed, it should seem, to commemorate the manner of his death, and of the revenge taken for it, anywhere appear. That he was a native or inhabitant of Yorkshire is, indeed, highly probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a few miles north of Whitby is a village called *Lythe*, whence he may be rea-

sonably supposed to have acquired his surname ; the second, that near Flamborough, in Holderness, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at present, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of *Robin Lyth hole* ; from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same occupation, had several such in those and other parts ; and, indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his master's death, had set up for himself."

*Page 42, l. 8. Gandeleyne.* This name seems to be connected with that of *Gamelyn*, in the *Cokes Tale* attributed to Chaucer. It was probably a well known one in this class of ballads.

*Page 42, l. 10. Chylderin.* This word evidently means here upgrown men. It is one of those words which appear to have been formerly used in a much less restricted sense than at present, and we have such examples as 'Horn child,' etc.

*Page 48, l. 7. Moder, qwyt as.* Another copy of this song, with variations, and one stanza more at the end, will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 50. The additional stanza is—

Swych mornyng as the maydyn mad,  
I can not telle it in this howr;  
Therfor be mery and glade,  
And make us mery for our Savour.

*Page 49, l. 9. Reges de Saba.* Another copy of this song also occurs in the collection printed for the Percy Society, p. 46, where it is much more complete.

*Page 60, l. 15. On Schyre-Thursday.* Shear-Thursday,

or Maundy-Thursday, the day on which Christ's last supper with his disciples is commemorated.

*Page 63, l. 1. Seynt Stevene.* I do not know whence this strange legend of St. Stephen being king Herod's clerk of the kitchen is derived.

*Page 65, l. 1. Nowel.* This song also occurs with variations, as usual, among the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 38.

*Page 66, l. 17. The greteste clerk.* Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.

*Page 68, l. 9. For liij. poyntes.* This must, I suppose, refer to the "Constitutions" of Clarendon, which, however, were sixteen in number, and not fifty-two. The manuscript, however, is very incorrectly written, and the songs are apparently taken down from memory.

*Page 69, l. 11. M. and A.* Another copy of this song will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 31.

*Page 73, l. 4. Of kyng Edmund.* Edmund king of the East Angles; the wolf and the blind man figure in this legend, which will be found in Capgrave, *Nov. Leg. Angliae*.

*Page 74, l. 1. The dere ȝeres thre.* l. 5. *The pestelens tweye.* l. 13. *A wyndes blast.* See on these allusions, the Preface.

*Page 74, l. 19. At the frere camys . . . at Lynne toun.* There was a priory of Carmelites, or White Friars, at Lynn, in Norfolk, but I have not been able to trace any other mention of the accidental burning of it, which is alluded to in our song.

*Page 75, l. 7. Go bet, peny.* This song was printed by Ritson, in his *Ancient Popular Poetry*. The subject was far from an uncommon one, and is found versified in French

and Latin, as well as in English. See my edition of the *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*, pp. 223, 355.

*Page 88, l. 7.. Wykkyd tunge.* It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this was a very old and popular proverb.

*Page 92, l. 1. Meum est propositum.* This is very curious, as being, as far as I am aware, the earliest instance in which these celebrated lines, taken from one of the poems attributed to Walter Mapes, are given in the form of a song. The song, in its ordinary form, was first printed, I believe, in Camden's *Remaines*. It is made up from lines in the *Confessio Golæ*. See my *Latin Poems attributed to Walter Mapes*, p. 71.

*Page 99, l. 18. In Patras.* It is hardly necessary to make any further remark upon this song, than that the stories alluded to in it will be found in the legendary life of St. Nicholas. One of them has already been the subject of a song in this collection. See Song III.

*Page 100, l. 23. Kyrieleyson.* The Greek, *κυριε ελευσον*, i. e., *Lord, have mercy upon us*, a part of the Liturgy.



EARLY  
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES.

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

EARLY  
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM AN INEDITED MANUSCRIPT OF  
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY

J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

ETC.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE WARTON CLUB.

M.DCCC.LV.



## P R E F A C E.

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AMONGST the miscellaneous English manuscripts of the fifteenth century which have hitherto remained inedited, there is not perhaps one more deserving of attention than that from which the present collection has been selected. It is a thick but small volume, written on vellum and paper in the reign of Edward IV, and, from being preserved at Porkington, in the county of Salop, in the library of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P., has been generally known as the Porkington Manuscript. Scarcely any of its contents have been published, and, when the original volume was confided to my trust for a short time some years ago, through the interest of one of the possessor's intimate friends, the opportunity was taken of transcribing from it the curious pieces which are now offered to the notice of the members of the Warton Club.

The Porkington Manuscript was first brought prominently into notice by Sir Frederic Madden,

who, in 1839, printed from it the story of Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle, in his excellent collection of the romance-poems of *Syr Gawayne*.\* This curious piece is the first poem in the manuscript, the articles which precede it consisting of a calendar, a table of eclipses calculated for the period from 1462 to 1481, a tract on the weather, etc. The next which follows is the curious treatise on planting and grafting, printed in the present volume, pp. 66-72, which will be read with some interest by those whose curiosity leads them to inquire into the progress made by our ancestors in these subjects at so early a period. In the agricultural and botanical sciences they were clearly not very far advanced, but they made amends for this by attaining a singular proficiency in all the appliances of the pictorial art. On this account, as well as in regard to the nature of the subject itself, the minute receipts in aid of “the crafte of lymnynge of bokys”, p. 72, are likely to be of considerable importance in any researches

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\* Sir F. Madden is of opinion (*Syr Gawayne*, p. 429) that *stronge*, at the commencement of this poem, should be *strange*. The manuscript has the former reading, but the use of the *o* for the *a*, which will be found constantly in the following pages, appears to be a dialectical indication that ought to be preserved.

respecting the history of English art. After a few brief poems, the next article of any importance in the manuscript is the “Vision of Philibert regarding the Body and the Soul”; a curious and hitherto unnoticed early metrical translation of the Latin poem on that subject, generally attributed to Walter Mapes. It is given in the present volume, pp. 12-39. This is followed by the short, but quaint, poems of “Earth upon Earth”, and the “Mourning of the Hare”, both of which are inserted in this collection. A few of the shorter metrical pieces have been already printed in other collections, and, though interesting in themselves, it was thought not to be worth while to reproduce them. Some have been printed in the *Reliquiae Antiquae*, and others in works of limited circulation, but sufficiently accessible to the student. The ten articles now printed comprise the chief of the inedited pieces of any real value, and constitute, with those elsewhere published, as complete a copy of the manuscript as will generally be desired.

To the above brief enumeration of the contents of the manuscript may be added the version of the amusing tale of the Friar and the Boy, printed in the following pages, pp. 46-62. Several copies of this poem have been preserved, and as they all

vary considerably from each other, the present is worth preservation, as perhaps the least incorrect of any of the early manuscript copies known to exist. Another, preserved in MS. Cantab. Ee. iv. 35, was printed by Mr. Wright, 18mo, 1836. The story is well known, and was a common chap-book history, in a modernized form, until a very recent period.

*February, 1855.*

## EARLY ENGLISH MISCELLANIES.

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### I.

LOVELY lordynges, ladys lyke,  
Wyves and maydynus ryallyke,  
So worthy undere wede,  
And alle, lystynes to my talkynge,  
God grant hem hys dere blesynge,  
And hevene to her mede.  
  
By one foreste as I cone ryde,  
I saw a byrd by a woode syde,  
Bryȝte sche was of ble;  
Her wenges were of colowrs ryche,  
As an aungelle me thoȝte her lyche,  
Full semely hit was to se;  
The byrd was go; my joy was styllle,  
For woo, alasse! myselffe I spylle,—  
To Cryste I make my mone,

For a love that was so newe,  
That so bryȝte was of hewe,  
Fro me was sche gone.  
A blestfulle songe that byrd gone syngē,  
And I abode for love talkynge,  
To witt of whene sche wore ;  
And as sone as sche se me,  
Sche toke her flyȝte for to fle  
To an holte so hore ;  
Forthe I walked in that foreste,  
By a rever est and weste,  
Under ane holte syde,  
Tylle I come undere a lovelé tre,  
That semely cone I se  
Undere a buske abyde.  
That lovely byrd one bowys bare,  
Sche sange a songe with syȝkyng sare  
Opone ane haselle tre :  
With wordys myld and hende,  
To that byrd cone I wende,  
Off bale her bote to be.  
Whenne that I tylle her come,  
By the wengus I her nome,  
And stroked her fulle softe :  
With wordys myld and styllē,  
I hasked the byrd of her wylle

Fele tymys and ofte;  
 The byrd answerd and sayd,—Do way!  
 Me lykes noȝte of thy play,  
 Ne talkyng of thy talys:  
 I am knowne undere thys tre,  
 So as I come let me fle,  
 By downs and by dalus:  
 For wonte I was to be in cage,  
 And with my feres to play and rage,  
 With game and with gle:  
 Now I fly with my fethere hame,  
 As wyld fowle and nothyng tame;  
 Be dere God, woo is me!  
 Nay, dere byrd, let be thy care,  
 And thou woldus gladly with me fare,  
 And leve one my talkynge;  
 Of thy ruthe I wold a-ruwe,  
 Thy cage shal be made anewe;  
 Thou shalte have thy lykynge.  
 The byrd answerd with wordys fre,—  
 Whereof schuld my cage be,  
 And I the love wold?  
 The flore schold be of argentum,  
 Clene sylver alle and sume,  
 That trewe love myȝte behold.  
 The walle schal be of galmeowne,

Frankensensse and lymesone,  
That savour that is so swete.  
The postes schal be of syperesse,  
The furste tre that Jhesu chesse,  
Off bale to be owre bote :  
The towres shal be of every,  
Clene corvene by and by,  
The dore of whallus bone ;  
The cowpuls alle of galyngalle,  
The bemus alle of ryche coralle,  
Ryally begone ;  
The dosers alle of camaca,  
The bankers alle of taffaca,  
The quysschyns alle of velvet ;  
The wyndows alle of jasper stone,  
The pelowrs of coralle everychone,  
With joye joyned in gete :  
The hillynges thereof schal be blewe,  
And dyaper with aser hew  
Comly for the noneste :  
Pynnaculs alle of aurum,  
Clene gold alle and summe,  
Fulle of precyowse stonus :  
The creste blewe and whyte as rysse,  
The pynnaculs schalle go alle by vysse,  
Within and withowte,

With *Veni Creator spiritus*,  
And, *Gloria in excelsis*,  
With aungels songe alle abowte.  
Fyve whelys therein schal be,  
In the medylle schal be the Trinité,  
That pere as none,  
And the forwte thereabowte,  
To Jhesu Criste for to lowte,  
Marke, Mathew, Luke, and Johne.  
The perche schalbe of carbuncul stone,  
To rest ȝow one, my joly lemone,  
So semely is to my syȝte;  
The nyȝtyngale, the throstylcoke,  
The popejay, the joly laveroke,  
Schalle singe ȝow day and nyȝte;  
The popejay, ȝour lady fre,  
In ȝour cage with ȝow to be,  
ȝow to honour and quene;  
The throstelcoke Gabrielle,  
The wyche gret owre lady welle,  
With ane *Gracia plene*.  
The nyȝtyngale with benedicite,  
In ȝour cage with ȝow to be,  
For the fendys rowte;  
The laveroke schalle synge hye,  
With *Gloria tibi Domine*,

And blysse the cage alle abowte.  
 Thys cage is made withowtyne weme,  
 For the love of one woman,  
 Mary that is so fre ;  
 The mane that better cage make canne,  
 Take thys byrd to his lemane,  
 That is the Trinité.  
 God, that is fulle of myste,  
 And sofored for us payns plyste,  
 For his ordors tenne,  
 Mot save and kepe this company  
 Fro schame and eke fro velony,  
*Ad vitam eternam!* Amen.

## II.

Lord, how schalle I me complayne,  
 Unto myne owne lady dere,  
 For to telle hereof my Payne,  
 That I felte this tyme of the heire ?  
 My loufe, yf that ȝe wylle hit here,  
 Thowȝe I can noo songis make,  
 Soo yowre loufe changys my chere,  
 That whenne I slepe I may not wake.  
 Youre loufe dose me soo meculle wow,  
 I loufe yow best I make a wowe,

That my schowe byndys my lyttyle towe,  
 And alle my lowf, swyt, hit ys for yow ;  
 Forsothe me thynkyt hit wylle me slow,  
 But þe sumwhat my sowlro slake,  
 That barfot to my bede I goo,  
 And whenne I slepe I may not wake :  
 Whosoever wylt what lyfe I lede,  
 In myne obserwans in dyveris wyse,  
 Now the tyme that I gow to my bede,  
 I eyte no met tylle that I aryse.  
 ȝe myȝt telle hit for a gret emprys,  
 That this morne for yowre sake,  
 Soo mekulle I thinke one yowre serwyse,  
 That when I slepe I may not wake.  
 In the mornynge when I ryse schalle,  
 Me lyst ryȝt welle for to dyne,  
 But commynly I drynke noo nale,  
 Yf that I may geyt anny good wyne.  
 To make yowre hert to me inclyne,  
 Suche turment to me I take,  
 Synggyng dothe me soo mycheylle pyne,  
 That whenne I slepe I may not wake.  
 I may unnethe buttyn my slewys,  
 Soo myn armys waxin more ;  
 Undure my hyelle is that me grevys,  
 Fore at my hart I fele noo sowre.

Evyry day my gyrdylle gothe out avore,  
I clynge as dothe a whettyne cake,  
And for yowre lowf I syȝe soo sowre,  
That when I slepe I may not wake.  
Therefore but ȝe quyte me my hyre,  
Forsothe I not what I schalle donne,  
And for yowr lovf, lady, by the fyre,  
Glowys wyll Y were noon.  
I lawȝe and synge and make no mone,  
I waxe as leyne as anny rake;  
This in longure I leyfe alonne,  
That whan I slepe I may not wake.  
My dooblet ys more then hit was,  
To lovfe yow furst when I beganne,  
Hit most be wyddyre be my lase  
In yche a spas and stede by a spone.  
My lovfe, sethe I become youre mane,  
I havfe reddyn thorow monny a lake,  
Woone myleway mornyng I came,  
And ȝeyt whan I slepe I may not wake.  
This in longure I am lente,  
Longe are ȝee doo soo for me;  
Take good hyde unto my tent,  
For this schalle my conclucyone bee,—  
Me thinke I loofe as welle as ȝee,  
Never soo cayey thowȝe ȝee hit make;

Be this insampulle þe may see,  
 That when I slepe I may not wake.

Amen. Et-c.

### III.

As I went one my playing,  
 Undure an holt uppone an hylle,  
 I sawe and ould mane hoore make mornyng,—  
 With sykyng soure he sayd me tylle,—  
 Sum tyme this worde was at my wylle,  
 With reches and with ryallté,  
 And now hit layd done ful styllé;  
 This word is but a wannyté.  
 That one the morrow when hit fayre and chere,  
 Afternone hit wendys awaye,  
 And commyth to the nyȝt as hit was ere:  
 This word ys but a daye:  
 Goo for ryȝt alle owre lewyng heyre;  
 Frow chyldwood unto mannys degré,  
 Owre enddyng drawyt nere and nere,—  
 This word is but a wannyté.  
 I leccone my lyfe unto the morrow-tyde;  
 When I was chyld so bare i-bore,  
 For me my modyr soffyrd gret soure,  
 With grouttyng and weppynge was I bore,

But thow one me was wem ne hore;  
Sethe in sinne I have i-be,  
Now I am olde I may no more,—  
This word is but a wannyté.  
At myde-morroo daye I lernnyd to goo,  
And play as chyldorne done in strete;  
As chyldwood me thoȝt and tauȝt I dyde tho,  
With my fellowes to fyȝt and beyt.  
What I dede methoȝt hit swete,  
Ryȝt as chyldhod taȝt hit me;  
Now may I say with terrus weete,  
This word is but a wannyté.  
At under day to skole I was i-sete,  
To lerne good as chyldorn dothe,  
But whenne my master woold me bete,  
I wold hym cowrs and wax folle rowthe :  
To lerne good I was fulle rowthe,  
I thoȝt one play and gollytté;  
Now for to say the sothe,  
This word is but a wannyté.  
At mydday I was dobbyt a knyȝte,  
In trothe I lernnyd for to ryed;  
There was none soo bold a wyȝte,  
That in battaylle durst me abyde.  
Where be-commyȝt alle owre pryd,  
Owre jollytté and fayre boutté,

Frow dethe I may not me here hyde,—  
 This word ys but a wannyté.  
 At nonne I was crounyd a kynge,  
 Alle this world was at my wylle;  
 Ever to lyvfe here was my lykynge,  
 And alle my lust I wold fulfylle :  
 Now age is croppyn one me ful styllle,  
 He makyt me hore, blake, and bowe;  
 I goo alle dounward with the hylle,—  
 This world is but a wannyté.  
 At myd-undure-none wondorly I waxe,  
 My lust and lykyng hit went away,  
 From the world my chere ys goon,  
 Fro ryalté and ryche araye :  
 Owre lewyng ys but one daye,  
 Aȝeynst the world that evyre schalbe ;  
 Be this matter I dare welle saye,  
 This word ys but a wannyté.  
 At ewynsong tyme I was so cold,  
 That now I goo alle by a stafe,  
 Therefore is dethe one me so bold,  
 And for his hyre he dothe me chawfe :  
 Whenne I am dede and layd inne grawe,  
 Then no thing schalle save me,  
 But welle and woo that I done havfe,—  
 This word ys but a wannyté.

Now ys this day commyn to the nyȝt;  
 I hawe lost my lewyng;  
 A dredefulle Payne is for me dyȝte,  
 In cold claye there inne to clynge.  
 As I went on my playing,  
 Undure an holt by a tre,  
 This hard I an old manne mak mornyng,—  
 This world ys but a wannyté!  
 In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis.

## IV.

The Fadyr of pytté and most of myserycorde,  
 That alle this word throw his grace relewytt,  
 He ys soo mercyfulle, called gracys Lord,  
 That all oure syne the wyche his lordschypp grevyth,  
 Full oft of verey pytté that hym mevyte,  
 To oure freywelté hawyng advertans,  
 He remytteth sone and grantteth indulgens.

And thoȝe it be so he wyll no man be pereched,  
 He sofford us oft to falle grevusly;  
 Whom he reypreweth whom he woll have cheryd,  
 There is no creature can tel this truly:  
 Werfore, O frendus, alle this counsel I,  
 Consydyr youre lyve stondyth in gret drede;  
 Beth wel awysid therefor, ȝe have gret ned.

Al this I meve for a nottabul a storrye,  
 The wych a clarke in Lattayne lyst for to wryet,  
 To floure for ever worthely in memorrie,  
 And hard hartus to try and exsyte  
 To perfeccyon, and caus men to have delyte  
 In her God, and meve hem new and newe  
 To alle good warkus, al evyl to esschew.

And as I dorst for verey drede and schame,  
 Of sympul connyng and bestyal rudenesse,  
 I toke one me to translate the same  
 Into owre tonge after the prossese  
 In Lattayn; weroare with alle humblenesse,  
 Every genttyl redere I reyquere  
 To be my supporter, I aske non other hyere.

And in this matter weras I fynde  
 Anné thinge that may behold suspecte,  
 As towchyng enny word befor or behynde,  
 To throwe dysscession I offyr and derecte  
 Al syche defawtes to amende and correcte,  
 Lest one me be fond any offense,  
 In anny place of worthie audyense.

O sovereyn Lord of sapiens infeynyte,  
 Sum lecur of thi grace one me destyllle,  
 Sonnere my style helpe me to indyte,

That to thi lawde I may this processe fulfyle :  
 Soffyre me not, Lord, aȝeynst thi wyle,  
 But so my pene dyrecte at my nede,  
 That to thi lawde this processe may procede.

O Crystes modyre, dowȝtter to Sente Anne,  
 Be whom al grace is new begonne ;  
 That feede ȝeure chyld with the hevyvnyl mane,  
 And ȝave hym drynke of youre good lytonne.  
 O norreyschere to Cryst clothid with the sone,  
 The chefe temppul of oure soferayn deseiryde,  
 And of the Holly Gost electe and enspyryd.

Nowe wyȝt-save, lady, of youre maydonhede,  
 Sum lyȝt of grace one me to sende,  
 That my rude wyte may be oute of drede  
 Of this simpul dytté to make ann ynd :  
 And lest hit be so that I do offende,  
 Let yowre grace uppon me, youre servant, schyne,  
 That by a quene aboven the ordors nyne.

And to my porpos I wyl turne al newe,  
 As befor I began to wryte,  
 And after a storry to the I wylle the matter sewe,  
 As ȝe schal here without more respyte.  
 In Frans sometym there deyllyd an hermete,

Holly and devoute, and set in perfeccyone :  
He was also a worthi kyngis sone.

This ermet be name was cleyppyd Philberte,  
Secrete with God, as in conclyson  
The matter schowyȝt, who wysely wyl advert,  
And in his slepe he hade syche a vyssyone :  
He saw a boddy not feynyd be illisione,  
Deede and pale, and one the erthe laye ;  
And, as hit semyd, the spret was away.

By the body the spret stod and weppyd,  
And in his langaug the body dyde repreve ;  
Why hadyst thou not better thi soule keppyte ?  
Alas, that ever thou commyst of Adam and Eve !  
Who cast the doune into this myscheyfe ?  
Who hath the put into this gret mysyré ?  
Thy sollen festus be changyt into serré.

Not long ago, the word was thi subejecte ;  
Al this regeone thi lordschype hade in drede.  
Wer is now that mayné, thou stynkyng and abjecte,  
That thou wert wont so ryally to fede ?  
Here gret observans and there takyng hede ?  
Al is gone ! thi welth is from the wenyde !  
Thow foul caryon, thus dethe hath the dysmayde.

Thy dwellyng is not now in hyȝe towrus,  
 Ne in hyȝe paleys of famus largenyse,  
 But in a grave clousyd alle in flowryse,  
 Schort enowȝe, it hath no gret wydnys ;  
 What awayllyȝt now thi strengthe and thi reches ?  
 Thy ȝothe, thi bowtté, and thin appareyle ?  
 Frome hens forthe thi wyl not the awayle.

Where is now thy hyȝe palleys, reyplete  
 Of reches flouyng in gret abundanse ?  
 Thi hale is now of vij. fete :  
 The wormus bene thi kyn and thin alyanse ;  
 Thi fryndeus in whome was alle thi affyanse,  
 Here terius be almost exspend ;  
 When thi dyrge was done, heere soroo was at an ynd.

I am a sole after thi simlytude  
 Of God, a creatur in a ryȝt nobul wyse,  
 And ordent to be of that multitud,  
 That up to God glory schul ascend and ryse ;  
 But thou, alas ! madyste me to dyspyse  
 My God ; so wellaway the whylle !  
 For to eternal dethe he wyle us both exile.

O stynkyng fleche ! with me thou art damnyde,  
 But and thou knewyst the gret sowlro and payne

Ordent for the, when thou schalt be exsempned,  
 A thousande sythe thou schalt crye and playne,  
 And say this word,—God, that we twayne  
 The day of owre byrth we had byn in our grave !  
 But suche grave wer we not ordent to have.

Hit is gret merwelle, as semyȝt me,  
 Thoȝ oure dedys were not at Godis pleysans,  
 In ouer lyve, whyle I was kyn to the,  
 For of me thou hadyst alvay the governans,  
 And when thou felyst I wold have done pennans,  
 For owre syn thou woldyst never asente,  
 Ne at no time porpos the to amende.

Wer beth thi lonndys by exstorcyone take ?  
 Thin hyȝ pallys that thou hast belde, and towrys ?  
 Thy freche ryngis, thi goomes wyet and blake,  
 Thy golde and sylwyre, and thi gret honnouris ?  
 All is lost, and now thi sempul bouris  
 In the, and thou art layd now fulle lowe ;  
 Thus whom hym lyst dethe cane ovyre-throwe.

Thy ryche vesture, thi beddys of collors dyverse,  
 Thi wennesone, thi wyld foulle, spycus of delyte,  
 Vesselle, nappre, mettus, I cannot reyhers,  
 Sawsis, subdelytys to thine appetyte ;

Thy lusty pellois, thi schettus fayre and whyte;  
 Where ys this now? one this was alle thi thouȝte:  
 Here mayst thou se worldis joy is noȝte.

Answe to me, for I wylle apposse  
 Thin wlogé, yf hit do the apleyse;  
 Say one thy tyxte, for now may be no glous,  
 For now thy haulle roofe lyth uppon that noose:  
 Hit is so streyt, thou hast no membure at ese;  
 Thi moth, thi eene, thi tonge, and thi brethe,  
 Thi fete and thi hondys stynke alle of dethe! .

Thy gret ryches that thou hast gette some tyme,  
 With farade, with fawyre, with strenȝte, or with  
 drede,  
 Be now changyt into erthe and slyme,  
 And no were the world of me takyt none hede:  
 Thus dethe aquyttyt every man his mede:  
 Wyth-oute doute, who soo dothe attend  
 Of worldly joy is evyre at the heynd.

In heyyne and erthe thou hast never a frynde;  
 Thy fadyre and thi modyre of the takys noo kepe:  
 Thyne eyrris hath alle, thy good is dysspend;  
 Thy lusty wyfe dothe no lengure weppe:  
 Alas! that evyre thou coudyst goo or crepe!

There his no prayere that may the now awaylle :  
 Thow fylthye fleche ! now mayst thou cry and weppe.

I knowe this well, thin eyrrys ne thi wyfe  
 Wyl not ȝeyfe o fote of thi lond  
 To reystore the agayne here to thi lyve,  
 And ȝeyt alle thi trust thou puttust in here hond.  
 A ! wold God, thou myȝtyst undyrestonde,  
 As thou lyes nowe stynkyng one the bere,  
 Thi frenschype and thou dyid bothe in feere.

Now mayste thou see this world is but false ;  
 His fayre prommes fol monny hathe begillyde.  
 The fendis mallis thi curssid flecche else,  
 Many a thowsand have ȝe there exsylyd  
 Owte of joy, as mony a clarke hathe compylyd  
 In sondry storrys, who so luste to rede ;  
 But ale-thoȝe men take of deth no hede.

Thi wester nowe is nothing presiouse,  
 The wallure thereof is but symepul i-nowȝe :  
 The schape me thingk is not made ful curiuse,  
 Al thi bede-schlettes beth alle rowȝe :  
 And tho thi skynne be never so hard and towȝe,  
 ȝet wylle the wormus into thi body crepe :  
 Wherfore, thou fleche, thou hast grete caus to wepe.

And tho thou feele ~~no~~ turment nowe nor Payne,  
 Als thou lyiste here dede and palle of hewe,  
 At the hy jugement doutles we twayne  
 Schall be sore poonneschyde, we mayhit not esschew;  
 And suffure endles Payne ever new and newe;  
 Aȝens us bothe is ȝeve the jugement and senttense;  
 There is no favor to make reyssystens.

O fulle of mysserie, that never haddyst pytté  
 Uppone the pore in al thi dayis here,  
 But by extorsion hast robbyd alle the sytty,  
 There as thou hast deyllyd from heyre to ȝere,  
 Now arte thou layd fulle lowe uppone the bere:  
 Of alle owre sorrow thou arte the cause;  
 Com of and thou canste, and answere to this clause.

Whenne at the body hade hard every worde  
 Of the sowle and everé complaynt,  
 Upē the chest frome hym he cast away the bord  
 Wyth gret vvolens, as he were nothing faynt,  
 And furiously and wood the false fleche ataynte:  
 With ferfull langgage he began the sole to accuse,  
 As ȝe schalle here, and hymeselfe to excuse.

Art thou my soule, that hast me reyprevyte  
 With scharpe reysone curiusly made and wroȝt?

Yf myne answere be ryȝt wel apprewyte,  
 Alle thi argamentus schalle be set at noȝte,  
 And anone the truthe anone schalle be souȝte,  
 Wyche of us to is most worthi here,  
 To bere the blame, anon ȝe schall here.

This knowe I wel, I have made the erre  
 In monny a warke and manny a sory dede,  
 But what is the cause nowe of oure werre  
 I wylle declare, withoutyne anny drede ;  
 How myȝt the body syne, I pray the take hede,  
 Withoute the soule ? thou cannist not this denye ;  
 Tarry a whyle, and I schalle tel the whye.

The word, the feend, and the fleche, in fere,  
 By the gret frendys and of old alyance,  
 And but the sole ryȝt as dothe the brere,  
 Hale azene anone this they wyll aspye,  
 What myȝte cause the body to aplye  
 To here luste and to here cursyde werkus ;  
 Now answere, soule, for this saythe the clarkus.

This know I welle, as thou dydyst reyherse,  
 God formyd the after his owne ymage,  
 And made the ryȝt with manny vertues dyverse,  
 And ordent the body bothe in ȝoughet; and age,  
 To be thy thral, thy servant, and thi page :

Have I not do so, as somme then kythe?  
But al for noȝte, I se proferd serves stynkit:

Thow, soule, wer made lady and mastries  
In thy creacione, bye Godis provysionne:  
Reysone, mynd, and wyll, God of his goodnyse  
Ordent to the only, to this conclusione,  
That thou schulddyst kepe thi body from confusion,  
And aȝeynst al synne to make resistense;  
Thus dyddyst thou never answere to my senttens.

Hit may not be the bodye schold be blamyte,  
But only the sole that hath the soffrentté;  
Thow haddyst the governans; art thou not a-schamyd?  
Why puttest thou one me alle thi defaute:  
To be my subiecte say what nedye the?  
Sethe of the body thou haddyst alle the charge,  
What was the cause thou suffurist me to go at  
large?

Withoute spret, pardy, the body his noȝt:  
Withoute spret the body is noȝt sussteynnyde:  
To kepe the body thou were made and wroȝte:  
Answere, thou wer my sufferayne and long hast  
playnyd,  
Thow wer my soferayn and longe haste raynnyde

On me; why tokyst thou no better hede,  
At all owrys when that I hade nede?

Thy symppul fleche, the wyche is corryptybulle,  
Without the spret can noudyre good ne harme.  
How my<sup>z</sup>t hit be, hit is unpossybulle  
That the body, the wyche is nothinge warme,  
But deyde and cold, schuld put forth his arme,  
Or withowt the soule eny membr meve;  
Withowt the soule the body may nothing greve.

Thothe the body and the spryt most nede asente,  
Whatever he sayth he most say the same,  
And as subjecte serve his masteris intente:  
Why schuld the servant bere the masteris blame?  
Without the sole the body his blynd and lame;  
My felyng, my mevyng, ale commyzt of the:  
For thin offens why reyprevyst thou me?

Remembure, O sool, what thou hast offendyte  
More then I, thou cannyst the not excuse:  
Oure both defawttus thou my<sup>z</sup>ttyst have amendyte;  
This knowyst thou welle, thou mayst hit not reyfuse.  
Thow obeyist my wylle: why doste thou acuse?  
Thy bytter langgag hath grewyd me sore:  
Go frome me, sole, and wex me no more.

Wylle, abyd a whylle and tarie,  
 And at thi ergamenttes anone reypleye,—  
 Thow hast offendyt, thou canniste not say the contrary;  
 O mollyd carryen, out one the, I crye.  
 Fyrst take the pylere out of thyne ye,  
 Or one me thou put anny defaute:  
 Fulle causles me thing it, thou dost me asaute.

I know this welle, I schuld have mad reysustens  
 Aȝeyns the fleche, fals and dyssaywabulle,  
 But thi freelté anon stod at defense;  
 To thi soule thou were never favereabulle:  
 My wylle was oft to ȝeld me culpapulle,  
 But thouȝ the world and the fende alsoo  
 In no wyse wold never asent thereto.

O wrecheyd fleche, O thou stynkyng donge,  
 That al thy dayis hast the word followyd!  
 What arte thou now? thy knyl is ronge,  
 Thy dyrge is done, the erthe hase the swallovyd!  
 Thow art defygurt, thi eyne beth depe hollowed!  
 Now art thou dede, thou mayst not askape;  
 Not long agone thou madyst hereof a jappe.

When thy concianse wold the have mad chastessed,  
 With wygellus, fastynge, or with allmysdede,

Thow woldyst say nay,—I be awyssed  
 I may lyve longe ȝeyt, I have no nede  
 To amend myself; of deth I take no hede:  
 I wylle dance whylle the world wylle pype;  
 The frut fallyt syld, but ȝeyf hit be rype.

Thow hast of me take alle the charge,  
 Thow soffyrd me never to have the soffyrianté;  
 After thi lust thou wenttust alway at large,  
 Thow hast myschevyd bothe the and me.  
 A ! what pestelens is wors or adversité,  
 In this world then a famyll or frende?  
 Withowtynne dout he is wors then a fynde.

I know me gyltte that I have erryd;  
 Sethe I was sofferayne, I have the not reystreynyd,  
 But suffyrd the body evere to be referryde,  
 Trowth, the falsnis undyre dessayvyd.  
 A ! now I know the worldis joye is faynyde;  
 Alle to lat I do my sorro complayne,—  
 Fayre promese ofte makyth foollis fayne.

O wrecched fleche, whi dydyst thou not advarte  
 The sottel fraud of this world and gyle,  
 And on thi God wonly set thin herte,  
 That ever was raydy the to reyconsyle?

But now, alas! he wylle us both exsyle  
 Oute of joye, for oure gret offence.  
 There is no juge that wylle with us dyspense.

Not long agone the world dyde lave one the,  
 And made the promese thou schuld longe indure;  
 But thou wer blynd, thou myȝtyst not see,  
 The perelus end and thin myssawentture:  
 O deth, thou wendyst thou hade byne sure  
 To leve alle way, and never to have dyid,  
 ȝete amonge a thousand dethe hath the aspyid.

The world methinke I may reysemble wele  
 To a thefe that came, both faynd and glose,  
 And when thou wenyst he be as trow as styelle,  
 He sonnyst dyssaywyth the, thou schalt never odyre  
 suppose,  
 But as a serpent that creppyt under they roose,  
 Lythe awayet, every tyme and houre,  
 To sley the best that dare toche the floure.

Tho that wer thi frynddys be now waxt al strange,  
 Upon thi grave they wyl not ons beholde,  
 And nowe that abbay is torned to a grange,  
 Farewel thi frenschype, thi kechyne is cold!  
 O fremel flech, ful oft I have the told,

When thou art dede, thi frenschype is aslepe;  
And at that word the bddy began to wepe.

My soule, trowyst thou I undyrestond,  
Whil I was levynge in all my bessenye,  
That so sodenly wold have passid the flod,  
Uppone the ebbe I thoȝt never to exprese;  
My hart was ever uppon my rechese:  
I trowyd never to have enturrid into my grave.  
I leſt not whyl the world sayd have.

And now I know truly at the beste,  
That alle my reches may nothing prewayle,  
And nowe my loge is low in cheste,  
My powere, my berthe, to me wyl nothinke avayle  
Aȝeyns dethe, the wyche wyl never fayle  
To come at the last, tarie hem never so longe;  
The worldis joye hath ever sorrow amonge.

We have offendyt ouer Lorde God sovereyne,  
But thin offyns his a gret del more:  
Why schuld the body have so gret a Payne  
As the sole? he hath not offendyt so sore.  
I have gret wrong, as me-thingit therefore,  
To be ponnescheyd with the sole in fere:  
Tarry a whyle, and why thou schalt here.

Of every dyscryte this is well consayvyde,  
 And know also by auctorrryté of Scrypture,  
 So gret gyftus of God thou reysayvyd,  
 So here is thine astate and good awentture ;  
 Tho God soffyre the never so long to indure,  
 At the last answere thou must make  
 Of thi gret charge that thou hast undyretake.

God ȝeyf the reyssone, wyl, and mynde,  
 With dyveris goodis he induit the ;  
 He ȝave the alle, and left me behynd,  
 He mad me thi subjecte in ful sympul degré ;  
 But thou wer neclgent and rouellyd by me,—  
 Thow scholdyst therefore have the more Payne,  
 Be veery reyssone methinkyth, of us twayne.

After his oun image God mad the ryȝt fayre,  
 Of my v. wyllus he toke the the keye,  
 Withoute thin asent I myȝte never apayre  
 In thin absens how myȝt I rage or playe,  
 But as a chyld his master dothe obbaye,  
 Dare not, for feyre he schuld be bete ;  
 Be well awyssyd, one my resons grete.

Now ame I dede, my colour is appalyde ;  
 My sole is gone, the body may not meve,  
 And ȝeyt to answere nowe ame I callyde,

Unawyssid in this gret myscheyf;  
 Now dethe hath take me by the sleve,  
 I must ȝeve acountus, I may not ascape,—  
 Deth, takyth heyd, can nother play ne jape.

Sum tyme I hade menne one me to wayte,  
 Freche arayid, was none to me to dere,  
 And now my chambure is ful narro and streyt,—  
 There may not to loge there in fere :  
 What is the body, whenne hit is one bere ?  
 Hit is not ellus but wormus mete :  
 This his the heynd of every smale and gret.

And I know welle that I schalle aryce  
 To ȝeyf acontus at the laste,  
 Befor the most feyrful Justyse,  
 How ferful trowly there is no tong can saye :  
 Whether schal I fle, alase and wellawaye !  
 Frou the syȝt of ther fueyrfulle juge ?  
 There is no creature may be my reyfuge.

ȝeyt say I more with a sorrofull harte,  
 Of my playnis, O soule, take hede.  
 The grettyst payn amonge my paynnis smerte,  
 Was when my sole dyde from me reysede,  
 At that departtyng wofful of feere and drede,

When that my sole, that was my next frend,  
Was dampnyd for ever in helle to be a fende.

Sone after the sperit with a dredly speche  
Begane to crye, and sayd,—I ame lorne !  
For my soor, alase, there is no leche ;  
Why wold my Makere soffyre me to be borne  
In this world, seth he knew toforne  
That I schwld be dampnyd in his presense,  
At the last, for my gret offence ?

A ! wold God I had byne unreyssonnabule  
As an hond ; then had I byne out of paync ;  
But now my end is most abhomynabule,  
Hit awayllyth noȝt, thoȝ I crye or playne ;  
I ame so fare, I may not torne aȝeyne  
To have mercy, for ryȝt hath clossyd the gate  
There mercy sojornit ; I ame come to late.

In paynus moste scharpe I ame and ever schal be.  
I have no tong that playnly canne tele  
My longe sorro, my gret adversitté  
Wyche I suffyre doune alowe in heelle ;  
But, alase ! of alle my sorrowe they wylle,  
Is that I schale never come aȝeyne to grace,  
But eternally dweytle in that darke place.

The body spake to the spret aȝeynne,—  
 ȝife hit be so that thou hast byne in heyll,  
 To see there the gret torment and Payne  
 Ordent for Lucyfere, that oute of hewyne felle;  
 Is there anny raye, I praye the soletelé,  
 Or anny gladnyse, or any estate keppite?  
 The soule sayd nothinge, but stod stil and weppyd.

To gret lordys and nobles there is somme place  
 Of worschype, ordent after herre degré!  
 Thay leve in hope to have mercy and grace  
 At the last, how myȝt hit ellis be?  
 May almys dedis helpe nowe, tel me,  
 Or holy suffragyse in this gret nede;  
 Sume of this methinky; alway schal spedē.

Thy questione, thou body, is not reysonabule,  
 Nor out of helle may no man be redempte;  
 The gret sorroo there is so abbomynabule,  
 Of ire, of envy, murmure and contempte;  
 Al gladnis and joy is there exsemp̄te;  
 None astate there schal be preferryde,  
 The payn is taxed after as thi have erryde.

Thoȝ al the world wer ful of almus dede,  
 Of pyt̄y and mercy, and of gladnyse,

And pray for us reyt, schuld thou not spedē :  
 Thouȝ at onys thi offyrd alle ther ryches,  
 Al is in vayne, labure and besinys,  
 That is done for us that byn in helle :  
 Of this mater ȝete have I mor to telle.

For al this world, lordschype and treyssere,  
 The fend wyl not soffer une sool out of helle  
 To be reyfrechid the tyme of halfe an oure ;  
 There is non aschapyth out of his chene,  
 Be no sottaylté, nor be no false trayne :  
 He most abyd in that presone evyre,  
 That ones commyȝt in, for out goth he never.

To know reydyly thou sayst his thi desyre,  
 If gret estatys schold be punnesscyd soore ;  
 Her paynus be scharpure, the hotter is the fyre  
 That thei byne in, and schuld more and more  
 Then annye othere, I warne the before.  
 The gretter estate, the gretter is his falle ;  
 I may no lenger tarry to tel the of alle.

When at the soole had mad his complaynte,  
 Of to feyndis anon he was take ;  
 Thay wer so feyrfule, there is no man coud paynt,  
 Suche to there wer so foul and so blake ;

For verry feyre the soule dyd trymmyl and quake  
 At here commynge, it is and was gret wondyre,—  
 There followyd then gret tempas and thondore.

In her hondys thei bare yrone speyruse,  
 The fereful soule to feyre and enhase;  
 Fyre smot on at here mowthus and eryse,  
 Lyk ij. lyons thei dyde the soule arace;  
 Ful dredful was here ymage and here face:  
 In this world there is no creature one lyve,  
 That coud here fygurs by and by descriyve.

Here contenance, here eyne, were so orryble,  
 Al brennyng fyre, schynnyng as the glase,  
 To tel yow al it is impossibulle;  
 Here hornnys were gret, thei semyd al of brase;  
 Gret stronge smoke about them there wase;  
 Brennyng feyre wase about ther hornyse,  
 And al here eyrus wer scharpe as any thornus.

This to fendys foule and abborbynabule,  
 Fersly with tonggys blasyng for heyte,  
 With mony a cry and wordyse reyprevabule,  
 Thay hallyd the soul into paynus grete.  
 Thus pettyusly he wase schorgyt and bete,  
 And with here naylys he was dysmemborte;  
 Of alle and halfe his paynus I cannot be rememburte.

Sume with cheynnys bond the soule faste,  
 Sume with ȝerdys smote ful hard and soore ;  
 Sume billyd mettayl, and in his moth than caste ;  
 Some made fyre byhynde, and somme byfore :  
 And to increse his Payne more and more,  
 Into a pyt anone he was in caste,  
 Of fyere and sulfure brennyng aye ful fast.

Then al the fendys in schame and reyplete  
 Of the soule, sayd in this wyes :—  
 O false attaynte ! O thou cursyd theve !  
 Now arte thou bond, thou mayst never aryse !  
 Thow arte quyte for thi long serwyse !  
 Thow mayst not aschape—thou arte tyid so faste.  
 Alle oure serwantus, lo ! commyȝ hedere at the laste.

For verry sorrow the soule began to wepe,  
 And sayd,—alas ! I may not torne aȝeyne  
 Owt of this dongoone, that is wyde and depe.  
 A ! God, my makere, to the I cry and playne,—  
 Where is thi mersy, that wase wont to rayne ?  
 Amonge thi pepul lete hit nowe awayle,  
 Doune alowe into this darke dale !

The fendyse anon sayd, Thou cryste to late  
 After thi God ; nowe that mayst not spedie !  
 The portter of heyyne hathe cloussyd the ȝate ;

Of thi crye thay take none heed :  
 Hit awayllyȝ not, tho thou say thi crede  
 A thowsand sythe nowe alowe in helle,  
 For dowtles here thou most nedys dwelle.

The gret darknys thou mayste grope and fele ;  
 From hensforth thou schalt never se no lyȝte ;  
 Thy bytter heyt there is no man may kele ;  
 Thy lusty day is tornyd into nyȝte.  
 Thy bowtté is changyt, passid is thi myȝt ;  
 Hit awayllyȝ not, wepe thou never so sore :  
 Then endyth my drem : of this I sawe no more.

When I hade hard complaynt alle  
 Betwyne the body and the soule in fere,  
 Frow my eyne the teris begane to fale ;  
 I pray to God with myne herte in fere,  
 He wold witsavfe to grant, while I wer here,  
 Of al my synnys to have very reypentance,  
 And ever in my werkys to do unto his pleysance.

Owt of my slepe I woke alle dysmayid,  
 I sowȝt abowt, I coud no thinge fynde,  
 And of my vesione I was foule afraiȝid,  
 The body and the soule wer ever in my mynde,  
 And ever me thooȝt I sawe the feynd byhynd :

So was his feger so prynyd in my thoȝte ;  
 Whil I was alyve I forgat hymē nouȝte.

The wordys joy, the wyche is transsetorrye,  
 My gold, my sylver, al I sete ate nowȝte ;  
 Myne erytage, myne alyounse, al is but faynyd glorye,  
 Oute of mynd, as hit had never be thouȝte ;  
 And for his mercy, oure Lord I be-souȝte,  
 He wold reyseyf me holly into his hondyse,  
 And kepe me ever oute the fendis hondyse.

And tho hit was so I was a kyngis sone,  
 I offyrd my selfe to wylful poverté,  
 And in dysserte al my lyve to wone,  
 I mad ful promes with ale humylyté ;  
 There I lowet longe in streyt chastyté,  
 Abydyng Goddis wylle, when that he wyl send  
 For my sowle, and therto make ann ynde.

And for that moste begynnere and sovereyn love,  
 What he schowyth to al mankynd here,  
 When he dyssenddyt frome his glorie above  
 Into a chast wombe of a wyrgene clere,  
 I prayd my Lord he wold whytsavfe to here  
 My symppul orysone, for his mercy and grace,  
 And preserfe me ever frowe that darke place.

Consydure, O frendys, in yowre presense  
 Of this speryte, the dredfule tragedye,  
 And in specyal  $\text{\textit{ze}}$  that hawe no concyanse,  
 Lete this a storry be byfor youre eey;  
 Beth wel awyssyd, for truly  $\text{\textit{ze}}$  schal dye,  
 But whenne and wer there is no mane cane telle;  
 Tho  $\text{\textit{ze}}$  dr $\text{\textit{ed}}$  note God,  $\text{\textit{ze}}$ te be ferd of helle.

For in this world have we no sekyrnys,  
 But as a schadowe that crepyth and away glydythe,  
 So passy; yowre lyve here, youre joy and gladnis,  
 Al is transetorrye, there is nothinge abydethe;  
 And dethe, that so prevyly hymeselfe hydyte,  
 Oute of courte he wyle al sodenly crepe,  
 $\text{\textit{ze}}$  schale not when wakyng or aslepe.

Behold in the Evangelii, and there  $\text{\textit{ze}}$  may see  
 How God in owre werkys takyth gret heed;  
 He sethe the gardynere kytthyth adoune the tree,  
 For he bare that  $\text{\textit{ze}}$ re nother frute ne seede:  
 How schal thou do then, that arte but a weede,  
 And ale thi dayis leve by extorsyoune?  
 Trowyst thou not thou schalt be kyte adowne?

$\text{\textit{ze}}$ ys, withowte doute, and fast i-bonde  
 As a fagot, and then thou schalt be caste  
 Into a fyre fare byneth the grond,

And thus in preson thou schalte syte at nyȝte;  
 Thus oure Lord aquytyz hym at the laste,  
 That with wronge poore mennis goodus hathe;  
 Be thou never so fals, thou schalt acontus make.

And thou that haste Crystus spos dyspysyte,  
 Here one erthe, terme of alle thi lyve,  
 With hote fyre thou schalt be brent and bylyde;  
 The hosbond nedus most defend the wyfe:  
 Wynste thou God sley the not with a kneyfe?  
 Anone he wyl avenge his sentuarrye,  
 Thouȝe of his mercy he abyde and tarie.

Rede us this to myend, whyl thou hast thi helthe,  
 Of what a state thou be, or of conndesione:  
 Thowȝe God send the propirté and welthe,  
 Day by day he makyth the amonisione,  
 By syknes and by wordly persecusione,  
 That at the last nedys thou must dye:  
 Therfore from syne I rede the fast hye.

Many a regyonne, and monnye a nottable cyty,  
 God hathe dysstryid for here sinnis grete,  
 And of monny a thousannt mo he hath had petté,  
 Of his goodnes, tho he manese and threte:  
 Thouȝe he be wrothe, he wse not anon to bete,

He wold so fayne every thinge were welle :  
 Amend thowe, therefore ; dyspayre yow never a dele.

Reymembure youre lyve enduryt but a whylle :  
 ȝe stond in dout howe longe we and ȝe schal abyde ;  
 Let not yowre dedus yowreselve begyle ;  
 Whyl ȝe be here for youre soule prowyde .  
 Wyȝt and dyscreyssyone let be youre gyde ;  
 Keppe yowe wel frowe the synnys vij.,  
 And after youre end ȝe schale comme to Heyvyne.

Amen ! Amen !

V.

Lo ! wordly folkus, thouȝ this procese of dethe  
 Be not swetene, synke not in youre mynde .  
 When age commyth, and schorteth is here brethe ,  
 And dethe commyth, he is not far behynde ;  
 Then here dyscretion schal wel know and fynde  
 That to have mynd of deth it is ful nessesery ,  
 For deth wyl come ; doutles he wyl not lang tarrye .

Of what estate ȝe be, ȝoung or wold ,  
 That redyth upon this dredful storrye ,  
 As in a myrroure here ȝe may be-holde

The ferful ende of al youre joye and glorie :  
 Therefore this mater redus us to youre memorie :—  
 þe that sytthyth nowe hye uppon the whele,  
 Thynke uppon youre end, and alle schal be wele.

Erthe uppo erthe is woundyrely wroȝte ;  
 Erthe upon erthe has set al his thouȝte,  
 How erth upon erthe to erthe schall be brouȝte ;  
 Ther is none upon erth has hit in thouȝte,—  
 Take hede ;  
 Whoso thinkyse one his end, ful welle schal he sped.

Erth upon erth wold be a kynge,  
 How erth schal to erthe he thinkes nothinge ;  
 When erth byddyth erth his rent whome bryngē,  
 Then schal erth fro the erth have a hard parttyngē,  
 With care ;  
 For erth upon erthe wottus never wer therefor to fare.

Erth upon erth wynnis castylles and touris ;  
 Then saythe erth to erth, al this is ourus :  
 When erth upon erth has bylde al his boures,  
 Then schal erth fro the erth soffyre scharpe schorys,  
 And smarte ;  
 Man, amend the betyme, thi lyfe ys but a starte.

Erth gose one erth as mold uppone molde,  
 Lyke as erth to the erth never agayne schold :  
 Erth gose one erth glytteryng in gold,  
 Yet schale erth to the erth, rather then he wolde  
 Be owris ;  
 ȝefe thi almus with thi hand, trust to no secatour.

Why that erth lovis erthe merwel me thinke,  
 For when erth uppon erth is brocht to the brynk,  
 Or why erth uppon erth wyl swet or swynke,  
 Then schal erth frou the erth have a fool stynke  
 To smele,  
 Wars then the caryone that lyis in the fele.

Lo ! erth uppon erth, consayfe this thou may,  
 That thou commys frome the erth nakyd alway ;  
 How schuld erth uppon erth, soe prod or gaye ?  
 Sene erth into erth schal pase in symple araye,  
 Unclad :  
 Cloth the nakyd whyl thou may, for so God the bad.

Erth uppon erth, me thinkyȝ the ful blynd,  
 That on erth ryches to setal thi mynd ;  
 In the gospel wrytten exemplul I fynde,  
 The pore went to hevvyn, the rych to hel I fynd,  
 With skyle :  
 The commandmentus of God wold he not fulfyle.

Erth upon erth, deyle duly thy goode  
 To the pore pepul, that fautt the thi foode ;  
 For the love of thi Lord, that rent was one the roode,  
 And for thi love one the crose schedhis hart blode,—  
 Go rede ;

Withoute anny place to reste one his hede.

Erthe upon erth, take tent to my steyvyne ;  
 Whyl thou levyst, fulfyle the werkys of mercy vij.  
 Loke thou lete, for oode ne for ewyne,  
 For tho byne the werkus that helpyne us to hevyne,  
 In haste ;

Tho dedus who so dose thar, hym never be agaste.

Erth upon erth, be thou never so gaye,  
 Thow moue wend of this world an unreydy waye ;  
 Turne the be-tyme, whyle that thou maye,  
 Leste it lede the into hele, to logege therefor ay,  
 In pyne ;

For there is nother to gett, bred, ale ne wyne.

Erth upon erth, God ȝeyf the grace,  
 Whyle thou levyst upon erth to purway the a plas  
 In hewyn to dweylle, whyl that thou hast space ;  
 That myrthe for to myse, it wer a karful case,  
 For whye,—

That myrth is withowtyn end, I tel the securly.

I concele erth upon erth, that wykydly has wroȝt,  
 Whyl erth is one erth, to torn alle his thouȝt,  
 And pray to God upon erth, that al mad of nouȝt,  
 That erth owte of erth to blys may be bouȝt,  
 With myȝthe,  
 Thorow helpe Jhesu Cryst, that was ouer ladus byrthe,—  
 Do for thi self.

## VI.

Bi a forrest as I gane fare,  
 Walkyng al myselvene alone,  
 I hard a mornynge of an haare,  
 Rouffully schew madde here mone.—  
 Dereworth God, how schal I leve,  
 And leyd my lyve in lond?  
 Frou dale to doune I am i-drevfe,  
 I not where I may syte or stond;  
 I may nother rest nor slepe  
 By no wallay, that is so derne,  
 Nor no covert may me kepe,  
 But ever I rene fro herne to herne.  
 Honteris wylle not heyre there mase,  
 In hope of hunteyng for to wend,

They cowpullyȝt there howndus more and lase,  
And bryngyth theme to the feldys ende.  
Rachis rennyñ one every syde,  
In forrous thi hoppe me to fynd;  
Honteris takythe there horse and ryde,  
And cast the contray by the wynd.  
Anonne as they commyth me behynde,  
I loke alowe, and syt ful style and loue;  
The furst mane that me doth fynde,  
Anon he cryit,—So howe! So hoowe!  
Lo! he sayth, where syttyt an haare!  
Aryse up, Watte, and go forthe blyve!  
With sorroe and with mych care,  
I schape away with my lyve.  
Att wyntter, in the depe snoue,  
Men wyl me sche for to trace,  
And by my steyppus I ame i-knowe,  
And followyȝt me fro place to place.  
And yf I to the toune come or torne,  
Be hit in worttus or in leyke,  
Then wyl the wyffys also ȝe wrne,  
Fere me with here dogis heyke:  
And yf I syt and crope the koule,  
And the wyfe be in the waye,  
Anone schowe wylle swere, by cokkus soule,  
There is an haare in my haye.

Anone sche wyle clepe forth hure knave,  
And loke ry;t welle wer I syte;  
Byhynd sche wyl, with a stave,  
Ful wel porpos me to hette.  
Go forthe, Wate, with Crystus curse,  
And, yf I leve, thou schalt be take;  
I have an hare-pype in my purce,  
Hit schal be set al for thi sauke.  
Ten hath this wyffys ij. doggz grete,  
On me sche byddyt heme goe,  
And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret,  
And ever sche cryit,—go, dooge, gooe !  
But alle way this most I goo,  
By no banke I may abyde;  
Lord God, that me is woo,  
Many a hape hath me bytyde.  
There is no best in the word, I wene,  
Hert, hynd, buke ne dowe,  
That suffuris halfe so myche tene  
As doth the sylly Wat, go where he go.  
seyfe a genttyl mane wyl have anny gamme,  
And fynd me ine forme where I syte,  
For dred of lossynghe of his name,  
I wot wele he wyle not me hyte,  
For an acuris bred he wylle me se,  
Or he wylle let his hondus rene.

Of alle the mene that beth alyve,  
 I am moost behold to gentyl-men ;  
 As sonne as I can renne to the laye,  
 Anon the greyhondys wyl me have.  
 My bowels beth i-throue awaye,  
 And I ame bore home one a staufe ;  
 Als sone as I am come home,  
 I ame i-honge hye up on a pyne ;  
 With leke worttus I ame eette anone,  
 And whelpus play with my skyne.

Amen, etc.

## VII.

God that dyed for us alle,  
 And dranke both eysell and galle,  
 He bryng us alle oute off bale,  
 And gyve hym good lyve and long,  
 That woll attend to my song,  
 And herkyne oneto my talle.  
 Ther dwelyd a man in my contré,  
 The wyche hade wyvys thre :  
 Yn proses of certyn tyme,  
 Be hys fyrst wyffe a chyld he had,  
 The wyche was a propyr lad,

And ryght ane happy hynd :  
 And his fader lovyd him ryght welle,—  
 Hys steppe dame lovyd hym never a delle,  
 I telle ȝowe as y thynke.  
 She thoght it lost, be the rode,  
 Alle that ever dyd hym good,  
 Off mette other of drynke ;  
 Not halfe ynowe thereof he had,  
 And ȝyt, in faythe, hit was fulle bad,  
 And alle hyr thoght yt lost ;  
 Y pray God evyll mot sche fare,  
 For oft sche dyde hym moche care,  
 As far-forthe as sche durst.  
 The good wyffe to hyr husband gone say,  
 For to put away thys boy  
 Y hold yt for the beste,—  
 In fayth he hys a lether lade,  
 Y wold sum other man hym had,  
 That beter myȝt hym chaste.  
 Than anone spake the good man,  
 And to hys wyff sayd he than,—  
 He ys but yong of age ;  
 He schall be with us lenger,  
 Tyll that he be strenger,  
 To wyn beter wage ;  
 We have a mane, a strong freke,

The wyche one fyld kypythe owr nette,  
And sleepyth half the day ;  
He schall come home, be Mary myld,  
And to the fylde schalle go the chyld,  
And kepe hem, ȝyfe he may.

The wyff was not glad varamente,  
Nere-the-les therto sche asente,  
And sayd,—Ser, that ys beste.

Erly yn the morowe, whan it was day,  
Furthe than went the lytelle boy,  
To the feld he was full preste :  
Off no mane ryght noȝt he gaffe,  
Uppone hys schulder he bare his stafe,  
The boy was mery y-nowe :  
Furth he went, as y ȝow sayne,  
Tylle he com into the playn,  
Hys dyner forth he drowe ;  
Whan he sawe that yt was bade,  
Lyttyll lust therto he hade,  
He put yt up anone.

Be Cryst, he was not moche to wyte,  
And sayd he wold ette but lyte,  
Tyll evyn that he com home ;  
Upon ane hyll he hym sete,  
An old mane sone after he mete  
Cam walkyng be the way :

God sped, he sayd, good sone;  
 Ser, he sayd, *ȝe* be ryȝte welcome,  
 The sothe ȝow for to say;  
 The old man was an-hongoryd sore,  
 And sayd, Hast thou onny mete in store,  
 That thou may gyve me?  
 Ser, he sayd, so God me save!  
 To soche vyttayllys as y have,  
 Thou art welcome to me.  
 He toke hym soche as he had,  
 And bad hym ette and be glade,  
 And sayd,—Welcom *ȝe* be!  
 The olde mane was fulle good to pleas,  
 He ette and made hym well at eas,—  
 Gramersy, sone, sayd he;  
 For thys mete thou haste gyfe me,  
 Y schalle the gyve gyftys thre,  
 That schalle not be forgete.  
 The boy sayd, as y trowe,  
 Hit ware best y had a bowe,  
 Byrdys for to schete.  
 Thou schalt have a bowe and boltes blyth,  
 The wych schall dure the alle thy lyve,  
 And ever to the alyche mete:  
 Schete whersoever thou wyll,  
 Thou schalt never faylle, thou schalt it kyll,

The pryme rydy thou schalt kepe :  
The bowe yn hand sone he felt,  
The boltes he put undyr hys belt,  
Ryght meryly than he lowe.  
Be my troth, had y a pype,  
Thoȝ it war never so lyte,  
Thane war y mery y-nowȝe !  
A pype, boy, thou schalt have also,  
Trewe of mesore schall it goo,  
Y put the out of dowte.  
What man that thys pype doth here,  
He schall not hemselfe stere,  
But hope and dawnce aboute.  
Say one, boy, what schall the other be ?  
For thou schalt have gyftes thre,  
As y hote the befor ;  
The lytell boy stode and lowȝe,  
And sayd, In fayth, y have y-nouȝe,  
I wyll dyssyer no more.  
The olde man sayd, Y the plyȝte ;  
Thou schalt have as y the hyght ;  
Therfore, say on, lete see.  
The boy sayd, Be Saynt Jame,  
Y have at hom a stepe-dame ;  
Sche ys a schrewe to me,  
For whanne my fader gyve me mete,

Sche wold the devylle schuld me cheke,  
 Sche staryth so yn my face :  
 Whanne sche lokyth on me soo,  
 I wolde sche lete a crake or too,  
 That myȝt ryng alle the place.  
 The olde mane sayd the boy on-too,  
 Whan sche lokythe on the soo,  
 Sche schalle begyne to blowe ;  
 And as many as her dothe here,  
 For lawyng schalle they not stere,  
 Whyll sche ys there, y trowe.  
 Nowe, far welle, sayd the olde mane,  
 And, farewell, sayd the boy thane ;  
 My leve y take of the.  
 Allmyȝty God, that beste may,  
 Spede the bothe nyght and day !—  
 Gramercy, sone, sayd he.  
 Afterward, whanne it was nyȝte,  
 Hom went the boy full ryght,  
 As was hys ordynance.  
 He toke hys pype and gane to blowe,  
 Hys bestes com rakyng on a rawe,  
 Abowt hym they gan to daunce ;  
 The boy pypyd throwȝ the town,  
 The bestes hym foloyd alle and some  
 Hom to hys fadyrs clos.

Anone as ever he com home,  
He sete up hys bestes anone,  
And yn to the halle he gos.  
Hys fader at soper sat,  
The lytyll boy aspyed that,  
And spake to hys fader anone.  
He sayd, Jake, well come !  
Wher ar thy bestes, good sone ?  
Hast thou hem broȝt home ?  
Fader, he sayd, yn good fay,  
Y have heme kept alle this day,  
And they be now up-schete.  
A capons legge he toke hym thoo,  
And sayd, Sone, that ys welle doo,  
Thou schalt fare the bete.  
That grevyd hys dames hart fulle sore,  
As ȝ have told ȝow before ;  
Sche staryd in hys face.  
Anone sche lete goo a blaste,  
That sche mad hem alle agaste,  
That war yn that place.  
All they low and had good game,  
The wyffe sche wex rede for schame,  
Sche wold a be agone.  
Jake sayd, wylle ȝe wytte,  
That gonne was welle smet,

Tho; it had be with a stonne.  
Angerly sche lokyd on hym thoo,  
Another rape sche lette goo ;  
Hyr ars was ny to-rente.  
Jake sayd, Wyll  $\mathfrak{z}$ e see ;  
Another pelat sche wyll lete fley,  
Or ever that sche wylle stent.  
Every man low; and had good game ;  
The wyff went hyr way for schame,  
Sche was in mykyll sorowe.  
The good man sayd, Go thy way,  
For it ys tyme, be my fay,  
Thyne ars ys not thy borowe.  
Afterward than wyll  $\mathfrak{z}$ e here,  
To the hows there come a freyre,  
And loggyd ther all nyght ;  
The wyff lovyd hym as a seynt,  
Anone to hym mad sche hyr playnt,  
And tolde hym full ryght,—  
We have a boy that with us wonys,  
He is a schrewe for the nonys,  
And doth memekylle care :  
Y dar note loke hym upone,  
I am aschamyd, be swet Seynt Johne,  
To telle  $\mathfrak{z}$ ow how y fare :  
And  $\mathfrak{z}$ yff  $\mathfrak{z}$ e mete that boy to morow,  
Bete hym welle, and gyve hym sorow,

And make that lad lame.  
Be God, he ys a schrewd byche,  
In fayth, y trow, he be a wyche,  
He dothe me mykyl grame.  
The freyr sayd, Y wyll wyte.  
Y pray the, ser, lete it not be forgete,  
For that wold greve me sore.  
The fryer sayd, Yn good fay,  
But y chastys welle that boy,  
Trust me never more.  
Erly in the morow the boy he ros,  
And lyȝtly to the feld he gos ;  
Hys bestes he gan dryve ;  
The freyr went out at the gate,  
He wend he schuld have come to late ;  
He ranne fast and blyth.  
Whanne he come one hye the lond,  
Sone the boy ther he fond,  
Kypyng hys bestes ylkone.  
Boy, he sayd, God gyve the schame !  
What hast thou done to thi dame ?  
Loke thou tell me anone ;  
But yf thou kane excus the better,  
Thou schalt abyde, be the seker,  
Y wyll no longer abyde.  
Ser, he sayd, what ayls the nowe ?  
My dame farythe as well as thowe !

What menys thou thus to chyd ?  
 Ser, he sayd, and  $\text{\textit{se}}$  wylle wytt,  
 How welle byrdes that y kan schett,  
 And do heme down to fall :  
 $\text{\textit{zondyr}}$  is on that ys but lytte,  
 As y trow, y schall hym smytt,  
 And gyve hym the y schall.  
 The byrd sat upon the breyr :  
 Schot one, boy, sayd the freyr,  
 For that me leste to se.  
 The boy hyt the byrd upon the hed,  
 Yn the hegge he fell down dede ;  
 Hyt myght no forther fley.  
 The freyr into the hegge he went,  
 And ly $\text{\textit{st}}$ ly he it up hent,  
 As it was for to done.  
 The boy cast down hys bowe,  
 And toke hys pype and began to blowe  
 Full ly $\text{\textit{st}}$ ly and full sone ;  
 Whanne the freyr the pype herde,  
 As a wood mane than he ferd,  
 And began to stertyll abowt.  
 Among the boyschys small and grete,  
 Fast abowte he gan to lepe,  
 But he cowd not come owte.  
 The bramblys chrachyd hym in the face,  
 And in many another place,

That hys sydes began to blede,  
And rent hys clothys by and by,  
Hys kyrtyll and hys kapelary,  
And alle hys other wede.  
The freyr often held up hys hond,  
And cryed unto the boy among,  
And prayd him to be stytte.  
Ser, my trewt y plyght to the ;  
Thou schalt have no harm for me,  
Nor never wyll do the yll.  
The boy sayd yn that tyde,  
Crepe oute on the tother syde,  
And hye that thou ware agoo ;  
My dame hathe mad hyr complaynt to me,  
In fayth the best that y kan se ;  
Goo playn to hyr also.  
The freyr out of the hegge went,  
All to-ragged and to-rent,  
To-torne on every syde.  
He had not left an holle clowte,  
Wherwith to hyde hys body abowte ;  
Hys armes heng full syde.  
Whan he come to hys oste,  
Off hys journey mad he no boste,  
He was both torne and talle ;  
Mykyll sorowe in hert he had ;  
Full sore of hym they wer adrad,

Whan he come into the halle.  
 The good wyffe sayd, Wer hast thou be?  
 Yn schrewyd plas, as thynkys me,  
 Hyt semyth be thyne aray.  
 The freyr sayd, Y have be with thi sone;  
 The devell of helle hym overcome,  
 For certes y ne may.  
 Soon after com hom the good man;  
 Be God, sayd the wyffe than,  
 Her is a schrewed aray!  
 Thy sone, that is the lyffe and deyre,  
 Had all-most slayn this swet freyr,  
 Alas! alas! a welle away!  
 The good mane sayd, Benedycyte!  
 What hath the boy do to the?  
 Tell me, without stryffe.  
 Ser, he sayd, be Seynt Jame,  
 Y have dawsyd in the devyls name,  
 Tyll y had ny loste my lyff!  
 The good mane sayd to hym tho,  
 Yff thou had lost thy lyff so,  
 Thou had be in gret syne.  
 Ser, sayd the freyr, sekerly,  
 Methowȝt he pyped so meryly,  
 That y cowde never blyne.  
 The good man sayd,—So mot y thee,  
 Than is that a mery glee,

And ellys thou war to blame ;  
That pype, he sayd, woll y here.  
So wolle not y, quod the freyere,  
Be God and be Seynt Jame !  
Afterward, whan it was nyȝt,  
Hom come the boy full ryȝt,  
As he was wont to done ;  
Whan he com into the hall,  
Anone hys fader gane hym call,  
And sayd, Hydyr com thou, sone.  
Boy, he sayd, now thou art here,  
What hast thou done to thys freyr ?  
Tell me without lessyng.  
Fadyr, he sayd, yn good fay,  
Y dyd ryȝt noȝt to hym to day,  
But pyped hym a spryng ;  
Boy, that pype wyll y here :  
So wyll not y, quod the freyr,  
For that wer hevy tydyng.  
The good man sayd, ȝys, be Godes grace.  
The freyr sayd, alas ! alas !  
And handes began to wryng.  
For Gods love, sayd the freyr,  
Yff ȝe wyll thys pype here,  
Bynd me one to a poste.  
Y-wys y kan no beter rede,  
Well y wot y schall be dede,

My lyff is ny-hand loste.  
Ropys anon they toke in hond,  
The freyr to the post they bond,  
That stod in the mydes of the halle.  
All they that at the soper sate  
Lowȝ, and had good game ther ate,  
And sayd, the freyr myȝt not fall.  
Than bespake the good mane,  
And to hys sone sayd he thanne,  
Pype on whan thou wylt.  
All redy, fadyr, sayd he ;  
ȝe schall her of my gle,  
Y wyll geve yowe a fytt.  
As sone as ever the pype went,  
Then myȝt no man hymselfe stent,  
But began to dawnce and lepe.  
They that gan the pype here,  
Myght not hemselfe stere,  
But hurled upone an hepe.  
Than they that at soper sate,  
Over the tabull ȝede som under crape,  
And sterte up in that stond.  
They that sat upon the forme,  
Had no tyme for to torne,  
But war bore downe to the ground.  
The good man wex in dyspayr,  
And lyȝtly he lept out of hys chare,

And with a full good chere ;  
Som in fayth lepe over the stoke,  
And brake her schynys aȝens the bloke,  
And som fell yn the fyere.  
Than com in the good wyff behynd,  
Sche began to lepe and to wynd,  
And fast began to schake.  
Whan sche lokyd one lytell Jake,  
And hyr neybors to hyr spake,  
Hyr ars began to crake :  
The freyr was all-moste loste,  
He knokyd hys hed aȝen the post,  
He had no beter grace.  
The ropys robyd away the skyne,  
That the blode ran to hys chyne,  
In many a dyverys place.  
Than whent the boy pypyng in the stret,  
And after hym hurlyd all the hepe,  
They cowd not hemselfe stynt :  
They went out at the dor so thyke,  
That eche man fell in otherys neke,—  
So wyghtly out they wente.  
Than the men that dwelyd therby,  
They herd the pype sekyrly,  
In setes wher they sette.  
Som in fayth lepe over the hache,  
They had no tyme to seche the lache,

For they were loth to lette.  
 Than they, that in here bedys lay,  
 Stert up lyȝtly, as y ȝow say,  
 Both las and more.  
 Ynto the strete to the play  
 Anone they toke the ryȝt way,  
 As nakyd as they wer bore ;  
 Whan they were gaderyd all abowt,  
 Than was ther a fulle grete rowte  
 In the mydys of the strete :  
 They that wer lam and myȝt not goo,  
 ȝete they hopyd abowte also  
 On her hondys and fete.  
 The boys fader sayd, it is tyme to reste ;  
 All redy, fader, y hold that for the beste,  
 With a full good chere.  
 Make an end whan thou wylt ;  
 In fayth it is the beste fyte,  
 That y herd thys vij. yere.  
 Whan the pype went no more,  
 Than wer they all amarvelyd sore  
 Off ther governaunce.  
 By sente Mary, sayd some,  
 Wher ys all thys myrthe become,  
 That mad us thus to dawnce ?  
 Thus every man mad good cher ;  
 Save the good wyff and the freyr, —

They wer all dyssmayd.  
 Whether it be good or yll,  
 They that have not her wylle,  
 They wyll not hold them payd.  
 Hyt ys every good wyffys wone,  
 For to love hyr husbandes sone,  
 Yn well and eke yn woo;  
 In olde termys it is fownd,  
 He that lovythe me lovythe my hound,  
 And my servaunt also.  
 So schuld every good chyld  
 Be to hys moder meke and myld,  
 Be good in every degré.  
 All womene that love her husbandes sone,  
 Yn hevyn blys schall be her wone;  
 Amen, Amen, for charyté !

## VIII.

As I stod in a ryalle haulle,  
 Where lordys and ladys were byd to syt,  
 A loufly letter one a walle,  
 A word of wysdome I sawe wryt;  
 This word ys in my hert i-knyt;  
 To lern this lessone who soo hath wylle,

Where ewyre thou goo, stond, or sytt,  
 Ewyre say wylle, or hold the stylle.  
 Say wylle, or keppe thi word in store,  
 For speche was never soo well aspayd,  
 Nor never soo monné lyvis i-lore,  
 Throw wordys that hath byn myssayd.  
 Now wysly, mane, thi wordis dewyd;  
 Be-war whom thou spekyst hylle;  
 Yf thou most nedys the sowth to hyde,  
 ȝeyt say wylle, or hold the stylle.  
 For soothe may not alle day be sayd,  
 Among soo mony as raynnyt nowe;  
 Yff som of the sothe be well apayd,  
 ȝet some wylle not the sowthe alowe:  
 And hard hit is ewyré word to awowe,  
 Though hit be never of soo gret a skylle,  
 Therefore I rede yow for youre prowe,  
 Ewyre say wylle, or hold yow stylle.  
 Where-evyre thou fall in company,  
 Att churche, at chepyng, or at nale,  
 Awyse the welle who syttys the by,  
 Lest he wylle report thi talle,  
 And dysschalndure the after to gret and smalle,  
 Thy good los with his spyche to spylle.  
 Evylle tongys brwys myche balle;  
 Therefore say wylle, or hold the stylle.

Evyre say wylle, for lowfe or drede,  
 And chast thi tong with wyt and charryté,  
 And say be thi neyztheboure, yf he have nede,  
 Ryȝt as thou woldyst he sayd be the.  
 Among alle thingis thowȝt ys fre ;  
 Hold thiself abowff the hyll ;  
 In rest and eyse yf thou wyll be :  
 And evyre say wylle, or hold the style.  
 Roule thi tong for lowf or hate,  
 Be noo parttys none evylle thou say,  
 Nor thowth men be now at the batte,  
 Thay may be frendys anodyre day.  
 And for thi tale thou mayst bere the blame away,  
 Of every syde with gram and grille :  
 Thanne thei wyll the lyȝtly afrai,—  
 Therefor say wylle, or hold the styllle.  
 Say welle, and thynke one yooth and eld,  
 Frow God may nothing be hyde nore loke ;  
 But think one the rekenyng that thou schalt ȝeyld,  
 Off every ydylle word that thou hast spoke,  
 Les and more hole and brouk,  
 Thay schalle be wryttyne in a bylle ;  
 Lest God one the wylle be awroke,  
 Evyre say wylle, oore hold the styllle.  
 For off all that God hath wroȝt,  
 Spyche ys eom of a speschalle grace ;

A best hath a mothe, but he spekkyt noȝt,  
 Of God we have that fayre purches ;  
 Now spend welle thi spyche, wyl thou hast space,  
 One truthe let ever thi tong tryle ;  
 Thow schalt a-se the day pas ;  
 Thow woldyst fayn spek, when thou schalt be styll.  
 At domys-day when God schalt syt  
 On the rowd, as he was tak,  
 With speche we schalle be damnd or quyt,  
 There schalle no man ther mastré mak ;  
 Then I hope owre sorrow schalle aslake,  
 When all stondyt evyn, both dale and hyle ;  
 A sinfulle man wylle sorrow may mak,  
 When God schalle speke, and man be styllle.  
 Noue God geyf us grace ouer speche to spend,  
 Soo that we may, withouttyne nay,  
 All that ever we have myssayd amend,  
 Or that we com to that dredfulle day,  
 Whan God schal sit and his armis dyssplay,  
 Gabrelle schalle bloo both brymne and scrylle ;  
 Then helpp us He that best may,  
 To heywyn wynd, and ther abyd styllle.

Amen, etc.

## IX.

HERE begynnyth a schorte tretice for a mane to knowe  
wyche tyme of the ȝere hit is best to graffe or to plante  
treyus, and also to make a tre to bere o manere frute  
of dyverys colourys and odowrys, with many oþere  
thyngys.

Whenne the mone is in Tauro hit is good to plante  
treys of pepyns, and whenne hit is in Cancro, in Leone,  
or in Libra, thanne hit is good to werche in treys that  
be new spronge: and whenne the mone is in Virgine,  
hit is good tyme to sowe alle maner thynges, for fro  
the myddys of Januarie, Septembyre into the myddys  
of Decembyre, and than is opyne tyme of plantynge  
and ryȝt . . . . . ddys of Januarie into the . . . .  
he but in thys tyme is . . . . . the mone is v.  
vj. viij. viij. or ix. days old byfor the fulle of the mone.  
Also, after the fulle of the mone, whenne hit is xxj.  
xxij. xxij. xxij. or xxv. days old; for in thyse  
quarterys the conjuncion is moste temperate.

Also to remeve treys fro place to place: ȝiff it be a  
grete tre, or a tre that berythe the frute, chese the a  
fulle mone fro the myddys of Octobre into the myddys  
of Decembyre, takynge up the rotys as hole as thou  
mayste, and leve of his howne erthe styllle abowte the

rote as myche as thou mayste, and hit is not . . . . .  
se tho the mone be not . . . . . lle so hit be in the  
secund . . . . . quarter. This governance is in  
plantyng and kepynge, and maketh dowbelyng beryng  
of frute. There is moste connabylle tyme for sedys,  
graynys, and pepyns, and Autumpe for spryngys, and  
plantys, that one tre may bere dyvers frutys, and dyvers  
colourys and dyvers savorys.

In the fyrste ȝere, graffe in dyvers branchys of a  
cheri tre dyvers graffys to thy lykynge, and leve some  
of thy branchys ungraftyd; the secund ȝere, make holys  
thorow the chery tree, and drawe thorow an hole a  
yne branche, and schave away the utter rynd, so that  
hyt fylle the hole, and let hyt stond so a ȝere, and than  
kut away the rotys, and of the yne, and wrappe hit  
abowte welle with temperat erthe, and wynd hyt welle  
with lynnyn clothe, and the same maner throȝe anothere  
hole of a rede rosere branche.

For to have frute of dyvers colourys, thou schalt  
make an hole in a tre nyȝe the rote, evene to the pythe  
of the tre, and than do therein good asure of Almayne,  
so hyt be nyȝe fulle, and stope the hole welle with a  
schort pyne, and wrap hit welle with temperat erthe,  
and wynd hit welle, as thou doste a graffe, and that  
frute schalbe of blewe colour, and so hit may be do of  
a yne, and this may be do with alle manere colourys.

Iff thou wylt that thy appyllys be rede, take a graff of an appyltre, and ympe hit opone a stoke of an elme or an eldre, and hit schalbe rede appylles. Also Master Richard saythe, to do the same thynge, make an hole with a wymbulle, and what colour that thou wylt dystemper with water, and put hit in at the hole, the frute schalbe the same colour. And wytt welle every tre that is plantyd and set in the erthe one the feste of Seynt Lambarte schalle not be perichyd that zere. Iff thou wylt make a tre to bere as myche frute as ever he dyd byfore, dystemper scamony welle with water, and put in an hole that is perichyd to the pyth of a tre, and stope the hole with a pynne that is made of the same tre, and hit schalle bere as welle as ever hit dyd.

For to make an old tre that begynnyth to wex drye to quykyne aȝene. Aristotille tellyth in the Boke of Plantes, the erthe that is abowte the rotys most be do away. And thenne chese ij. or iij. of the gretter rotys, and cleve hem with a ax, and dryve a wegge of tymbyre in the clevynge, and kever the rotes aȝene with the same erthe.

Also frute that is sowre, for to make hit swete. Aristotylle seyth, in the Boke of Plantes, the tre schalbe bedolvyne abowte, and dongyd with pygges dongge. Also make a hole with a wymbulle, and put therein water y-medyllyd with hony, and stope the hole aȝene

with a pyne of the same tre, and loke the hole passe not the pythe of the tre.

Also that a perle, or a precius stone, or a ferthyng, or ony othere maner thynge be fownd in an appylle. Take a appulle, or a pere, after hit is flowryd, and sumwhat waxyne, and thrust in hard at the buddes end wych thou wolte one of thyes thynge aforesayde, and let hit growe, and marke welle the appulle that thou dyd put in the thynge what ever hit be.

Also hit is sayde there schalbe no tre perischyde that is plantyd in thys maner. Take and put a welowe stoke in a forowe y-made in the erthe for the nonys, and lett hym growe then above; one the upper syde make holys evene longe, as many as thou wylt, in the wyche clyftes put smalle branchis of the mulbery tre, or of othere, the wych most be kut in maner of a wegge, that the plantynge may stond juste in the clyftes, and stope the clyftes be-syde, and so put all the stoke of the welow under the forowe, that hit be hid under the erthe, the wych if thou wylt after the fyrist ȝere is paste or the secund, depart hit one sondyre, or thou mayste kut hit with a sawe betwene the ȝonge branchis asondere, and so plante hem in dyvers placis.

Also yf a peche tre begynne to dry, let hym be welle moystyd with donge. And Paladys seythe hit is best dongyng with dreggys of wyne, and that same dongyng

kepyth hym fro schedyng of hys frute: and some othyre sayne that the beste donge of hym is that he be moystyd with water of the sethyng of benys; and yf the pechys begynne to falle, cleve the rotes with an ax, and in the clyft dryve a wegge mayd of a pynsapylle tre, or ellys make holys with a wymbulle, and make pynnys of welow, and smyte heme in fast with a maylet of tre, and than wolle the frute abyde thereon.

Iff an appulle tre begyne to rote, or yf the appulles wax rotyne, thanne hit is a-seyne that the barke of the tre is syke, therefore kut hit with a knyffe, and lett hyt be opynyd, and when the humerus thereof sumwhat be flown owte, lett dong hym welle, and stoppe aȝene the opynyng with towȝe clay.

Iff thou wolt that in the stone of a peche appulle be fownd a nott kyrnelle, graffe a sprynge of a peche tre one the stoke of a nott tre. Also a peche tre schalle brynge forthe pomegarnardys, if hit be spronge oft tymys with gotys mylke iij. days, when hit begynnyth to flower. Also the appullys of a peche tre schalle wex rede, yff his syone be graffyd one a playne tre. Alle the same graffyng may be understandond of an grysmolle tre; that is better than a peche.

Iff wormys wex in a tre, take askys that be medelyd with oyle, olyve, or myrre, and that schalle sle hem. And therto also is good to stryke the tre with myxture

made with ij. partys of ox pysse, and the third part of cley.

The quynce tre wold be remevyd every fourthe  $\zeta$ ere, alle the whyle that hit is abylle to be plantyd, and that schalle make hym to bere grete plenté of frute. Also hit is good for alle maner treys, that whenne a bowe is kutte away, that the place there as the bowe is kutt, that hit be hyllyd with a plaster of erthe, for to defend wedyrs and waterys sokynge therein. Et-c. Amen.

To make cheris to growe withowte stonys. Cleve a  $\zeta$ onge schote of a  $\zeta$ onge cherytré that is a spanne longe or ij. fro the toppe evene downe to the rote, but let hym stand styll on the stalke, and thanne drawe owte the pyth one every syd with some maner of iryne, and anone joyne every party togedyre, and bynd hem welle, and donge hem welle with clay one every syd fro the toppe to the rotte, and when a  $\zeta$ ere is paste there hys wond is, sowde a graffe in the same stoke a syone that never bare frute, and thereon schalle growe cherys withoute ony stonys. Also a grape to growe withowte pepyns, whenne the pythe of the vyne is take owte. Also of alle othyre y-lyke.

Iff thou wolt have many rosys in thy herbere, thou schalte take a hard pepyne of the same rose that be ryȝt rype, and sawe heme in the erthe in Feverȝere or in Marche, and whenne they spryngyne, dewe heme

welle with water, and after that thou mayste transpose hem eythere frome othere, etc.

Also, he that wylle have rosys tymely to blowe, dewe heme abowte the space of ij. hand-brede, and moyste her syons oft tymys with hoote water.

## X.

*Here begynnyth the crafte of lymnyng of bokys; who so kane wyesly considere the nature of his colours, and kyndely make his commixtions with naturalle porcions, and mentalle indagacions connectynge fro dyvers recepcions by resone of theyre naturys, he schalle make curius colourys, etc.*

To temper vermelone to wryte therewith. Grynde vermelone one a stone with newe glayre, and put a lytelle of the zolke of an ay thereto, and so wryte therewith; and if thou wylle temper it to floryche with bokys, take and grynde hit smalle, and temper hyt with gum water.

To temper asure, grynd hit one a stone, with the thyrdyndele of gume and twyse so mych of water.

To temper roset, grynd hit one a stone, with as myche gume and also myche water as of rosytt.

To temper ceruse, grynd hit one a stone with water and gume.

To temper rede lede, medylle hyt wyth gleyre of ane egge, and temper hit in a schelle with thy syngere.

To make grene coloure, take the juce of wortys and vetegrece, and medylle heme welle togedyre, and thou schalt have a good grene.

To temper turnnesole, wete hit in watere of gume, and chaufe hit in thy hond.

A false asure and dede. Take ceruse and rosyne, and medylle heme togedyre.

To make asure to schyne bryȝt. Take byralle, and grynd hit with gleyre, and glase above with a penselle.

For an incarnacion, take sable and saffrone, and rede lede, and medylle heme welle togedyre, &c.

To make a cyse to gyld unburned gold one bokys. Take chalke and a lytelle saffrone, and gleyre, and grynd hem togedyre a longe tyme one a stone, tylle hit be somdele tacchynge, and thanne put hit into ane horne, and if hit be nede, alay hit with water, and so worke therewith. Also take bule and ceruse, and gleyre, and saffrone, or the same manere take the scrapynge of ymages that be olde.

To temper asure fyne, take asure, and put hit in a horne, and put thereto gume and watere halfe one halfe, oþere more or lesse, if hit be nede; and take a lytelle styke, and stampe hem welle togedyre to hit be evene medelyd, and thanne wryte therewith.

Also yf thou temper asure in a schelle, put a lytelle asure into a schelle, and gum water, and rub hit faste togedyre with thyne fyngere, and thenne worche hit as thou wolt, with a penselle.

Iff vermelone be blake and bade, grynde hit welle one a stone alle drye, and thanne put hit into a pece of sylver, and wasche hit welle with clene water ij. or iiij. tyme, and thanne poure owte the water therefro, and make a pytt in a clene chalke stone, and cast in that pytt alle thy vermelone, and let hit stonde so a whyle to hit be rede; and thanne grynd hit eft-sone one a stone, and thanne ley hit obrode one a skyne of parchment to dry in the sonne; and whenne thou wylle, temper hit to wryte with. Take the rynde of a walnot tre, and schere hit smalle in the gleyre of egges, and let hit stond so a whyle, and than temper therewith thy vermelone withowte ony more gryndynge.

To temper rosette, put hit into a schelle with gleyre that is newe made thereto, tylle hit be welle y-scorpyd, and thenne amenge hit with thy fyngere, and so worche there with.

To make a false asure, take a lytelle asure and a lytelle seruse, and grynd hem togedyre with gume and water, and temper hit uppe in a schelle.

To make a false roset. Do as thou dyd with the asure in alle wyse.

To make seruse, take seruse gum and water, and grynd hem togedyre, and temper hit uppe in a schelle, and wryte therwith whyelle that hit is new.

To temper a good grene: take good vertgrese, and a lytelle argule and saffrone, and grynd heme welle togedyre with wyne or with venegré or ale, or the juce of a appulle, tylle hit be grene y-noȝe; and if hit be to derke, take more saffrone, and iff hit be to ȝelowe, take more vertegrece, and put hit in a schelle, and wryte therewith.

To temper rede lede. Do rede lede into a schelle, and put newe gleyre thereto, and temper hit with thy fyngere, and worche hit.

To temper turnesole; lay a lytelfe pece in thyne hond, and put thereto newe gleyre, and temper hit oft in the pawme of thyne hond, and wrynge hit into a schelle, and so worch therewith.

To make a fyne blake, take a clene pece of brasse, or a basyne, and hold hit overe a brynyng candelle of roseyne, to the fyre have congeylyd blacke on the brase or one the basyne; and whenne there is inoȝe thereone, ley hit downe to hit be cold, and thanne wyppe hit of with a fethyre opone a clene stone, and grynd hit with gume and water; than put hit in a schelle, and worche hit. Also thou mayste wete thy basyn with good ale or thy pece of brasse, and hold hit overe the candelle,

and do as thou dydyste ere ; thanne thou schalt have fyne blacke.

To temper ockere, grynd hit with gume and water, and if thou wylle do a lytelle whyte thereto, do hit in a schelle and worche hit.

To visage coloure ; take fyne blake and saffrone, and grynd hit togedyre, and putt hit into a schelle and worche therewith.

To make ane incarnacione ; take whyte and a lytelle rede, and temper heme togedyre, and worche hit so.

To temper brasylle good to newe with ; schave thy brasylle smalle into a clene veselle, and do gleyre thereto, and so let hit stepe longe tyme togedyre, and when hit is stept y-noȝe, worche therewith.

To make gume ; take the whyte of xx. egges, and make clere gleyre of heme, and thanne take a bludder of a beste that is newe slayne, and put therein thy gleyre, and knyt faste the bladdere, and honge hit in the sonne or overe the fyre in the smoke xl. days, and thanne hast thou good gum for alle inckys.

Asure in anothere manere ; take stronge venegré, and wasshe thyne asure therewith ij. or iij. tymys, as longe as thou fyndys ony fylthe above the venegré, and whanne thou fyndys thyne asure alle blewe y-noȝe, powre owte the venegré clene, and if the asure be alle grete of grayne, temper hit with the water of gume,

and the lengere hit stondeth y-tempered, the better hit wol be.

Grene for bokys; grynde welle j. li. of vertgrece on a stone, and put thereto a chyde of saffrone in the gryndyng thereof, or more, and hit nede, to thou se hit be grene y-noze, and thanne temper hit uppe with the juce of a rotyne appylle strayned thorowe a clene clothe, and let it stand so ij. days in an horne withowte ony straynyng; and whanne thou wolte worche there with, take of the clereste that hovyȝte above, and there thou schalt fynde a goode grene for alle maner thynges, and medelle the juce of the appulle with a lytelle gume water.

To make tornesole in anothere manere: take gum water, and put hit into a schelle of an oystere; then take a pece of tornesole, and ley hit in the water of gum, and let hit ly awhyle therein, and then wrynge it throȝe a clothe to thou se the water be welle colouryd, and than floryche bokys therewith that have rede letterys.

To make brasyle to flouryche letterys, or to reule with bokys; take braysyle, and scrape hit smale with a knyfe, and putt thereto a lytelle gleyre, and a lytelle powder of alom glasse, and let hit stand so alle a day, and thanne streyne the juce therefro throȝe a lynnene clothe, and rule bokys therewith.

To temper seruse. Grynd hit smalle one a stone with gum water, and so worche therewith.

Iff thou wylt preve asure bice, if hit be good or badde, take a penselle or a penne, and drawe smale rulys on blew letteris with the seruse, and if thi seruse be not clere and bryȝte and wyte, but fade and dede, than is the asure-bice not good ne fyne.

How thou schalte make cenopere: take v. galonis of old urine, and do sethe hit overe the fyre to hit be clere and welle y-stomyd, and than let hit kele to hit be lewke-warme; and than take j. li. lake, and breke hit smale, and serse hit into powdere, and put that powdere into the uryne by lytelle and lytelle, and alwey stere hit welle, and than eft-sone set hit one the fyre to hit boyle, and than strayne hit throȝe a bagge of canvas, so that alle the drastys byleve thereine, and thanne eft-sone set hit on the fyre to hit boyle, and in the boylynge put therein iij. unce of alome glasse made into powdere, and alwey stere hit, and whanne hit hathe sodyne awhyle, take hit fro the fyre and thanne take j. unce, and j. di. of alome glas molte into clere water, and sprynge of that water alle abowte, and that schalle gadere alle thy mater togedyre, and than streyne hit throȝe a smale bagge of lynnен clothe, and of the substance that levythe in the bagge after the straynynge make smalle ballys thereof, as hit were hasylle nottes,

and let hem dry withowte ony sonne or wynd, and than take j. li. of turbentyne, and j. li. of frankencens, and melte hem togedyre, and put thereto oyle of lynsede, as myche as nedythe; and thus thou schalt assay iff hit be welle molte togedyre, take a drop or ij. of clere water, and sprynge hit thereinne; and than take a lytelle thereof bytwene thy fyngyrs, and if hit be holdynge togedere as gum-wex, than hit is good and fyne, and if it do not so, put thereto more oyle to hit be holdynge as wex, and than let hit kele, for hit is made welle.

To make aurum misticum:—take a vyele of glas, and lute hit welle, or elles a longe erynne potte; and take j. li. of sall armoniac, j. li. of sulphere, j. li. of mercury crude, j. li. of tynne: melt thyne tynne, and than caste thy mercury therein, and so alle the othere by-foreseyde; and grynd all thyes togedyre opone a stone, and thanne put alle thyes togedyre into a vyole, or into ane erynne pote, and stoppe alle the mowthe thereof, safe only a lytelle hole, as a spowte of a pauper or of perchemyne may be set thereinne; and than set hit overe the fyre in a furneyse, but furst make an esy fyre, and afterward a good fyre the space of xxiiij. howrys, to thou se no more brethe come owte of the glas, and than take hit fro the fyre, and breke the glasse.

To make a good grene. Take j. li. of limayle of

coper, and ij. li. of unsleked lyme, and a galone of venegre, and put thyes in an erthyne potte, and stoppe faste the mowth thereof that none eyre come therein, save a lytelle hole above, and so let hit stonde in the erthe, or in a donge hille, iiiij. monthys.

To make letterys of gold; fyrste make clere glayre, and afterward take whytte chalke that is dry, and of the ryngynge of thyne egges, and grynd hem togedyre alle one a stone the space of ij. owrys, and thanne put thereto a lytelle saffrone, but loke that thy coloure be not to *zelowe*, and loke there come no water thereto but gleyre bothe in the gryndynge and in the temperyng, and let hem stonde so iij. or iiiij. days; but if hit be temperyd with old gleyre, thou mayst worche therewith anone, and if hit be newe gleyre, let hit stond iij. or iiiij. days, and thanne make letterys therewith, and let hit ly to dry alle a day; and be well ware that thou handelle hit noȝte with thyne hondys, whanne hit is dry, for if thou do, hit wylle take no golde; and whenne thy letter is fully dry, take the tothe of a bore or of an hogge, and take uppe thy gold with a penselle in thi lefte hond, and ley hyt one the letter, and lett thy left hond go byfore thy ryȝte, and with thy ryȝte hond do rub one thy gold with the tothe of the bore, and thou schalt se fayre letterys. And if thou wolle make letterys one a borde, ley thy

syse as thynne thereone as thou mayste, and do alle the remanant as is seyd before.

To make whyte lede; take platys, and make in everyche of hem ane hole in the one ende, and hange hem one a stafe, as thou woldyste hange sprottes, so that no plate towch other, and thanne in a tunne or in a barelle put venegre or eyselle, and honge the platys there overe, and stoppe faste the mowthe of the vesselle that none eyre come in ne owte, and let hit stonde so vj. wekys, and, after the vj. wekys, opyne the vesselle softly, and take uppe the platys esely, and schave of the whytte that is one heme uppone a clene borde, and whanne thou wolt worche therewith, grynd hit welle, and temper hitwith gleyre of hogges, or with gum water, but that is not so good as is the gleyre.

To make rede lede. Take iij. or iiij. pottes of erthe more than a foote longe, and lett the pottes be over alle a-lych myche fro the bothum to the mowthe, and than take whytte lede, and put hit to heche potte a goode quantité, and thanne sett thy pottes alonge in an ovyne made therefore, every potte bysyde other, and lette the mowthys of the pottes ly a party owt of the ovyns mowthe, and than make a good fyre, to the pottes be welle hote, and than take owte one of the pottys, and hyld owte that is thereinne on a stone, and grynd hit faste alle hoote a good cowrse with venegre,

and than put hit into the potte azene, and ley hit in the ovyne as hit was byfore; and so take eche after othere as thou dydeste byfore, to thou se the lede turne into a fayre rede and a fyne at thy lykyng, but loke thou sese not of gryndyng of the lede with venegre, ne of bakynge, to thou have do, for thys makynge is perfytte.

To temper rede lede: grynd hit as thou doste vermelone, and wesshe hyt, and dry hit, and so in all wysse do as here is sayde before, and thou schalt do welle.

To wryte on a swerd or one a knyfe; take the powder of alome glas, and sallé gemme, and temper hit with olde uryne, &c.

To dy grene threde; fyrste do woode hit, and than take the lye of woode asschys, and take woode, and cut hit in to a lytelle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit to the threde, and so sethe hem togedyre, and hyt wolbe fyne.

To sowde; take boras, and sethe hit in water, and wete thy thynge therewith.

To make sowder of tynne; take v. partys of pece sylvere, and of latone, and do medyll hit togedyre with a lytelle boras.

To make coralle; take hartes hornnys, and madere ane handfull or more, and sethe hit to hit be as nesshe as glew.

To dy selke.—To dy rede sylke; take brasylle, and schave hit smalle, and boyle hit in the water of a marle pytte; the lengere that hit boylythe, the better hit is.

To make  $\zeta$ elowe water; take woode and stronge lye, and sethe hem togedyre, and put thereto a lytelle alome glas whyle hit boyleth, and whanne hit is sodyne ynoze, put owte the water frome the woode.

To make blewe water; temper the flowre of the woode fatte with lye; the lesse lye, the better wolbe thy blewe.

To make grene water; take blewe and  $\zeta$ elowe, and menge hem welle togedyre.

To make towny water; take rede, and lay hyt on  $\zeta$ elowe, and let hit dry, and if thi rede be gode, thy towny schalbe myche the bettyr.

To make rede lethyre that is clepyd lysyne; take alome glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and thanne sethe brasylle in stondynge water, and dry hit in the sonne.

To make lynnene clothe  $\zeta$ elowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thi clothe thereinne, and anone take hit howte, and ley hit to dry.

To make blewe lethyre; take the juce of brasylle, and of saveyne, and of vertegrese, and let the leste parte be of brasylle, and so worche hit.

To make rede water; take brasylle that flotyn, and put hit into an erthyne potte, with ly made of lyme, that hit be wesshe, and sethe hit to the halvendele; and thanne asay hit, whyle hit is hoote, and thys wolbe a good rede.

To make ly of lyme; take a quantité of hote lyme as hit comythe fro the kylne, and put hit into a vesselle, and put water thereto, and a lytelle alome, and a lytelle swete mylke, and let hit stonde so and crude. Another manere; take the uryne of a manne, sethe hit and scome hit into the braselle chalke, and let hit boyle; thanne set hit fro the fyre, and strayne hit into the chalke stone, and let hit stonde so, for this is good.

To cowche gold; take gleyre and saffrone y-grownd togedyre, and cowche on thy gold whyle it is moyste.

To make a blake water; take gumme galle, and coperose, of eche a pownd, and take a vesselle for eche of thyse, and put to a pownd a galone of water, and let hem stepe so alle a nyȝte; and afterward take a vesselle, and do therein thy galle and thy coperose, and sethe hem to halfe be wastyd, and than put thy gum therein, and set hit downe to that hit be colde.

To make a rede water; take a potelle of rede venegre, and a ȝ. of brasyle, and iiij. part of a ȝ. of vermelone, and do hit into an erthyne potte to halfe

be sodyn away, and thanne put thereto an ȝ. of alome glas powdere, and seth hit eft-sone a lytelle, and do worche therewith alle hote.

To make whyte lethyre ; take halfe an unce of whyte coperose, and di. ȝ. of alome and salle-peter the mowntance of the ȝolke of an egge, and yf thou wolle have thy skynne thykke, take of whetmele ij. handfullle, and that is sufficient to a galone of water ; and if thou wolle have thy skynne rynnyng, take of ry mele 2 handfullle, and grynd alle thyes saltes smale, and caste hem into lewke warme water, and let heme melt togedyre, and so alle in ewene warme water put therein thy skynne. And if hit be a velome skynne, lett hit be thereinne 9 days and 9 nyȝtes, and thanne take hit uppe, and wryng hit into the same water oft, and lett hyt dry in the eyre to hyt be halfe dry, and if hit be a perchement skyne, let hit ly thereinne 4 days and 4 nyȝtes, and knowe welle that a perchement skynne that is fatt is not beste for this ocupacion, but yf he be thyke, he is the better ; thanne take coperase of the whyttest the quantité of ij. benys for j. skynne, and the ȝolke of j. egge, and breke hit into a dysse, and than put water overe the fyre, and put thereinne thy coperas, and than put thy ȝolke in thy skyne, and rub hit alle abowte, and thanne ley thy skynne in the seyde water, and let hit ly, ut dictum est.

To dy grene threde; do wood hit fyrste, and than take ly of woode asschyne, and take wold, and kyt hit, and a lytelle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit into the trede, and sethe heme to-geder.

To make lynnene clothe rede; take alome glas, and brasyle, and sethe heme welle togedyre in welle water, and than do owte the water by hym-selfe into anothere vesselle, and wasshe thy clothe thereinne, and lay hit to dry.

For ȝelowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thy clothe there in, and anone take hit owte, and ley hit for to dry.

For grene; fyrst wasshe thy clothe in the flowre of woode, and thanne put hyt in ȝelow juce, and dry hit.

To make rede lassche; Take water of suffloure, alome, glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and sethe brasyle in stondynge water, and anoynte thy lethyre therewith ij. or iij. and let hit dry aȝense the sonne.

To gyld metalle. Take water of suffloure that is the fyrste leche, and sall armoniac, and grene coperose, and bray heme togedyre in a morter of brasse, and take as myche of the one as of the othere, and putt heme into the water of suffloure, and let hit stonde the space of halfe an owre, and than take the

metalle and make it clene, and ley thy water thereone, and thanne dry hit on wood coole; thanne let hit kele, and bornesshe hit welle.

To gyld irene or stele; fyle thy metalle, and schave hit with a grate cleve, and towche thereone with water of borase, and thanne ley one thy gold, and thanne crache hit, and burnesshe hit, etc.

For scripture; grynd cristalle one a marbylle stone to smalle powdere, and temper hit with the whyte of an egg, and wryte therewith what thou wolte, and let hit dry; and thanne rub thereone with gold, sylver, or coper, and hit schalle apere in scripture.

To wryte in stele;—Take sall armoniac v. d. wyȝte, and vytriall 9 d. wyȝte, and powdere hem togedyre, and temper hem with pysse thyk as pappe, and take paynterys oyle and vermelone, and melle heme togedyre, and wryte therewith one stele.

Thus ȝe schal begyne to make ȝour waterys bothe for redys and for crimesynes: ȝe schalle fylle your lede fulle of water, and whenne ȝe have put inne your branne, whethyr hit be ij. buschylis or iij., and thanne let hit boyle welle: thenne fylle hit uppe with colde water, and whenne thou haste fyllyd up thy lede, bere hit overe into a fatt, and lett hit stond ij. days or iij., tylle hit be rype. Thenne moste ȝe bere hit overe into your lede afore or that ȝe make ony colours a

goode sawley with the secund parte of water, and thanne let hit be nyȝe at boylynge or ȝe temper or pure your alone; and as sone as ȝe have puryd your alone, caste in your colours that schalbe rede afore a prety whyle, or thy crimesons gyne; and thanne let hem boyle togedyris a good owre large and more, and kepe the same boylynge to efesonys, for hit most serve another tyme ryȝt welle.

Item, if ȝe wolle make fyne redys, ȝe moste take to a dosyne ij. pownd of alone, and to crimesons the same, whenne ȝe boyle hem, and thanne schalle ȝe make fayre colours and lusty in theyre maderynge in warantise.

Item, at your maderynge ȝe schalle take of the same wateris that ȝe made, and bere hem overe into your lede as myche as ȝe seme wolle serve ȝow; if ȝe have noȝte y-noȝe, take a kowlle fulle, or ij. or iij., or as mony as ȝe seme wolle serve ȝow; thenne let hit be but mylke-warme, whenne thou doyste in thy madere: when the madere is in flotte, breke hit smalle that there be no ballys, for to every ȝerde ȝe moste take a pownd of madere. And among hem caste in thy redys that thou wolt have, and thanne make a good fyre ondere thy lede, and loke ever that thou handylle thy clothe that is in the lede tylle that the flote that is in the lede begynne to sethe. And ever thanne amonge, whyle that ȝe handylle, take uppe a parte, and loke

thereonne; and whenne  $\text{\j}$ e seme that hit is welle, take hit uppe, and when hit is uppe, cole hit welle opone a rayle to hit be cold; thanne moste  $\text{\j}$ e make a master-ynge therefore.

Item, for the masterynge,  $\text{\j}$ e moste cast owte  $\text{\j}$ owre olde flote of  $\text{\j}$ owre maderynge, and make a newe flote for  $\text{\j}$ our masterynge of clene water in your lede competently as wolle serve  $\text{\j}$ ow, and whenne hit is more than schalde-hote, drowe owte  $\text{\j}$ our fyre clene, and thanne caste in  $\text{\j}$ our aschys in the lede, yf  $\text{\j}$ e wolle make a rowe masterynge. If hit be so that  $\text{\j}$ e wolle have a fre masterynge, caste heme in a fatte besyde, and temper hit with the same lycoure in  $\text{\j}$ our lede iij. tymes or iiiij., tylle that  $\text{\j}$ our lye be stronge, and let hit pyche welle tylle hit be clere: thanne caste the lye into the lede afore the clothe, and stere hit welle togeder with a staffe; and thanne caste in thy clothe to masterynge, and handelle hyt welle with a staffe a good while or thou take hit up, and than by the grace of God  $\text{\j}$ e schalle have good redys and fyne: yf hit be so that  $\text{\j}$ e wolle have  $\text{\j}$ owe masteryng,  $\text{\j}$ e moste breke up the aschys welle with the flote afore or  $\text{\j}$ e cast in  $\text{\j}$ our clothe, and thanne handylle hit welle with a staffe abowte; and when hit is masteryd, take hit up and wasche hit clene oute of the ayschys, as  $\text{\j}$ e kanne, and so owte of boylynge, and also of the maderynge, &c.

Item, for crymsons, hit may not have halfe so meche mader as rede hathe, for hit moste be but lyttle y-maderyd, but halfe as meche as rede hathe of madyre crymson *ȝe* schalle geve, for after hit is y-maderyd, *ȝe* moste korke hit, for the korke is a settynge up, and a masterynge, for if *ȝe* wolle korky crymsons, *ȝe* moste, after *ȝe* have maderid hit, let make a new flote of clene water, and whenne hit is alle-moste at boylynge, caste in *ȝour* corke, and thenne after *ȝour* clothe, and so let hit boyle welle to-gederys a good longe whyle or *ȝe* take hit up, and so, by Godes grace, *ȝe* schalle make fayre crymsons and good.

Item, as for vyoletys withowte wode, *ȝe* moste make a kynd blake flote, for to browne heme welle therein of aldyre ryndys, and of clene water, and boyle heme welle to-gedire, and so lett hit stond *iij.* days or *iiij.*, and thanne *ȝour* flote is made fore *ȝour* sangweyns, and also for *ȝour* viollettes, and *ȝour* viollettes saddere thanne *ȝour* morreys: and thanne *ȝe* moste make *ȝour* flote fore *ȝour* maderyng for *ȝour* violettes, and *ȝour* morreys; and to a dosyne of violettes *vij.* pownd of madyre, and to a dosyn off morreys *vij.* li., and loke *ȝe* madere heme as *ȝe* do *ȝour* redys, and in lyke wyse madere hem, and mastry heme, and thenne wesch heme oute clene thereof, and so *ȝour* colouris beth y-made everyche in her perty, as they schold be one warantyse.

Item, yf þe wolle make crymsons withowte corke in clothe or wolle, þe moste browne heme in blake flote afore the sadnese of 1 d. ob. in the same blake flote, and after that þe have browned hem so aftere the valour, þe moste a lytill wode hit opone in the sprynge of the fatte, and thanne þe moste a lytelle mader hit uppone, and thanne þour crymsons beth y-made in warantyse withowte fayle.

Item, yf þe wolle make þour lystes blewe with-owte wode, þe moste a lytelle browne hit afore owte of the whytte, that the whitte be turned fro knowlyche, and woolle the same; thanne þe moste wasche hit owte clene thereoff, and þe moste korke hyt welle, and that hit have korke y-noȝe; and whanne þe have korkyd hyt, þe moste wasche hit clene, and thanne þe schalle have a fayre blewe withowte fayle, &c.

FINIS.

## NOTES.

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*Page 3, l. 14.* *Let be thy care.* The phrase *let be* has been thought by Steevens worthy of a long note. It is of constant occurrence in early English. So in the romance of the *Sowdane of Babyloyne*, Middlehill MS.,—

Speke we now of sir Laban,  
And *let* Charles and Gy *be*.

*Page 4, l. 8.* *The dore of whallus bone.* The ivory which was made of the teeth of the walrus, is constantly alluded to as *whale's bone*, and instances of the phrase are all but innumerable. It seems also that ivory was so called long after that made from elephant's teeth was in common use. "As white as whale's bone" was the usual simile. "His wyfe as white as whales bone", *Syr Isenbras*. "A mayden as white as whales bone", *Syr Eglamoure*. "Her skin was white as whales bone or milk," Hawes' *Pastime of Pleasure*. In Skelton's *Garlande of Laurell*, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 380, is a passage which may be compared with that in the text:—

With turkis and grossolitis empavyd was the grounde;  
Of birall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde;  
Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,  
Enlosenged with many goodly platis  
Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone;  
An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,  
One of jasper, another of whalis bone.

It will be observed, that elephant's teeth, as well as whales' bone, are mentioned in the above extract.

*Page 4, l. 20. Noneste.* This is a form of *nonce*.

*Page 6, l. 17. Heire.* An early provincial form of *year*. The manuscript possesses several of these uncouth forms, the explanations of which will be readily gathered from the context.

*Page 8, l. 8. Glowys.* That is, gloves. Shortly afterwards we have *cayey* for *coy*, a very corrupt form of the word.

*Page 9. Word for world.* Common in this manuscript.

*Page 10, l. 16. Cours.* That is, curse.

*Page 12.* The reader is referred, for information respecting the subject of the poem here printed, to the learned observations of Mr. Wright in his edition of *Walter Mapes*, pp. 95, 322. The present appears to be a closer version of the Latin of Mapes than those which are printed by Mr. Wright, with introductory and concluding stanzas not elsewhere found. It is also curious as attributing the vision to be that of a French hermit, who "be name was cleyppyd Philberte", a statement which has only hitherto been discovered in a MS. at Vienna, in which there is a copy of the Latin poem, with eight lines prefixed that contain the same account. He is there likewise described as a king's son, *filius regalis*. The lines themselves are printed in Mr. Wright's *Mapes*, p. 95.

*Page 16, l. 10. Thy hale is now of viij. feet. Hale,* that is, hall. The Latin is merely,—*vix nunc tuus tumulus septem capit pedes.* Mr. Wright quotes a parallel passage from the Saxon Chronicle. See *Mapes*, p. 96, and the well known passage in *Henry IV*, beginning,— "When that this body did contain a spirit."

*Page 26, l. 21. Abbey is torned to a grange.* To bring an

abbey to a grange, a common old proverb. So in Skelton's *Colyn Cloute*,—

Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,  
Turne monasteris into water-milles,  
Of an abbay ye make a graunge.

*Page 32, l. 23. To.* That is, two. *Duo dæmones*, Lat.

*Page 36, l. 10. I was a kyngis sone.* This refers, of course, to Philibert, and the whole of this addition is probably translated from some Latin original not now known to be in existence.

*Page 39.* The poem here printed, of "Earth upon Earth", is the most complete copy known to exist. Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853; and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral. Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches.

*Page 43. Bi a forrest.* Another copy of this poem is preserved in MS. Bibl. Publ. Cantab. Ff. v. 48. The present is the most complete version.

*Page 44, l. 3. Rochis* in MS. Raches were scenting hounds, and are frequently mentioned, e.g., in *Arthour and Merlin*, p. 172:—

Thre grehoundes he ledde on hond,  
And thre raches in on bond.

— *l. 8. I loke alone.* This line is as follows in the Cambridge MS.—"I loke asyde, I lurke fulle lowe".

— *l. 10. So howe! so howe!* This was the hunting cry used when the hare was pursued. It is again mentioned in a somewhat similar poem on the hare printed in Turberville's *Boke of Hunting*, where the animal thus complains:—

But I, poore beast, whose feeding is not seene,  
 Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleasant plant:  
 Who stroy no fruite, who can turne up no greene,  
 Who spoyle no corne, to make the plowman want:  
 Am yet pursued with hound, horse, might and maine  
 By murdring men, untill they have me slaine.

‘ Sa haw’ sayth one, as soone as he me spies ;  
 Another cryes, ‘ Now, Now,’ that sees me start ;  
 The hounds call on, with hydeous noyse and cryes ;  
 The spurgalde jade must gallop out his part :  
 The horne is blowen, and many a voyce full shryll  
 Do whoupe and cry, me wretched beast to kyll.

*Page 44, l. 25. Soule. “ Mawe”, MS. Cantab.*

*Page 45, l. 11. And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret. “ And as a swyne thei wil me bete”, MS. Cantab. The Cambridge MS. thus concludes :—*

Go bet, Wat, with Crystes curse !  
 The next tyme thou shal be take ;  
 I have a hare-pype in my purse,  
 That shall be set, Watte, for thi sake.  
 The next tyme thou comes therin,  
 Be my trowthe I the behete,  
 Tho thou thorowe the hege ren,  
 Thou shal be hongut be the throte !  
 Thus I droupe, I drede my deth :  
 Alas ! I dye long or my day ;  
 For welle and woo away it gothe,  
 And this word hit wendes away.

*Page 46, l. 13. Eyselle and galle. Eysell and gall are frequently mentioned together, especially in connexion with the well known passage in the Gospels. “ Venegre*

or eyselle" is noticed in a receipt at page 81. It is made synonymous with alegar, or vinegar made from ale, in the *Forme of Cury*, p. 56; but vinegar of any description appears to have passed under the name of eysell or aysell.

*Page 48, l. 1. Nette.* That is, neat cattle.

*Page 67, l. 4. Spryngys.* Springs here seem to mean slips. They are, properly, the first shoots of a plant. "Springe or ympe that commeth out of the rote", Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552.

L A T I N   T H E M E S.



LATIN THEMES  
OF  
MARY STUART,  
QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PUBLISHED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT  
IN HER OWN HANDWRITING, NOW PRESERVED IN THE  
IMPERIAL LIBRARY, PARIS.

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EDITED BY  
ANATOLE DE MONTAIGLON,  
LATE FELLOW OF THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL OF CHARTERS, PARIS, AND  
RESIDENT MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF  
ANTIQUARIES OF FRANCE.

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## PREFACE.

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FEW personages in modern history have received more notice, have been invested with a greater attraction, or have been spoken of with more indulgent friendship or more partial hostility, than the queen of France and Scotland, the fair and unhappy Mary Stuart. The books relating specially to her have become numerous enough to form, if collected, a rather considerable library, and now, within the last few years, (I speak of France only), the publication of documents by Prince Labanoff, the Latin thesis for the grade of doctor by M. Cheruel, who, we are informed, will soon resume more at large and in French the same subject, the informant rather historical romance of M. Dargaud, and the excellent history by M. Mignet, are proofs that the interest of the subject is not exhausted, and that it is always possible to awaken curiosity

and sympathy by recalling to our memory one who, by her death at least, seems sanctified as a martyr, and of whom we may still say that in most hearts—

“ The memory is green.”

But we leave this as without our scope; for our far more modest aim in this publication is not to renew and judge the inquiry, but only to print for the first time the contents of a small manuscript in the handwriting of the young Mary, the oldest, probably, of her productions which can be produced, and which will be a quite new, although but a small, stone added to the monument raised to her by posterity. Rather unimportant in the historical point of view, it is so singular an instance and so true a pearl in curiosity, that England, since she may not have the original, may perhaps be glad to receive an accurate copy of it, which being, from the limited number of the impression, conveniently reserved to the hands of some fit judges and friends, it may be said, will not go down in the open area and meet the great common light too strong for its harmless ingenuity. It is a delicate and superfluous ornament,

*“the very button of the cap,”* but good only to be put into learned hands, habitually conversant with rare books. Those only may hold it with the pious and interested lightness in the grasp, that will not crush it, as too stern a hand might do. It is not to be discussed, nor even used; it is only a very curious and particular memorial, and the memorials of long deceased persons, which are in appearance trifling, are often the more dear and characteristic.

This little book has remained long undisturbed, and the more effectually was it hidden, from the circumstance of its being wrongly described in the very well known catalogue of one of the most important libraries in the world. For, in the printed catalogue of Latin manuscripts in the Royal, now Imperial, Library of Paris, it was thus entered: “*viii MDCLX. Codex chartaceus, olim Joannis Balesdens. Ibi continentur Mariæ Stuartæ, Scotorum reginæ et Galliæ delphinæ, epistolæ variæ, Latine et Gallice. Is codex decimo sexto sæculo exaratus videtur.*” Not only is the last appreciation unnecessarily indefinite,—for the precise year is, as it will be said. written in

the manuscript,—but the whole article is a blunder. The book has consequently been asked for many times, as seeming to contain real letters, that is to say, historical documents; but, as this was not the case, it was laid aside as useless.

Recently, however, a French scholar, M. Ludovic Lalanne, well known by his historical publications, happening to see this manuscript, examined it more closely, and came to the curious conclusion that it was neither a correspondence, nor a collection or transcripts of real letters, but that it was what French schoolboys call a *cahier de corrigés*, the autograph transcript by Mary Stuart of the Latin, into which she had translated French letters given to her as themes. Under these circumstances the interest of the manuscript was very different from that which it had been supposed to possess, not so great perhaps, but still so curious, that M. Lalanne inserted a description of it, with some well selected extracts naturally taken from the French part, in the weekly Parisian paper, called *l'Atheneum Français*,\* of which he is the director, and to the

\* 1853, 33rd number, Samedi 13th August, pp. 775-7.

readers of which the notice of this little discovery was particularly acceptable. Thus M. Lalanne, who ascertained first the true character of the volume, may be said to have discovered it. I owe to him the knowledge of the book, and I am pleased to have the opportunity of fully expressing all my obligation to his clever article on the subject, without which the present publication would never have seen the light.

The manuscript, written on strong paper, is an 18mo., rather square, measuring 0 095 millimeters in width, by 0.139 in height, and consists of 86 folios, numbered by a later hand.

Its present binding, dating only from the end of the seventeenth century, is plain red morocco ; the back is ornamented with *fleurs-de-lys*, and the sides with the arms of France. The edges are gilt, and we will remark that, in gilding the edges, the binder has been careful with them ; for it is usual to see the letters closely written at the end of lines to get in an entire word, and the last letters are in no instance cut. It is thus certain that the volume has retained its original shape. On its *garde* is the present number 8660, and, on the

first leaf numbered, the older number 6641<sup>2</sup>. Underneath the latter are these contemporaneous lines: “*Maria D. G. Scotor. Reg. Galliæ vero Delphina,*” thus evidently written after Mary’s wedding with Francis, the first son of Henry II, which took place on the 24th of April, 1558, when she was sixteen years of age, and before the accession of her husband to the French throne, which occurred on the 10th of July, 1559; for it was only during that time she could be called *dauphine* of France. Under it is the signature of Ballesdens, which may be seen in the fac-simile, and concerning whom it is here necessary to say a few words, in order to show by whose worthy hands the manuscript was preserved.

Jean Ballesdens was born in Paris at the end of the sixteenth century; he was advocate at the Parliament and Council, and private secretary to the chancellor Pierre Séguier, who was much attached to him, and presented him for election to the Académie Française, of which he was the protector. At a first candidature, Ballesdens, being in competition with the great dramatist, Pierre Corneille, was so just and respectful to the genius

of his rival as to decline all pretensions against him. This becoming and honourable modesty served Ballesdens ; for he was the next elected in 1648, in the place of the poet Claude de Malleville, one of the first founders of this literary society. Although Ballesdens held frequent intercourse with all the learned men and authors in his country, he wrote little himself, but, as a true collector of books and manuscripts—for so he was, and many are known signed by him—was rather an editor of the works of others, among which we may quote the *Elogia Clarorum Virorum* by Papyrius Masson ; the theological works of *Gregorius Turonensis* ; the deeds relating to the acquisition of the Dauphiné by the crown of France ; many works by Savonarola ; and the Epistles of St. Catharine of Sienna. He died on the 27th of October, 1675.

As already stated, the manuscript contains the French theme and the Latin translation. The Latin, of which the titles are written in capitals with abbreviations reproduced in this edition,\* is all by

\* It is almost unnecessary to say that the letters S. P. D., frequently used in these directions, are for the words *salutem plurimam dicit*.

the hand of Mary, not transcribed at once, but written severally and probably day by day. The writing, the pen, the ink, are different, although by the same hand, neat and clever, quite Italian in form, and indisputable, as it will be seen by comparison with the numerous fac-similes of her later handwriting. But it is quite different with the French. It is evident that the book was blank when given to Mary, who was to transcribe her themes on the recto of each leaf, but who sometimes was so inattentive as to write on the verso. When the book was nearly full, the French themes were collected and written in their fit places by one hand, and perhaps at once; for the handwriting is identical in all places, and it is evidently that of a manual copyist; and, as some themes were lost, the leaf waiting them was left blank. This, as well as the character of the letters, though still gothic in their form and very bold, prevents the supposition that the French is a version by her fellow-scholar Elizabeth, from the Latin letters directed to her by Mary; some slight differences furnish also another proof that this French is in fact the original theme, and not a

version from the Latin. It is also improbable that we have there the hand of the preceptor ; for the reader will soon discover some blunders which show evidently the hand of a mere amanuensis.

It would be curious to ascertain the name of this preceptor ; Brantôme does not inform us of it in his article on Mary, but M. Lalanne has judiciously suggested that it is probably indicated in Brantôme's article on Elizabeth ; she, at least during one year, having had the same preceptor as Mary, as in one of these letters written by him he addresses himself to the two princesses.\* The name of her preceptor, therefore, would give the name of the preceptor of Mary. These are the words of Brantôme, speaking of Elizabeth : “ Elle avoit beau sçavoir, comme la royne sa mère l'avoit faict bien estudier par M. de Saint Estienne, un précepteur qu'elle a toujours aimé et respecté jusqu'à sa mort.” Some words of the Spanish historian of Mary agree entirely with this hypothesis : “ Entregandolo a Catalina de Medicis, reyno de Francia, la fue errando con el mesmo amor que si fuera su madre.”† Yet this can only be given as a

\* See letter *XLV* and also letter *XXII*.

† Antonio di Herrera, *Historia de lo Sucedido en Esco-*

supposition, with the possibility of its being authenticated or destroyed by the discovery of further facts. And it is very possible that the preceptor of Mary came with her from England, when we bear in mind that this form of letters was used and perhaps traditional in England for the institution of royal pupils; for the very curious book of Latin letters and exercises of Edward VI, when prince, preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, No. 5087 (*Catalogue*, vol. iii, p. 1245), is in all respects a companion to Mary's themes.

As to the turn and form of this education, it was naturally, in accordance with the character of the time, rather profane than sacred. The first letter is an invocation to the sacred muses, and the gods are as frequently cited as God. All the examples are taken from antiquity; Plato, Cicero, and, above all, Plutarch, are the authors most frequently quoted. One modern author appears, however, but one who had so much of an ancient in his spirit, that the rule is confirmed rather than broken by the introduction of Erasmus, of whom are cited

cia e Inglaterra, en quarenta y quatro años que vivio Maria Estuarda, reyna di Escocia. Lisboa, 1590, in 8vo. p. 35 verso.

three dialogues: that named *Diliculum* (letter xix); that (letter xxii) of the abbot and learned woman Magdalia (*Abbatis et eruditæ*), of which there was then a well known and elegant translation in French verses by the amiable poet Clement Marot, and published about this time; and the dialogue of Philodoxus with Simbulus (letter xxxiv); and it is to be inferred from these quotations that the whole book of the *Colloquia* was read by the royal girls.

Generally the letters are on separate subjects, but in one instance they form a series. It had been said by one of the court, probably before the royal girls, and by allusion, perhaps, to the turn of their education, that women had nothing to do with learning; and, by way of justification for himself and encouragement to his pupils, the preceptor fills fifteen letters (xxvi—xl) with the names of learned girls and women. His learning was easy; numerous were the books on illustrious women, and perhaps he did not even seek so far. In one place (letter xxxv) he speaks of a certain Cassandra Fidelis as praised by Politianus in some one of his Epistles, and when we refer to

them, this letter of Politianus, the thirteenth in the third book, is found to be on the subject of learned women, and with the commentary of Franciscus Silvius in the Parisian edition of 1523, in 4to., it contains almost all the names used by the preceptor.

But with these subjects, which are little more than commonplaces, these themes would have no more to recommend them to curiosity than the themes of the duke of Burgundy,—with this difference still, that M. de St. Etienne or Mary's preceptor, whoever he was, is not a stylist like Fénélon. Happily, and this does honour to the understanding of the former, he has given interest to his themes, and that for us as well as for his pupils, in making them real letters to living and neighbouring persons; they have thus in them something of the life of the times.

The letters are in number LXIV; two only, XLI and XLIV, are directed by the preceptor to Mary; but the ordinary correspondent of Mary is her fellow-student Elizabeth, daughter to King Henry II, who was to be married to the melancholy Spanish king, Philip the Second, and in 1554 was

nine years of age, having been born in 1545. Twice only Mary directs letters (ix, xi) to Claudia, another daughter of the French king, but younger, being born in November 1547, who married in 1559 the duke of Lorraine, Charles the Third, and to whom certainly relates the childish allusion in letter xxii.

By the direction of the tenth letter we learn the name of another fellow-student of Mary, whose presence is even more curious, from the circumstance that this other fellow-student is not a girl but a boy. Unhappily the Latin form involves the name in a doubt, only to be removed by chance. I confess I cannot guess what may be in French the name *Quarlocius*; is it not possible that he was, perhaps, the son of some great Scotch nobleman, who came into France with his young queen? I leave the question, however, to the learning of the Scottish antiquaries.

The other correspondents of Mary were her uncle the famous duke of Guise (letters xxiii, xxiv), and the French dauphin, who was soon to be her husband. One, the xviiith, is directed to a man whose name it is singular to see in this place,

to the great reformator Calvin. The letter is of 1554, and it is curious to remark that a Latin edition of his book *l'Institution Chrétienne* was published by Robert Etienne in 1553: as is well known, one part of it is occupied with the negation of purgatory, and the letter is precisely on this point. Was the letter ever sent? It is rather improbable. The others—I speak not of those to Elizabeth, which were to be versions to her—being directed to friends and relatives, who were curious and proud to see the progress of Mary's learning, were certainly sent. But the letter to Calvin stands in a different light. The fact of a letter to him from such a princess—her youth also would have shown it was dictated to her and consequently avowed—would have been too important to be easily admitted. It is, I think, necessary to reduce the question to lesser proportions, and suppose that, the book of Calvin and his opinion on purgatory having been spoken of before the young queen, the preceptor thought good to introduce them in his next lesson to his pupil. However, and whatever may be the case, it is curious to see this childish letter to Calvin, and to think how

the same girl, when a queen, subsequently suffered from the wrath and fury of Calvin's disciple, John Knox.

Some names of places are written at the end of some letters, generally in the French part, and interesting, because we see by them the town or castle where the court was, and Mary with it. The names which occur under these circumstances are those of Rheims, I—IV; Compiegne, V—VIII, XI—XIII, XV, XVII, XVIII, XX; Villers Cotterets, XXV—VI; Paris, XXXVI, XXXVIII; Saint Germain, XLI, XLII, XLVI—VIII, LIII, LVI—LX.

For the dates, however scarce, they are not only curious but important, since they tell us the age of the young Mary when she was put to this discipline and occupied with these exercises. From them it may be ascertained that this occupation existed between the 26th July and the 9th January following (letters V and LXI), that is to say, during seven months of the life of Mary, of which these faded pages are the only memorial. For the year, nothing would have indicated it, if it were not positively written in four letters; for we find these dates, “25 *d'aoust* 1554,” “12 *d'oc-*

*tobre 1554*,” “*dernier jour de cest an 1554*,” “*5 janvier 1554*,” affixed to the letters XXII, XXXVI, LVII, LVIII. A remark is here necessary. The date of the 5th January 1554, which would be 1555 according to the new style, is, as it was to be expected, written according to the old style, in which the year began on the 25th of March.

But Mary, although continuing to write 1554 after a letter dated 26th December and another dated the day of St. John the Evangelist after Christmas, that is to say, the 27th December,—writes in the letters immediately following : *the last day of this year 1554*, using thus at the same time the two manners of ending the year. It is only a new proof, that if the ordonnance which in France made the year begin with January was rendered only by Charles the Ninth, in 1563, the use, thus made official and legal, was in fact already established. An observation curious to make, before leaving this date of 1554, is, that the same year is inscribed by Mary in her prayer-book, preserved at St. Petersburg, and described by Prince Labanoff in the last volume of his edition of the letters of Mary. On one leaf of it may be read, in her

handwriting these words: “ Ce livre est à moi. Marie, Royne. 1554.”

One word more, and I will close this already too long an introduction. Much has been said on the early learning of Mary. The great credit she has received on this account will be perhaps a little destroyed by this publication; for the reader will see her knowledge of the Latin to be not very sound nor firm, and some blunders are of such a nature as to render us somewhat incredulous as to her own knowledge at this period of life. The admiration, inspired by the praise bestowed by Brantôme on the famous Latin speech delivered in the French court, will be somewhat impaired by the thought that it was a little after our themes, which perhaps were given to her as a first preparation towards this subject, and show us that she was certainly not unaided in the composition of her speech. However, the words of Brantôme, in his life of Mary, are worthy of being quoted here, because they relate to the same period and the same nature of ideas :

“ Pour la beauté de l’ame, elle estoit toute pa-reille; car elle s’estoit faicte fort sçavante en

Latin : estant en l'age de treize à quatorze ans, elle déclama devant le roy Henry, la reyne, et toute la cour, publiquement en la salle du Louvre, une oraison en latin qu'elle avoit faicte, soubtenant et deffendant, contre l'opinion commune, qu'il estoit bien séant aux femmes de sçavoir les lettres et arts libéraux. Songez quelle rare chose c'estoit et admirable de voir ceste sçavante et belle reine ainsy orer en latin, qu'elle entendoit et parloit fort bien ; car je l'ay veue là : et fut heureux de faire faire à Antoine Fochain de Chauny en Vermandois, et l'adresser à ladicte reyne, une rhétorique en françois, afin qu'elle l'entendist mieux, et se fist plus éloquente en françois, comme elle l'a esté, et mieux que si dans la France mesme elle avoit pris naissance."

This indication of a French treatise on rhetoric made for Mary was too curious to be overlooked, because some new facts were to be hoped in it ; and we were not deceived in our expectations, since the book gives a more precise date to the delivering of the speech. For the dedication of the book\* to Mary by Antoine Fouquelin, of Chauny

\* Paris, André Wechel, 1555 and 1557, in 8vo.

in Vermandois, being dated: “*Paris, ce douziesme du mois de May 1555,*” shows us that the delivery of the speech was made at the beginning of 1555, immediately perhaps after the cessation of the themes, which were probably given to her as a preparation to it, and this is rendered nearly certain by the circumstance, that most of these letters are on the same subject as the speech, that is on the conveniency of learning for the female sex. The words of Fouquelin are less known but more curious than those of Brantôme, and they therefore deserve to be quoted:

“ En quoy, Madame, tout ce que j'en puis avouer mien, vous avez esté la première à qui je l'ay estimé devoir estre voué et dédié, comme à une princesse née, et, selon la commune opinion, divinement prédestinée, non seulement pour l'amplification et avancement de notre langue, mais aussi pour l'illustration et honneur de toute science. De quoy vous me semblâtes donner un certain présage, alors qu'en la présence du Roy, accompagné de la pluspart des seigneurs de la cour, vous soutenés par une oraison bien latine, et défendiés contre la commune opinion, qu'il estoit

bien séant aux femmes de sçavoir les lettres et ars libéraux. Au quel endroit je diroys en quelle admiration d'un chacun vous auriés esté ouye, et quelle espérance auroit esté conçue de vous par toute cette noble compagnie, si je le pouvois dire sans soubçon de flatterie. Ce que j'aime mieux estre tellement quellement exprimé par ce vers d'Ovide, parlant de Germanicus Cæsar, petit fils d'Auguste, élég. 5 du 2 de Pont.

“ Quant ta bouche céleste eut ouvert ton soucy,  
L'on eut dit que les dieux souloient parler ainsi,  
Et que d'un prince estoit digne telle excellance,  
Tant avoit de douceur ta divine éloquence.”

Que pleut à votre Majesté que j'eusse pu finer de cette tant élégante oraison, ou plutôt de la Françoysse traduction qu'il vous en pleut faire quelque tems après ; il ne m'eust esté besoin chercher si loing des exemples, etc.”

By this it will be seen that this speech was then preserved in two forms, in Latin and in French, and I suppose the last to have been less a translation by Mary, than the original given to her by her preceptor to be by her put in Latin. Perhaps it exists, and owes to its commonplace

character the fate of having remained unnoticed to this day. With the indication of Fouquelin it will be now easily recognised when met with ; but, as its discovery may be only accidental, I am satisfied to leave the honour of it to more fortunate inquirers.

Paris, 31st May, 1855.





MA. SC. REGINA CLAUDIA  
Q VARIO COIO CODICIPU  
S. P. D.

1. Legebam heri apud Esopum fabulam
2. ~~pax~~ pauperem populum est. leo rugi-
3. mihi lego ab hinc duobus diebus ~~et~~ dialogū
4. Carneades dicebat, spectatissime annunc
5. idem petit iterum diu nos dices. Quādūz
6. institutum. Vale. izy. Septembris.
7. saepes scripsit Marcellæ Romane propter
8. ficiis Rijz. meruit immortale
9. apud fl. Germannum <sup>die ultimo anni 1554</sup>
10. cter egnū quin non sit preeditus aliqua virtute.

Di' Compienn' z.s. l'Aoūt. 1554.

D'acquair de la Dordain'. A' st German  
dimier jour de n'f' 1554.

Bart. plena

## THE FACSIMILE

Represents, first, the title of the theme addressed to Claudius Quarlocojus, p. 13 of the present edition, with ten examples of Mary's handwriting taken from different themes, namely :—

1.	From theme	vi,	page	7.
2.	„	xvi,	„	21.
3.	„	xix,	„	23.
4.	„	xxiii,	„	29.
5.	„	xxiv,	„	31.
6.	„	xxix,	„	39.
7.	„	xxxviii,	„	49.
8.	„	xxxix,	„	51.
9.	„	lvii,	„	71.
10.	„	lxii,	„	77.

Two dates from the French text, being the conclusions of

Theme xxii, page 28, and  
„ lvii, „ 70.

And, lastly, the signature of J. Ballesdens.



MARIA D. G. SCOTORUM REGINA,  
GALLIÆ VERO  
DELPHINA.

I.

Puis que les Muses (comme toutes autres choses) prennent leur commencement de Dieu : il est raisonnable, que pour bien faire l'œuvre que je commence, mon entrée soit de par lui, et que du tout mon entendement implore son aide et sa grace très saincte. A Reims.

II.

Ce n'est pas assés au commencement de tes estudes, ma seur très aimée, de demander l'aide de Dieu : mais il veut que de toutes tes forces tu travailles. Car, ma mie, les anciains ont dit que les Dieus ne donnent leurs biens aus oisifs, mais les vendent par les labeurs. Adieu, et m'aime autant que je t'aime. A Reims.

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I.

Q<sup>U</sup>UM musæ (ut cætera omnia) principium a Deo accipiunt, æquum est, ut bene faciam in ea re quam aggredior, meus primus aditus sit per eum, meusque animus imploret auxilium et gratiam Domini sanctissimam.

II.

MARIA SCOTORUM REGINA ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

NON est satis in principio tuorum studiorum a Deo petere auxilium. Sed ipse vult ut totis viribus labores. Nam, amica summa mea et soror, antiqui dixerunt Deos non dare bona sua otiosis, sed ea vendere laboribus. Bene vale, et me, ut amo te, ama.

## III.

JE vous ecrivoi hier (ma seur) que vertu vient de l'estude des bonnes lettres, et pour ce a nous princesses sont-elles plus necessaires qu'aux autres. Car tout ainsi qu'un prince surmonte ses subiects en richesses, en puissance, en autorité et commandement: ainsi doit estre entre tous le plus grand en prudence, en conseil, en bonté, en grace, et toute sorte de vertu. Par quoi les Egyptiains ont paint un œil au sceptre des rois, et disoient que nulle vertu n'est mieus seante à un prince que prudence. A Reims.

## IV.

PURS doncques qu'un prince doit surmonter ses subiects non en voluptés et delices, mais en sens, en temperance, et en prudence: et que son devoir et office est de preposer les utilités dela Republique aux siennes; il faut, ma seur, que mettions peine d'estre bien sages. Et que ne laissions aller un seul jour sans apprendre quelque chose. A l'exemple d'Appelles peintre, qui en son art a esté de si grande diligence, qui ne laissoit passer un jour seul, au quel de son pinceau ne tirast quelque ligne. Adieu, et m'aime toujours bien. A Reims.

## III.

MARIA REGINA SCOTORUM ELIZABETÆ SORORI OPTIME S. P. D.

SCRIBEBAH heri, dilectissima soror, quod virtus venit de studio bonarum literarum. Quare eædem sunt magis necessariæ nobis principibus quàm privatis. Nam ut princeps subditis suis vult antecellere divitijs, potestate, autoritate, et imperio: sic debet inter omnes excellere prudentia, consilio, bonitate, gratia, et omni genere virtutis. Qua de re hieroglyphica Ægyptiorum notaverunt oculum in sceptro regum, dicebant enim nullam virtutem magis principem decere quàm prudentiam.

## IV.

M. R. SCOTORUM ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM igitur princeps debet antecellere privatis non voluptatibus delicijsve, sed sensu, temperantia, et prudentia: et suum officium anteponere utilitatis reip. suis: opus est (soror omnium charissima) nos dare operam ut sapiamus, exemplo Appellis pictoris, qui tanta fuit in arte sua diligentia ut nullus præteriret dies in quo non ipse lineam aliquam penicillo duxisset. Vale, et me ama ut soles.

## V.

JE ne me puis assez ebahi de quoi sur les fautes d'autrui nous sommes plus clairs voians qu'Argus, qui avoit cent yeus. Mais pour voir et corriger les notres, nous sommes plus aveugles que la taupe. C'est de quoi se mocque Æsope, qui dit qu'en la besace de devant nous portons les vices d'autrui, et en celle qui pend derriere nous mettons les notres. Ne faisons ainsi, ma seur, car celui qui veut parler d'autrui doit estre sans culpe. De Compienne ce 26. Juillet.

## VI.

HIER je lisoi une fable en Æsope autant profitable que plaisante. La formis en temps d'hyver faisoit bonne chere du blé qu'elle avoit amassé en esté, quand la cicade aiant grand fain vint à elle, pour lui demander à manger. Mais la formis lui dit, Que faisois-tu en esté ? Je chantoï, dit-elle. Si tu chantois en esté, repondit la formis, saulte maintenant en hyver. La fable signifie, ma seur, que pendant que sommes jeunes devons mettre peine d'apprendre des lettres et vertus

V.

M. SCOTORUM REGINA EL. S. P. D.

Non possum satis mirari quod simus oculatores in errores alienos quam Argus, qui habebat centum oculos: sed ut videamus et emendemus nostros, sumus cæciores talpa. Qua de re Æsopus ridebat, et dicebat nos ferre aliena vitia in mantica quæ dependet ad pectus, et in alia quæ ad tergum ponimus nostra. Ne ita faciamus, soror dilectissima, nam qui de alijs vult loqui, debet esse sine culpa. Vale.

VI.

MA. SCOTORUM REGINA ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

LEGBAM heri apud Æsopum fabulam non minus  
utilem quam urbanam. Formica hyeme laute vivebat  
tritico quod collegerat æstate, quando cicada laborans  
fame venit ad illam, et petebat cibum. Sed formica  
dicit, Quid faciebas æstate? Cantabam, dixt. (sic).  
Si tu canebas æstate, hyeme salta. Fabula significat  
(suavissima soror) nos debere (dum iuvenes sumus)  
dare.

pour nous conduire en viellesse. A Dieu, et m'aime autant que tu pourras, tu pourras autant que tu voudras. A Compienne. 26. Juillet.

## VII.

J'AI entendu par notre maître, ma seur ma mignonne, que maintenant vous estudiés fort bien, de quoi je suis très joieuse, et vous prie de continuer, comme pour le plus grand bien que sauriés avoir en ce monde. Car ce que nous a donné nature est de peu de durée, et le redemandera en viellesse, ou plus tost. Ce que nous a presté fortune elle nous l'ostera aussi. Mais ce que vertu (laquelle procede des bonnes lettres) nous donne, est immortel, et le garderons a jamais. A Compienne. 25. Juillet.

## VIII.

CATON disoit, ma seur, que l'entendement d'un chacun est semblable au fer, lequel tant plus est manié, de tant plus reluyt. Mais quand on le laisse en repos il devient rouillé. Ce que tesmoigne bien Cicero au livre des

[*The end has never been written.*]

## VII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

AUDIVI a nostro praeceptore, soror integerrima, te studere optime, ex quo gaudeo, et te deprecor ut sic pergas, nam est excellentissimum bonum quod posis/*sic*) habere. Quod enim natura dedit, parum durat, et repetet in senectute vel prius. Quod mutuo dedit fortuna deponet etiam. Sed quod virtus, quæ procedit a bonarum literarum lectione, donat, est immortale et nostrum semper erit. Vale.

## VIII.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SUAVISSIMÆ SORORI S. P. D.

CATO ingenium uniuscuiusque dicebat, soror, ferro esse simile, quod usu splendescit, at in otio rubigine obducitur: id quod Cicero testatur in libro de claris oratoribus, quando dicit se singulis diebus scribere

Orateurs illustres, quand il dit que tous les jours ou il ecrivoit quelque chose, ou il declamoit en Grec, ou en Latin. Et d'avantage, croiés, ma seur, qu'oisiveté est la mère de tous vices. Par quoi il nous faut a toutes heures exercer notre esprit en erudition ou en vertu. Car l'exercer en choses vaines et mechantes, ce n'est l'exercer mais le corrompre. A Compienne 28. Juillet.

## IX.

Ce n'est pas sans cause, mes seurs très aimées, que la roine nous commandoit hier de faire ce que nous diront noz gouvernantes. Car Cicero dit, tout au commencement du second livre des Lois, que celui qui scait bien commander a autresfois obei. Et que quicunque modestement obeit est digne de commander une fois. Plutarque, auteur digne de foi, a dit que les vertus s'apprennent par preceptes aussi bien que les arts. Et use de cet argument. Les hommes apprennent a chanter, a sauter, les lettres aussi, a laborer la terre, a se tenir a cheval, a se chausser, a se vestir, a faire cuisine. Et penserons-nous que vaincre ses affections, commander en une Rep. (chose entre toutes très difficile), bien conduire une armée, mener bonne vie, penserons-

aliquid vel declamare græcè vel latinè. Præterea  
crede mihi, soror, otium esse matrem omnium vitiorum.  
Quapropter opus est omnibus horis exercere ingenium  
nostrum eruditione vel virtute, nam exercere rebus  
vanis aut flagitiosis hoc non exercere est sed corrum-  
pere. Vale. 5. Cal. Augusti.

## IX.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ ET CLAUDIÆ SORORIBUS S. D. P.

NON abs re (suavissimæ sorores) regina jubebat heri  
nobis facere id quod gubernatrices dicent. Nam Cicero  
sic ait in principio secundi libri de legibus. Ille qui  
bene scit imperare, aliquando obedivit, et qui modeste  
obedit est dignus imperare aliquando. Plutarchus autor  
locuples ait virtutes discendas esse præceptis ut aliæ  
artes, et utitur illo argumento. Homines discunt can-  
tare, saltare, literas, colere terram, equo insidere,  
calceari, vestiri, et coquere: et nos credemus vincere  
vlpuptates (*sic*), imperare reipublicæ (quæ res inter  
omnes difficilima est) ducere exercitum, instituere  
vitam, credemus, inquam, id evenire fortuito? Ne  
hoc credamus, sed discamus, obediamus hoc tempore,

nous, di-ie, que cela advienne par fortune? Ne le croions point, mais apprenons, obeissons maintenant, afin de scavoir commander, quand serons venues en age. 29 Juillet.

## x.

POUR quelques vertus, scavoir, ou autres graces que tu aies, ne t'en glorifie point, mais plus tost donnes en louange a Dieu qui seul est cause de ce bien. Ne te mocque de personne, mais pense que ce qui advient a un, il peut advenir a chacun. Et, comme ja je t'ai dit, ren graces a Dieu de quoi il t'a mis hors de tel povre sort, et prie que telle chose ne t'avienne, et aide a l'affligé si tu puis. Car si tu es misericordieus aus hommes, tu obtiendras misericorde de Dieu. Au quel je prie vouloir favoriser a toutes tes entreprisnes.  
1 jour d'Aoust.

## xi.

LE meilleur heritage qui peut estre delaissé aux enfans des bons parens, e'est la voie de vertu, et la connoissance

ut sciamus imperare cum pervenerimus ad maiorem  
ætatem. Bene valete. 3. Cal. Augosti.

## X.

MA. SC. REGINA CLAUDIO QUARLOCOIO CONDISCIPULO S. P. D.

QUIBUSCUNQUE virtutibus, sapientia, eruditione, et aliis  
gratiis prædictus sis, ne gloriare, sed potius da gloriam  
Deo qui solus caussa est tanti boni. Neminem irri-  
detu irrideto (*sic*), sed puta quod evenit uni posse  
accidere omnibus. Et, ut jam dixi tibi, age gratias  
Deo omnipotenti quod te posuerit extra sortem tam  
miseram et precare ut talis res non tibi eveniat. Sub-  
veni afflito si possis, nam si tu fueris misericors aliis,  
consequeris misericordiam adeo (*sic, pro a Deo*), quem  
deprecor ut faveat omnibus tuis cœptis. Vale.

## XI.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETE ET CLAUDIE SORORIBUS S. P. D.

OPTIMA hereditas quæ potest relinquи liberis a bonis  
parentibus est via virtutis, cognitio plurium artium,

de plusieurs arts, et sciences. Les quelles choses, selon la sentence de Ciceron, valent mieux que le plus riche patrimoine. Par quoi je ne sauroi assés louer la prudence du roy et de la royne, qu'ils veullent que notre jeune age soit imbut et de bonnes meurs et de lettres, suivant l'opinion de plusieurs sages, qui n'ont tant estimé bien n'aistre, (*sic, for* naistre), que bien estre institué. Dont, mes seurs, de notre costé, faisons nostre devoir. A Compienne. 7. jour d'Aoust.

## XII.

POUR ce que la vraie amitié, de la quelle je vous aime plus que moi-mesme, me commande que tout le bien qu'aurai jamais sera commun entre nous, ma seur, je vous vueil bien faire participante d'une belle similitude que je leu hier en Plutarque. Tout ainsi, dit-il, que qui empoisonne une fontaine publique, de laquelle chacun boit, n'est digne d'un seul supplice: ainsi est très malheureus et mechant qui gaste l'esprit d'un prince, et qui ne lui corrige ses mauvaises opinions, qui redonneront a la perte de tant de peuple. Par quoi, ma seur, il nous faut ouir et obeir a ceux qui nous remontrent. De Compienne. 8. d'Aoust.

atque scientia. Quæ res (ut sententia Cicæronis testatur) est melior omni patrimonio. Unde non possum satis laudare prudentiam regis reginæque nostræ, qui volunt hanc nostram rudem ætatem imbui bonis moribus et literis: sequuti opinionem plurimorum hominum sapientum, qui præclarius duxerunt bene institui quam bene nasci. Quare quantum ad nos attinet, fungamur nostro officio. Valete.

## XII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. D. P.

QUUM vera amicitia qua te ante me amo, soror, imperet mihi ut omne bonum quod unquam habebo sit inter nos commune, volo te facere participem pulcherrimæ similitudinis quam heri legebam apud Plutarchum. Nam, inquit ille, quemadmodum qui inficit veneno fontem publicum, de quo omnes bibunt, non est dignus solo supplicio, ita ille est infelicissimus et nocentissimus qui inficit animum principis et qui non emendat malas opiniones quæ redundant in perniciem multorum. Quare, soror, oportet nos obedire iis qui nos corripiunt.

## XIII.

C'EST pour vous inciter a lire Plutarque, ma mie, et ma bonne seur, que si souvent en mes epitres je fai mention de lui. Car c'est un philosophe digne de la leçon d'un prince. Mais oiés qu'il adioute au propos que je vous tenoi hier. Si, dit-il, celui qui gaste et contrefait la monnoie du prince est puni, combien est plus digne de supplice qui corrouit l'entendement d'icelui? Car, ma seur, quels sont les princes en la Rep., disoit Platon, tels ont accoutumé d'estre les citoitains. Et pensoit les Rep. estre bien heureuses, qui etoient gouvernées par princes, et doctes, et sages. De Compienne, 9. d'Aoust.

## XIV.

LA vraie grandeur et excellence du prince, ma très aimée seur, n'est en dignité, en or, en pourpre, en piergeries, et autres pompes de fortune: mais en prudence, en vertu, en sapience, et en scavoir. Et d'autant que le prince veut estre different a son peuple d'habit, et de façon de vivre, d'autant doit-il estre eloigné des folles opinions du vulgaire. Adieu, et m'aimés autant que vous pourrés. 10 d'Aoust.

## XIII.

M. R. S. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM tam sæpe facio mentionem Plutarchi, amica summa mea et soror, in meis epistolis, hoc facio ut ad hunc legendum te incitem. Nam est philosophus dignus lectione principis. Sed audi quomodo perficit propositum quod heri scribebam ad te: Si is qui viciat monetam principis punitur, quantopere ille est dignior supplicio qui corrumpit ingenium ejus. Profecto quales sunt principes in Rep. dicebat Plato, tales solent esse cives, et Resp. felicissimas putabat si à doctis et sapientibus principibus regerentur. Vale.

## XIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

VERA principis majestas non est in amplitudine, in dignitate, auro, purpura, gemmis et aliis pompis fortunæ: sed in prudentia, sapientia et eruditione. Verum quantopere princeps vult abesse ab habitu et victu plebeio, tantopere ille debet etiam abesse à sordidis opinionibus et stul[ti]jiis vulgi. Vale et me ama quantum poteris.

## xv.

POUR toujours, selon ma coutume, vous faire participante de mes bonnes leçons, je vous vueil bien dire comme j'apprenoi devant hier que le prince ne doit vanter les armes, et autres enseignes de noblesse qu'il a de ses parens: mais plus tost doit suivre et exprimer les vertus et bonnes meurs d'iceulx. Car, ma seur, la vraie noblesse c'est vertu. Et le second poinct que doit avoir le prince, c'est qui soit instruict de la connoissance des arts et sciences. Le tiers, et qui est le moindre, qui soit orne des peintures et armes de ses predecesseurs. Et de cettui nous sommes asses ornées. Efforceons-nous donc d'avoir le premier. Adieu. De Compienne. 13. d'Aoust.

## xvi.

JE lisoi anjourdhui, ma seur, que Platon appelloit les princes gardes de la Rep. Et dit qu'il faut qu'ils soient a leurs païs ce que les chiens sont au troppeau. Et appelle le prince cruel et tyrant, lion. Saint Paul parlant de Neron l'appelloit ainsi. Je suis, disoit-il, delivré de la bouche du lion. Le sage Salomon a

## XV.

M. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Ut semper more meo faciam te participem lectionum  
 mearum, ecce discebam nudius tertius quod princeps  
 non debet jactare stemata et imagines nobilitatis quæ  
 habet à suis parentibus, sed potius debet sequi et ex-  
 primere virtutes et bonos mores illorum. Nam vera  
 nobilitas est virtus, tum debet instructus esse princeps  
 cognitione disciplinarum, et, quod minus est, ornatus  
 picturis et stemmatibus majorum quibus, soror, satis  
 sumus ornatæ. Vale.

## XVI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

LEGEBAM hodie, soror, quod Plato appellabat prin-  
 cipes custodes Reip., dicens eos oportere patriæ esse  
 quid canes gregi. Quod si canes vertuntur in lupos,  
 quid sperandum est de grege? Tum vocat principem  
 crudelem et tyrannum, leonem. Divus Paulus loquens  
 de Nerone ita etiam appellabat. Liberatus sum, dixit,

semblablement ainsi depeint le prince tyrant, disant :  
Le prince mauvais sur son povre peuple est un lion rugissant et un ours affamé. Apprenons donc maintenant les vertus, ma seur, lesquelles nous rendront chiens fideles a nos troppeaus, et non loups, ni ours, ni lions. Mon maitre m'a dit que vous trouvés mal, je vous irai tantost voir. Ce pendant je vous di adieu.

14. d'Aoust.

XVII.

Si en notre jeune age nous apprenons les vertus, ma seur, ainsi que je vous ecrivoi hier, le peuple ne nous appellera jamais loups ni ours, ni lions, mais nous honorera, et aimera comme les enfans ont coutume aimer les peres et meres. Le propre d'un bon prince est ne blecer personne, profiter a tous, mesmement aux siens. Et que cette vois tyrannique soit loin de son entendement. Je le vueil ainsi, je le commande ainsi, et pour toute raison ma volonté soit. Car, ma seur, cette vois est vraie qui ja est allée en proverbe, ils haient quand ils craignent. A Dieu. Ce 17. d'Aoust.

A Compienne,

de ore leonis. Sapiens ille Solomon ad hunc modum depinxit tyrannum principem. Impius princeps, inquit, super pauperem populum est leo rugiens et ursus esuriens. Nunc igitur discamus, soror, virtutes omnes, quæ nos efficient canes fideles nostris gregibus, non lupos, non ursos, neque leones. Præceptor meus dixit mihi te laborare ventre, ego statim te visam. Cura interim ut bene valeas.

## XVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Si in hac nostra juventa ætate didiscerimus virtutem, ut heri dicebam, nunquam populus nos appellabit lupos, ursos, neque leones, sed nos amabit et colet ut pueri solent amare parentes. Proprium boni principis est ledere neminem, omnibus præsertim suis. Denique vox illa tyrannica absit ab animo principis,

Sic volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.

Est enim ista vox vera quæ iam abijt in proverbium, Oderint dum metuunt. Bene vale, suauissima soror.

## XVIII.

SOCRATES disoit qu'il i avoit deus voies par lesquelles les espris sortent du corps. Car ceus qui se sont gardés chastes et entiers, et qui aus corps humains ont ensuivi la vie des Dieus, ils retornent facilement a eus. Et ceus qui se sont du tout souillés de vices, ont un chemin detorné du conseil, et de la presence des Dieus. Mais les espris de ceus qui se sont quasi fais serviteurs des voluptés, et non toutesfois du tout, sont long temps a errer par la terre avant que de retorner au ciel. Tu vois donc que Socrates, Platon, et plusieurs autres philosophes ethniques, ont eu cognoissance du purgatoire que toi, doué de la loi de grace, miserableness et a ta perte tu nies. Jesuchrist le fils de Dieu te vueille rapeller, Calvin. De Compienne. 18. d'Aoust.

## XIX.

Vous ebahisses, ma seur, pour quoi je sorti hier de la chambre de la Royne, veu qu'il estoit dimenche, pour aller en mon estude. Croies que depuis deux jours je li un colloque d'Erasme qu'il appelle Diluculum, tant beau, tant joieus, et tant utile que rien plus. He

## XVIII.

M. SC. R. CALVINO S. D. P.

SOCRATES dicebat duplices esse vias quibus animi exeunt e corpore. Nam illi qui se seruarunt castos et integros et qui in corporibus humanis imitati sunt vitam deorum redeunt facile ad eos. Illi vero qui se totos contaminarunt vitiis habent viam seclusam a consilio et præsentia deorum. Sed eorum animi qui se præbuerunt quasi ministros voluptatum, et non tamen omnino, diu errant circa terram antequam redeant in cœlum. Tu vides ergo quod Socrates et Plato et plures alij philosophi ethnici habent notitiam purgatorii, quod tu misere et tuo damno negas, cum sis dotatus lege gratiæ. Christus filius Dei te auocet, Calvine, interim cura ut recte et pie sapias.

## XIX.

MA. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MIRARI, soror, cur egressa sum heri cubiculo Reginæ, quum esset dominicus dies, ut discederem in musæolum meum. Crede mihi, lego abhinc duobus diebus dialogum Erasmi, quem Diluculum appellat, certe adeo pulcherrimum, adeo lætum, et utilem ut nihil supra.

Dieu, comme il tanse ceux qui dorment si tard, et font si peu de cas de perdre le temps, qui entre toute chose est la plus precieuse. Davantage le latin i est si facile, et si elegant, qui n'est possible d'estre plus poli. Je le vous expliquerai aujourd'hui si j'ai loisir. Adieu. Ce 20. d'Aoust.

## xx.

PLUTARQUE dit que la colere et la mauvaitié est plus dangereuse en un prince qu'en une personne privee: d'autant que le prince a puissance de beaucoup offendre et l'autre non. Et pour ce a bon droict requiert il doctrine et prudence en un prince. Car comme disoit Bias, l'un des sept sages de Grece, l'œuvre du sage est (combien qui soit offendé) de ne nuire a personne, encores qu'il en ait la puissance. En quoi il ensuit la bonte de Dieu, lequel ne fait rien si souvent ni si volontiers que de pardonner. A Compienne, 23. d'Aoust.

Proh Juppiter, ut animadvertisit in eos qui dormiunt in tantam lucem, non curantes perdere tempus quod in re præciosissima præciosissimum est. Præterea sermo latinus adeo purus, et elegans est, ut politior esse non possit. Explicabo tibi hodie si licuerit per otium. Vale. 20. Aug.

## XX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PLUTARCUS dicit iram et malitiam esse in principe periculosiorem, quam in priuatis. Nam princeps potest plurimum offendere, alter vero minime. Quapropter requirit doctrinam et prudentiam in principe. Nam quomodo dicebat Bias, unus septem sapientum Græciæ, opus sapientis est (quamuis offensus sit) nocere nemini etiam si possit. Qua in re sequitur bonitatem Dei qui nihil sæpius facit, nec libertius quam parcere. Bene vale.

## xxi.

JE croi, ma seur, le dict de Magdalia, que lisions hier en Erasme, estre très véritable, a scavoir, nul ne pouvoit vivre suavement, si ne vit bien. Aussi mettoit Bias le souverain bien en la vertu de l'esprit, et la plus g[r]ande misere en vice et en la malice des hommes. Car, comme dit Cicero au livre de viellesse, la souvenance de plusieurs beaus actes est très plaisante ; et au contraire, comme tesmoigne le sage en ses proverbes, crainte est touiours avec ceus qui font mal. Et Plaute dit que rien n'est si miserable que l'esprit qui se sent coupable de quelque mal faict. Pour ce, ma seur, sur toute chose estudions a Vertu. 24. d'Aoust.

## xxii.

QUAND hier au soir mon maître vous prioit de reprendre votre seur, de quoi elle vouloit boire se voulant mettre au lict: vous lui repondistes que vous mesme voulies boire aussi. Voiés donc, ma seur, quelles nous devons estre qui sommes l'exemple du peuple. Et comme oserons-nous reprendre les autres, si nous mesme ne sommes sans faute? Il faut qu'un

## XXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CREDO ego, soror suavissima, sententiam Magdaliæ quam legebamus heri apud Erasmus esse verissimam, neminem posse viuere suauiter nisi bene viuat. Quare Bias ponebat summum bonum in solo animi virtute aet maiorem et miseriam (*sic*) in vitiis et malitia hominis. Nam, ut Cicero ait in libro de senectute, multorum actorum recordatio jucundissima est, contra, ut sapiens testatur in prouerbiis, Pauor est iis qui operantur malum. Et Plautus dicit nihil esse miserius quam animus sibi conscientius. Quæ cum ita sint, soror, studeamus virtuti. Vale.

## XXII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM heri sero meus præceptor te deprecabatur ut reprehenderes sororem tuam quod vellet bibere volens discedere cubitum, respondisti te non audere, quia ipsa volebas potare. Vide ergo, soror, quales nos debemus esse quæ sumus exemplum populo quomodo igitur audebimus alios emendare nisi sine errore fuerimus. Oportet bonum principem vivere ad hunc

bon prince vive de sorte que les plus grands et les plus petis prennent exemple de ses vertus. Qui face qu'en sa maison il ne puisse estre reprins de personne. Et que dehors ne soit veu que faisant, ou pensant chose pour l'utilité publique. Et doit avoir grand cure que sa parole ne sente rien que vertu. Soions donc du tout adonnées aus bonnes lettres, ma seur, et il en pren-dra bien a nous et a nos sujets. A Dieu. De Compienne, 25. d'Aoust. 1554.

## XXIII.

CARNEADES disoit, que les enfans des Rois n'apprenaient rien bien qu'a picquer un cheval : pour ce qu'en toutes autres choses chacun les flatte. Mais le cheval, par ce que n'entend si c'est un povre ou un riche qui est sur lui, un prince ou une personne privée, il jecte bas quicunque ne se scait bien tenir. Et maintenant encore voit-on ceci estre faict en beaucoup d'endroicts. Car ni les nourrices seulement, ni les compagnons ou serviteurs des princes les flattent, mais aussi et le gouverneur, et le precepteur, ne regardant à ce qu'ils laissent le prince meilleur, mais qu'ils s'en allent bien riches. O chose miserable, et la cause que tant le povre peuple souffre, c'est que les princes ne sont bien apprins. Qui me fait vous prier, mon oncle, de recommander tousjours ma jeunesse a ceux qui plus aiment la vertu que les biens. 26. d'Aoust.

modum ut maiores et minores omnes ab eo capere possint exemplum virtutis. Sic faciat domi ut a nemine possit reprehendi. Et non videatur foris nisi faciens vel cogitans publicam utilitatem. Tum debet curare maxime ut sermo illius nihil sapiat nisi virtutem. Id quod non potest fieri sine doctrina. Simus ergo omnino deditæ bonis literis, soror, et præclare nobiscum et subditis agetur. Vale.

## XXIII.

M. SC. R. AVUNCULO A LOTHARINGIA S. P. D.

CARNEADES dicebat, spectatissime avuncule, liberos Regum nihil recte discere præter artem equitandi, quia in omnibus rebus unusquisque illis assentatur. Sed æqus, quia non inteligit si sit pauper vel dives qui insidet, princeps an privatus, excutit a tergo quicunque non bene insiderit. Nunc etiam hoc videmus fieri multis in locis; nam nec nutrices solum nec comites et ministri principum adulantur illis, sed etiam moderatores et præceptores: non advertentes si relinquunt principem meliorem, modo illi abeant locupletiores. O rem miserrimam. Ea certe causa est cur subditi omnes patiantur, nam principes non emendantur. Quare te deprecor, mi avuncule, ut me semper commendes ijs qui ante divitias virtutem amant. Vale.

## XXIV.

LA cause pour quoi tant de gens errent aujourd'hui en l'ecriture saincte c'est qui ne la manient avec un cuer pur et net. Car Dieu ne donne l'intelligence de ses secrés, si non aux innocens et gens de bien. Et n'est facile a tous de conoître que c'est que de Dieu, comme mieux le scavés que moi. J'ai leu que Simonides, interrogué de Hiero quel estoit Dieu, et que c'estoit de lui, demanda un jour pour en repondre, et quand le lendemain lui demanda reponce, il demanda de rechef deus jours. Mais quand toujours redoubloit le temps, et que Hiero lui demandoit pourquoi il faisoit cela, pour ce (dit-il) que de tant plus j'i pense, tant plus la chose me semble difficile et obscure. 29. d'Aoust.

## XXV.

J'AI entendu, ma seur, qu'hier a votre lecon vous fustes opiniatre. Vous aves promis de ne le plus estre; je vous prie laisser cette coutume. Et penser que quand la princesse prend le livre entre ses mains, elle le doit prendre non pour se delecter seulement, mais pour s'en retorner meilleure de la leçon. Et la

## XXIV.

M. SC. R. AVUNCULO A LOTHARINGIA S. P. D.

MULTI homines errant his temporibus in scriptura sancta, mi avuncule, quod eam non legunt puro corde et mundo. Nam Deus non dat intellectum arcanorum suorum nisi innocentibus. Nec facile est omnibus Deum cognoscere, ut tu melius quam ego scis. Legi quod Simonides interrogatus ab Hierone quis esset Deus, postulavit unum diem ut responderet. Et quando postridie quæreret idem, petiit iterum duos dies. Quumque sæpius duplicaret numerum dierum petiit Hiero cur id faceret. Quia, inquit, quanto diutius cogito, tanto res est mihi obscurior. Vale. 3. Cal. Sept.

## XXV.

M. SC. R. ELI. SORORI S. P. D.

INTELLEXI, soror, quod heri in tua lectione fuisti pertinax. Promisisti te non amplius esse. Te deprecor ut relinquas istam consuetudinem, et cogites quod quum princeps accipit librum, sumere debet non solum ut delectetur, sed ut discedat melior a lectione, et major pars bonitatis est velle bonum fieri, quod

plus grande partie de la bonté est vouloir le bien estre fait. Que si vous le voules, certainement vous le poves, et a fin que bien tost aies l'esprit digne de princesse, pensés que ceux qui vous reprennent, et amonestent librement, sont ceus qui vous aiment le plus. Pour quoi acoutumes vous a ceus la, et les aimes aussi. A Villiers Cotterets. 8. de Septembre.

## XXVI.

A FIN que puissies repondre a ces beaus deviseurs qui disoient hier que c'est affaire aus femmes a ne rien scavoir: je vous vueil bien dire, ma seur, qu'une femme de votre nom a esté si scavante qu'elle leur eut bien repondu si elle i eut esté. C'est Elizabet abbesse d'Allemaigne, laquelle a ecrit beaucoup de belles oraisons aus seurs de son couvent, et un œuvre des chemins par lesquels on va a Dieu. Themistoclea, seur de Pythagoras, estoit si docte, qu'en plusieurs lieus il a use des opinions d'icelles. Et afin que vous aiés de quoi satisfaire a tels messieurs, je vous en apprendrai un grand nombre d'autres. Adieu, et celle qui vous aime, ma seur, aimes la beaucoup aussi.

A Villiers Cotterets. 10. de Septembre.

si tu vis, certe potes. Tum ut statim habeas animum principi dignum cogita illos qui recognoscunt et emendant errata tua et libere te docent esse qui te plurimum amant. Quare et illos assuescito amare. Vale.

## XXVI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Ut possis respondere bellis istis blateronibus qui heri dicebant esse fœminarum nihil sapere. Volo tibi dicere, soror, fœminam tui nominis adeò sapientem fuisse ut bene respondisset illis si adfuisset. Est Elizabeta abbatissa Germanica, quæ scripsit plures orationes ad sorores sui conventus, et opus de vijs quibus itur ad superos. Themistoclea soror Pythagoræ ita docta erat, ut pluribus in locis usus sit illius opinionibus. Et ut habeas unde satisfacias ijs homunculis, te docebo magnum alliarum numerum. Vale, et illam quæ te plurimum amat, soror, ama. Vale iterum.

10. Sept.

## XXVII.

Vous dirés encores a ces babillars qu'il i a eu trois Corrinnes tres doctes, des quelles celle qui estoit de Thebes a écrit cinq livres d'epigrammes, et cinq fois vainquit Pindare, prince de poètes lyriques. Erinne en langue dorique composa un poeme de trois cents vers, et beaucoup d'autres epigrammes. Et disent que ses carmes approchoient de la gravité, et majesté d'Homère. Elle fut morte en l'age de .19. ans. Sappho a esté admirable en tout genre de carmes. Polla, comme on dit, femme de Lucain, a esté de si grande doctrine, qu'elle a aidé a son mari a corriger les trois premiers livres de Pharsale. Aspasia a enseigné la rhétorique, et a esté maitresse de Periclès, et sa femme. Je vous en nommerai demain plusieurs autres. Adieu.  
11. de Septembre.

## XXVIII.

CLEOBULINE, fille de Cléobule, qui fut un des sept sages de Grece, a écrit beaucoup de beaus enigmes en vers exametres. Cornificia, seur de Cornificius, poete, a fait des epigrammes très elegans. Cornelie, femme

## XXVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

DICES adhuc illis homunculis futilibus tres fuisse Corinnas doctissimas, quarum quæ erat Thebana scripsit quinque libros epigrammatum, et vicit quinque Pindarum principem poetarum lyricorum. Erinna lingua Dorica composuit poema trecentis versibus et alia epigrammata. Et ferunt quod illius carmina accedebant ad gravitatem Homeri. Mortua est annos nata 19. Sappho fuit admirabilis in omnibus generibus carminum. Polla, ut aiunt, uxor Lucani, fuit tanta doctrina ut adiuverit maritum in coripiendis tribus primis libris Pharsaliæ. Aspasia docuit rhetorice, fuit magistra Periclis, et tandem uxor. Cras numerabo alias quam plurimas. Vale. 11. Septemb.

## XXVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CLEOBULINA, filia Cleobuli, qui fuit unus septem sapientum Græciæ, scripsit plura pulca ænigmata versibus exometris. Cornificia, soror Cornificij poetæ, composuit epigrammata elegantissima. Cornelia, uxor

de l'Africain et mère des Gracchiains, a laissé des epitres bien latinement écrites, et d'elle est sortie l'eloquence de ses enfans. La fille de Lælius en parlant exprimoit l'eloquence de son père; et l'oraison de la fille d'Hortense qu'elle fit devant les triumvirs, temoigne qu'elle estoit très eloquente. Retenés diligemment toutes celles que je vous nomme, afin de povoir repondre a tous ceus qui tant meprisent notre sexe, disant n'estre affaire aus femmes d'apprendre la langue latine.

## XXIX.

Vous leur dires encores (ma seur) qu'Anastase, disciple de Chrysogone martyr, a esté et bien docte et bien saincte. Elle fut brulée pour ce qu'elle ministroit aus saincts. Damophila, grecque, ecrivit les louanges de Diane et quelques poesies d'amours. Hypathia, femme du philosophe Isidore, a composé de l'astronomie, et a montré en Alexandrie plusieurs disciplines d'une si grande dexterité d'esprit, que les echoliers venoient à elle de tous costés. Leontia, fillette grecque, a tant poursuit les disciplines de philosophie, qu'elle n'a redouté avec une grande louange écrire contre Theophraste philosophe très renommé. Praxilla a

Africani et mater Gracchorum, reliquit epistolas latinè scriptas, et ab illa effluxit eloquentia filiorum. Filia Lælij exprimebat loquendo eloquentiam patris. Et oratio Hortensiæ, Hortensij fliæ, quam habuit ante triumviro, testatur quod erat elegantissima. Manda memoriæ diligenter omnes quas numerabo, ut possis respondere ijs, qui spernunt nostrum sexum, quique dicunt non esse officium fœminæ discere linguam latinam. Vale. 12. Septem.

## XXIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ILLIS itaque dices, soror, quod Anastasia, discipula Chrysogoni martyris, fuit multum et docta et pia. Cremata est quia ministrabat sanctis. Damophila Græca scripsit laudes Dianæ et quædam poemata amoris. Hypathia, uxor philosophi Isidori, composuit in astronomiam et docuit in Alexandria plures disciplinas tanta dexteritate ingenij ut discipuli avvolabant undique ad illam. Leontia, puela græca, adeo prosecuta est disciplinas philosophicas ut non dubitaverit cum magna laude scribere in Theophrastum philosophum optimum. Praxilla excelluit multum in omne arte poetica. Quia

grandement triumphé en poesie. Pour ce que vous estes malade, je ne ferai ma lettre plus longue. Demain je poursuivrai mon propos. A Dieu. 13. Sept.

## xxx.

PHEMONOE est du nombre de ces doctes et sages femmes. Sosipatra a esté poète, et pleine de tant de disciplines, qu'on pensoit qu'elle eut esté nourrie de quelques dieus. Theano fut une femme excellente en vers lyriques. Une autre de ce mesme nom a esté femme pythagoraine, laquelle a ecrit en philosophie des commentaires de vertu, et des poesies et apophthegmes aussi. Zenobia, royne des Palmyriains, a esté scavante en la langue grecque et egyptienne, et non ignorante en la latine. Elle a enseigné les lettres a deus enfans qu'elle avoit. Et souvent fait des oraisons a ses gendarmes lesquelles aiant l'armet en teste elle recitoit. Alpaides, vierge, a esté si amie de la religion, qu'elle a du ciel merité comprendre le sens de la Bible, et de l'ecriture saincte. C'est aujourd'hui la feste de la ste crois, en laquelle pour nostre salut a pendu l'eternel Jesuschrist fils du Dieu eternel. Je voi au parc pour un petit recréer mon entendement, qui est cause que je fai ici fin.

ægrotas non faciam meas literas longiores. Cras  
sequar meum institutum. Vale. 13. Septembris.

## XXX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PHEMONOE ascribitur numero istarum doctarum et  
sapientum fœminarum. Sosipatra fuit vates et plena  
tantis disciplinas (*sic*), ut crediderint omnes eam fuisse  
educatam a quibusdam numinibus. Theano excelluit  
apud Locros versibus lyricis. Altera ejusdem nominis  
fuit pythagorica, quæ scripsit in philosophiam com-  
mentarios de virtute, poemata quoque et apopthegmata.  
Zenobia regina Palmireorum fuit eruditissima sermonis  
græci, ægiptij, et non ignara latini. Erudit filios duos  
quos habebat literis. Et plerunque habuit orationes  
apud suos milites quas galatea (*for galeata*) recitabat.  
Alpaides virgo fuit adeo religionis amica, ut meruerit  
celitus percipere sensum bibliorum, et scripturæ sacræ.  
Hodie est festus dies sanctæ crucis, in qua pro nostra  
salute pependit æternus Jesus Christus filius æterni  
patris. Dicendo in arbustum ut recreem meum inge-  
nium, quare finem scribendi facio. Vale. 14. Septemb.

## XXXI.

DELBORA, femme de la lignée d'Effrain, estoit docte, et devinoit les choses futures. Lastemia et Axiothea (comme temoigne Plutarque) ont esté disciples de Platon, et a fin qu'elles eussent plus de moien de converser cà et là avec les gens scavans, elles entroient a l'echolle en habit d'homme. Michale très doctement a enseigné a Thessale le remède d'amours. Diotima et Aspasia ont tant profité en philosophie, que l'une, a scavoir Diotima, Socrates, prince des philosophes, n'a eu honte appeller sa maîtresse, ni d'aller aus leçons de l'autre, comme Platon a laissé par écrit. Lactantius dit que Themiste devant tout autre a esté excellente en philosophie. Le roi m'a donné congé de prendre un daim au parc avec ma dame de Castres, dont je n'ai loisir vous faire plus longue lettre. 15. Sept.

## XXXII.

ARETE est pervenue a si grande doctrine, qu'après que son père Aristippe fut mort, elle tint son echolle en philosophie, et eut plusieurs auditeurs. Dama, fille de Pythagoras, avoit l'esprit si grand en philoso-

## XXXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SOR. S. P. D.

DELBORA, mulier ex tribu Effrain, erat peritissima, quæ prædicebat res futuras. Lastemia et Axiothea, ut testatur Plutarcus, fuerunt discipulæ Platonis, et ut facilius cum hominibus doctioribus versarentur, ingrediebantur scholas cum habitu virili. Michale doctissima docuit apud Thessalos remedium amoris. Diothima et Aspasia adeo in philosophia profecerunt ut Socrates princeps philosophorum non veritus sit alteram, videlicet Diotimam, nominare magistram, et alterius lectionibus interesse, ut Plato scriptum reliquit. Lactantius dicit Themistem ante omnes alias fuisse excellentiorem in philosophia. Rex mihi permisit accipere damam in Theriotrophio; eo venatum cum domina a Castris, unde non licet per otium plura scribere. Vale.

## XXXII.

M. SC. RE. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARETE pervenit ad tam maximam doctrinam, ut patre Aristippo mortuo rexerit scholas in philosophia, habuitque plures auditores. Dama filia Pythagoræ prædita erat ingenio philosophiæ dedito, ut exposuerit patris

phie, qu'elle a exposé les plus difficiles sentences de son père. Thargelia pareillement a esté très illustre en philosophie. On dit que Musca a esté poëte lyrique, et a ecrit plusieurs epigrammes. Carixena a fait aussi beaucoup de vers très elegans. Ma lettre ne sera plus longue, ma seur, pour ce que n'estes encores asses bien guerie. Si je ne vous fu hier voir, le medecin en est cause, qui ne le voulut, pour ce qu'avés prins medecine. 18. Sept.

## XXXIII.

ON loue aussi Mæro pour une hynne qu'elle a faite a la louange de Neptune. Agallis de Corce (*sic*) a esté fort illustre en grammaire, et Telesilla en poesie, laquelle loue grandement Pausanias, et lui fut erigée une statue en l'insule d'Argos, devant le temple de Venus. Hipparchia, femme grecque, a semblablement esté merveill-euse aus disciplines de philosophie. Je ne vous en nommerai d'autres pour le present, pour ce qui faut que j'alle voir le roi qui print au soir des pillules. Je n'eu loisir de vous visiter hier, je vous prie, ma seur, de me pardonner. 20. Sept.

dificiliores sententias. Thargelia pariter illustrissima fuit in philosophia. Ferunt Muscam fuisse poetriam lyricam, quæ scripsit plura epigrammata: Charixena fecit etiam plures elegantissimos versus. Non erit æpistola mea longior, suavissima soror, quia nondum satis convalescis. Si te non viserim heri, medicus in causa est, noluit enim propterea quod acceperas medicinam. Vale.

## XXXIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

LAUDATUR etiam Mæro hymno condito in laudem Neptuni. Agallis Corcirea fuit illustrissima in arte grammatica. Telesilla in poetica quam Pausanias valde celebrat, erecta fuit illi statua apud Argos ante templum Veneris. Hipparchia, mulier Græca, similiter excelluit in disciplinis philosophicis. Nullas numerabo alias in præsentia, quia oportet me ire ad regem, qui sero accepit catapotia. Non licuit per otium invisere te heri, quare te oratum velim, soror, ut mihi parcas. Vale.

## xxxiv.

CASSANDRE, fille de Priam, a esté prophète et de doctrine tres accomplie, et de ses ennemis honorée d'un temple en Lacedemone. Statius Papinius eut une femme nommée Claudia d'un esprit tres grand et admirable doctrine. Eudoxia, femme de Theodore le plus jeune, outre une grande beauté et une singulière pudicité, a tant excellé aus lettres qu'elle a mis en lumière un beau livre. Istrina, reyne des Scythes, temoin Herodote, a enseigné les lettres grecques a Syle son fils. C'est asses pour maintenant. Il faut ouir que demande Philodoxus a Simbulus en Erasme. Adieu. 22. Septembre.

## xxxv.

POLITIEN loue grandement Cassandre Fidele, fille venitiae, laquelle il dit avoir manié le livre au lieu de la laine, la plume pour le fuseau, et le style pour l'éguille. De laquelle au commencement de quelque epitre il parle ainsi: O vierge, l'honneur d'Italie, quelle grace te pui-je rendre de quoi tu ne dedaignes m'honorer de tes lettres. Proba Valeria, fillette

## XXXIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CASSANDRA filia Priami fuit vates et illustris doctrina, et apud hostes templo insignita in Lacedemone. Statius Papinius habuit uxorem nomine Claudiam, magno ingenio, et non vulgari doctrina præditam. Eudoxia, uxor Theodori junioris, præter egregiam formam, et singularem pudicitiam, ita excelluit literis, ut librum quendam emiserit in lucem. Istrina, regina Scytharum, ut testis est Herodotus, docuit Sylem filium literas Græcas. Hæc hactenus, audiamus quid velit Philodoxus Simbulo apud Erasmus. Vale. 22. Septembris.

## XXXV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

POLITIANUS laudat mirum in modum Cassandram Fidelem filiam Venetianam, quam dicit tractasse librum pro lana, pennam pro fuso, et stylum pro acu. De qua in principio cujusdam epistolæ ita loquitur. O virgo decus Italiæ, quales gratias possim tibi reddere, quod non dedigneris me honorare tuis literis. Proba Valeria puella Romana fuit excellentissima, cum græcis

romaine, a esté très excellente et aus lettres grecques, et aus latines, et a fait des gestes de Jesucrist, et de sa mort un œuvre tres noble. La royne m'a defendu de vous aller voir, ma seur, pour ce qu'elle pense que vous avés la rougeolle, de quoi je suis bien fort marrie. Je vous prie me mander comme vous portés. 23. Septembre.

## xxxvi.

BAPTISTE premiere fille du prince Mal[at]este, a souvent disputé contre gens des plus doctes, avec une très grand louange, et a ecrit des livres de la fragilité humaine et de la vraie religion. Isota, fille de Veronne, a fait grande profession de philosophie et a quelque fois ecrit a pape Nicolas cinquiesme, et Pie second de ce nom. Elle a encor ecrit un dialogue, auquel elle dispute lequel a le plus offensé, Adam ou Eve: aus quelles louanges des lettres elle a adjoutté le veu de perpetuelle virginité. A Dieu, ma seur, bien aimée. A Paris, 12. d'Octobre 1554.

## xxxvii.

tum etiam latinis literis et scripsit opus nobilissimum gestorum Jesu Christi, et mortis illius. Regina vetuit ne te viserem, soror, quod putet te laborare pustulis sive boa. Qua de re dolenter fero, atque unice te oro mihi signifiques ut valeas. Vale.

## XXXVI.

MA. SC. R. ELIZA. SORORI S. P. D.

BAPTISTA, prima Malatestæ Pisauriensis principis filia, sæpe magna sui laude disputavit cum viris doctissimis, et scripsit libros de humana fragilitate, et de vera religione. Isota Navarola Veronensis professa est philosophiam, et quandoque scripsit ad Nicolaum quintum et Pium secundum, pontifices. Conscriptis etiam dialogum quo disputatur uter peccaverit gravius, Adam, an Eva, quibus laudibus adjecit virginitatis votum perpetuum. Vale, amica summa mea et soror. Lutetiae, 12. Octobris.

## XXXVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MINERVA, prima Jovis filia, non propter aliud relata est in numerum deorum, nisi quia docta esset in

*never been written.]*

XXXVIII.

CATHERINE, fille du roi d'Alexandrie, a esté si bien apprise aus saintes lettres, et par son labeur, et par inspiration divine, qu'elle a vaincu plusieurs hommes doctes appellés de son père pour lui persuader l'idolatrie, et [faire quitter] la religion d'un seul Dieu. Fabiole, femme romaine, a d'un cuer si grand embrassé les saintes lettres, et lisoit si souvent les propheties, evangiles, et autres bonnes leçons, qu'elle a grandement augmenté l'amour de la religion. Saint Hierome a souvent écrit a Marcellle romaine, pour ce qu'elle scavoit fort bien les lettres grecques, et lui a dedié le livre qu'il a fait du mepris du monde, de notre foi, et de la doctrine des heretiques, du blasphème contre le St. Esprit, et plusieurs autres choses. Il faut que j'alle à vespre avec la roine, qui me garde vous faire plus longue lettre. A Paris.

omnibus bonis artibus, quarum fuit inventrix. Manto quæ dedit nomen Mantuæ fuit sapientissima vaticinijs claruit. Nicostrata græcas literas in pene dicta

[*This theme is left unfinished.*]

### XXXVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CATHARINA, regis Alexandriae filia, adeo sacris literis imbuta fuit, partim suo labore, partim afflatu divini spiritus, ut vicerit plures doctissimos viros vocatos a patre ad persuadendam idolatriam, et fugiendam unius Dei religionem. Fabiola, mulier Romana, tanto studio amplexa est sanctas literas, et revolvebat prophetias, evangelia, et alias bonas lectiones, ut auxerit vehementer amorem religionis. Divus Hieronimus saepe scripsit Marcellæ Romanæ propter sacras literas quas egregie callebat, et ad eam scripsit librum quem fecit de contemptu mundi, de nostra fide, de doctrina hereticorum, de blasphemia in spiritum sanctum, et alia id genus permulta. Oportet me interesse vesperis cum Regina, quare addam finem meis literis. Lutetiæ.  
28. Octob. Vale.

## XXXIX.

EUSTOCHIUM, fille de Paule femme romaine, a excellé aus etudes de lettres hébraiques, grecques, et latines : tant que de son temps elle fut appellée nouveau monstre du monde. Elle se voua, et s'addonna du tout aus lettres sainctes, de quoi St. Hierome l'aima, et loua fort. Genebria, femme de la nation de Veronne du temps de pape Pie 2. par sa grande erudition se rendit immortelle. Elle a écrit des epitres pleines de grande doctrine.

## XL.

CONSTANTIA, femme d'Alexandre Sforce, est mise au nombre des femmes excellentes en doctrine. Laquelle dès son enfance a estudié aus bonnes disciplines, de sorte que promptement sans y avoir pensé elle scavoit parler elegamment. Elle avoit toujours aus mains les œuvres de St. Hierome, de St. Ambroise, de St. Gregoire, Cicero, et Lactance. Promptement elle ecrivoit des carmes tres elegans, ce qu'on disoit qu'elle avoit appris sans maître. Elle eut une fille nommée Baptiste, d'une si grande doctrine qu'elle epouventoit

## XXXIX.

M. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

EUSTOCHIUM, filia Paulæ mulieris Romanæ, excelluit studijs literarum hebraicarum, græcarum et latinarum, adeo ut suo tempore appellata fuerit novum monstrum totius mundi. Vovit et addixit se omnino sacris literis, quapropter divus Hieronimus eam et amavit et maxime laudavit. Genebria, mulier natione Veronensis tempore pontificis Pij. 2. meruit immortale nomen incredibili sua eruditione. Scripsit epistolas maxima doctrina plenas.

## XL.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CONSTANTIA, uxor Alexandri Sfortiae, ascribitur numero feminarum excellentium doctrina. Quæ ab infantia studuit bonis disciplinis, ita ut imparata poterat loqui eleganter. Semper habebat in manibus opus Sti. Hieronimi, Ambrosij, Gregorij, Ciceronis, et Lactancij. Scribebat ex tempore (*sic*) carmina elegantissima. Id quod fertur didiscisse sine præceptore. Habuit filiam, nomine Baptistam, tanta doctrina, ut terreret doctiores eloquentia. Manda memoriæ id quod ad te

les plus docte[s] de son eloquence. Retenés ce que je vous ai ecrit de toutes ces femmes, ma seur, et a leur exemple mettons peine d'apprendre les bonnes lettres, lesquelles, ainsi comme elles, nous rendront immortelles a jamais.

## XLII.

IL ne faut pas que vous soiés marrie, si toutes les fois que vous faillés, vous estes reprise. Car en toute institution, et mesmement en celle du prince, telle diligence y doit estre mise que la severité du precepteur corrige et emende les follies d'icelui. Et pour ce n'en aimés moins ceux qui vous tensent: mais au contraire, estimes fideles non ceus qui louent tout ce que vous faites et dites, mais ceus qui quand vous faillés vous reprennent aprement. Ceus la, ma dame, sont les vrais et plus seurs amis du Prince. Adieu. De notre Bibliotheque a St. Germain, ce 23. Novembre.

## XLIII.

IL ne nous faut perdre le courage, ma seur, si la vertu et le scavoir sont longs a apprendre, car toutes choses

scripsi ex istis omnibus feminis, soror, et exemplo [*for* exemplo] illarum demus operam ut discamus bonas literas, quæ ita ut illas nos reddent immortales. Vale.

## XLI.

PRÆCEPTOR REGINÆ DISCIPULÆ S. P. D.

NON est quod egre feras, hera, si quoties erras, reprehenderis. Nam in omni isticutione (*sic*), et maxime in ea quæ pertinet ad principem, ea adhibenda est diligentia, ut severitas præceptoris corrigat et emendet illius laciviam (*sic*). Quare ne illos minus ama qui te objurgant: sed contra existima eos esse fideles, non qui laudant quicquid dixeris fecerisve, sed qui te erantem increpant. Illi, hera, veri sunt amici principis. Vale. Ex nostra biblioteca, apud Stm. Germanum. 23. Novembris.

## XLII.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SO. S. P. D.

NON oportet nos despondere animum, soror, si virtus et eruditio discantur cum longo tempore. Nam ea

qui si tost sont faites, tost elles perissent aussi. Agatharchus peintre se vantoit de peindre legerement, et que Zeuxis [restoit] trop long temps sur l'œuvre. Mais Zeuxis repondit, Je mets long temps a peindre, car je peins pour jamais. Les choses si tost nées perissent bien soudainement, et celles qui sont long temps élaborées durent un long age. La bête croit bien tost, et le buis petit a petit: regardés, ma seur, lequel dure plus. Prenés donc courage, ma joie, la vertu est éternelle. A St. Germain. 24. Novembre. 1554.

## XLIII.

AGESILAUS interrogué par quel moyen povoit acquerir honneste renommée: Si parle, repondit-il, ce qui est très bon, et fait ce qui est très honneste. Socrates respondit ainsi a celui qui demandoit le mesme, Si tu es studies, dit-il, a estre tel que tu veus estre veu. Car la gloire acquise par fards, n'est vraie gloire et ne dure guères. Gardons nous donc, ma seur, ni en jeu ni a bon escient de dire ni faire que choses bonnes. A Dieu.

omnia quæ cito fiunt, cito etiam pereunt. Agatharchus, pictor, sese jactabat de celeritate pingendi, quod Zeuxis immoraretur operi. At Zeuxis respondit, diu pingo, sed pingo æternitati. Res tam subito natæ, pereunt cito, et illæ quæ diu sunt elaboratæ, durant per longam ætatem. Beta statim crescit, et buxus paulatim. Vide, soror, utrum plus durat. Sis animo forti, mea voluptas unica, virtus æterna manebit. Apud St. Germanum. 24. Novembris. Vale.

## XLIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

AGESILAUS interrogatus qua ratione quisque posset assequi honestam famam: Si loquatur, inquit, id quod optimum sit, et fecerit quod honestissimum. Socrates itidem respondit idem petenti, si tu studeas esse talis, qualis haberi velis. Nam gloria parta fucis, non est vera gloria, nec diurna. Curemus igitur, soror, ne ioco, vel serio, quid dicamus faciamusve, nisi quod optimum sit. Vale. 27. Novembris.

## XLIV.

JE lisoi au soir, un peu devant que m'endormir, une sentence d'Antalcidas digne d'estre apprise d'un chacun et mesmement d'un prince. Icelui, interrogué comment quelcun pourroit plaire aus hommes: Si parle, dit-il, a eux gracieusement, et leur donne choses utiles. Il vous apprend (mes dames) qu'en vos propos il i ait grand douceur de paroles, et que soiés liberales, donnant choses qui apportent grand profit a ceus aus quels vous donnerés. 27. Novembre.

## XLV.

QUAND quelque fois Denis entra en la chambre de son fils, et apperceut un si grand monceau de vases d'or et d'argent, s'écriant, N'as-tu, dit-il, l'entendement royal, que tu n'as fait quelque ami de tant de pots que je t'ai donnés? Voulant dire que sans la benevolence des citoiens le royaume ne se peut acquérir ni estre gardé. Et n'i a rien qui plus concilie l'amitié et benevolence que liberalité. Mais le jeune enfant, ignorant du maniment de choses, pensoit estre plus grand heur avoir de l'argent que des amis. Fuions l'avarice, ma seur, car elle est du tout indigne de la nature du prince.

## XLIV.

## PRECEPTOR MARIE.

HERI legebam paulo ante quam discederem cubitum, Alcidæ (*sic*) sententiam dignam quæ discatur ab unoquoque, et a principe maxime. Is interrogatus quomodo quisque posset hominibus placere: Si loquatur, inquit, illis jucundissime, et det illis utilissima. Vos docet, heræ suavissimæ meæ, ut in colloquijs vestris sit sermonis comitas maxima, tam ut sitis liberale dando quæ adferant utilitatem ijs quibus dederitis. Bene valete. 27. Novembris.

## XLV.

## M. SC. R. ELL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM aliquando Dionisius ingrederetur cubiculum filij, et videret magnam vim poculorum aureorum et argenteorum (*sic*), exclamans, Non habes, inquit, regium animum, qui nullum feceris amicum ex tantis poculis quæ dedi tibi? Sentiens sine benevolentia civium regium non posse parari, nec servari. Nihil est quod plus conciliet amicitiam et benevolentiam quam liberalitas. Sed juvenis imperitus rerum putabat esse felicius habere argentum quam amicos. Fugiamus avvaritiam, soror, nam indigna est omnino natura principis. Vale. 28. Novembris.

## XLVI.

ARISTODEMUS, un des grands amis d'Antigonus roi de Macédone, encores qui fut fils d'un cuisinier, lui persuadoit de retraindre sa dépence et ses liberalités. Tes paroles, dit-il, Aristodeme, sentent la saulce. Montrant la chicheté, si elle estoit aus cuisiniers, ne devoir estre aus rois. Et que par tel conseil il lui souvenoit de quel pere il estoit né, et non de qui il estoit ami. Antigone montroit par cela ce que disoit Artoxerces fils de Xerces ; a scavoir, qu'il est plus digne a un prince d'augmenter les honneurs et richesses de ceus aus quels ils commandent, que les diminuer.

## XLVII.

CETTE histoire, ma seur, n'est de moindre dignité et utilité que celle que je vous contoï hier. Perillus, un des amis d'Alexandre, lui demanda douaire pour ses filles. Le roi commanda qu'il prist cinquante talents. Perillus repondit que dix seroient assés. C'est assés a toi, dit Alexandre, d'en recevoir autant, mais a moi non de n'en donner qu'autant. O liberalité digne d'un vrai prince. A Dieu, ma seur, je ne vous ferai plus longue lettre, par ce que j'ai mal aus dents. A St. Germain.

## XLVI.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM Aristodemus unus ex numero amicorum Antigoni Regis Macedoniæ, quamvis esset prognatus à coquo, persuaderet regi detrahere impendia et largitiones, Tua verba, inquit, Aristodeme, ius olent: demonstrans avaritiam esse coquorum, non regum, et tali consilio ind[i]care à quo patre natus esset, non cuius erat amicus. Antigonus hoc dicto demonstrabat, id quod Artoxerxes filius Xercis dicebat, videlicet dignius esse principi augere honores, et divitias eorum, quibus imperat, quam minuere. Vale. 4. Calend. Decemb. apud St. Germanum.

## XLVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

HÆC historia non est indignior nec inutilior illa quam tibi recitabam heri. Perillus, unus amicorum Alexandri, ab Alexandro petiit dotem pro suis filiabus. Rex jussit ut acciperet quinquaginta talenta. Perillus respondit decem satis esse. Sufficeret tibi, inquit Alexander, tantum accipere, sed mihi non satis est tantum dare. O liberalitatem dignam vero principe. Vale, soror dilectissima mea, non possum longiorem facere epistolam, quia labore dentibus. Apud St. Germanum. 3. cal. Decemb.

## XLVIII.

JE trouve la liberalité d'Alexandre si emerveillable que je ne me puis tenir vous en parler. Quand quelque fois Xenocrates philosophe refusa cinquante talens qui lui envoia en don, disant qu'il n'en avoit que faire, lui demanda s'il avoit point d'amis qui en eussent besoin. A grand peine les richesses de Darius (dist le roi) m'ont-elles suffit pour mes amis.

## XLIX.

JE vous raconterai (ma seur) une liberalité plus grande que toutes les autres. Anaxarchus philosophe vint au roy Alexandre pour ce qui scavoit bien qu'il estoit liberal, et qu'il aimoit fort les lettres, et lui demanda argent pour bastir un college. Le roy commanda a son tresorier qui donnast au philosophe ce qu'il demanderoit. Le tresorier, estonné de la demande du philosophe, remontra au roy qu'il demandoit cents talents. Il fait bien, dit-il, sachant qu' Alexandre en peut et veut autant donner. Voiant ce roy avoir acquis une si grande renommée par liberalité, je suis marrie que je n'ai de quoi je puisse faire paroître ma volonté.

## XLVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

TANTA mihi videtur liberalitas regis Alexandri ut non possum quin tibi iterum loquar de illo. Quum aliquoties Xenocrates philosophus recusavit quinquaginta talenta quæ misit illi dono, dicens non esse illi opus: Petijt si non haberet amicos quibus esset opus. Vix, inquit, opes Darij mihi suffecerunt in meos amicos. Vale. Apud St. Germanum. Decembris.

## XLIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

HANC etiam tibibi (*sic*) recitabo liberalitatem majorem omnibus alijs. Anaxarchus philosophus venit ad regem Alexandrum, quod sciret eum esse liberalem et amare literas, et petiit ab eo argentum ut gymnasium ædificaret. Rex imperavit quæstori ut daret philosopho id quod peteret. Quæstor turbatus petitione philosophi indicavit Regi illum petere centum talenta. Bene facit, inquit, scit enim Alexandrum et posse et velle tantum dare. Quare videns hunc Regem tantam acquisisse famam liberalitate, dolet mihi quod non habeam unde possim patefacere meum beneficentissimum animum. Decembris.

## L.

JE vous prie, ma seur, vouloir entendre la reponce que fit ce tres liberal roy Alexandre. Interrogué où il mettroit tous ses tresors, Devers mes amis, dit-il; signifiant, que les richesses ne peuvent estre mises plus seurement. Car quand la chose et le temps le requiert, elles reviennent à nous avec usure. Apprenons, ma seur, qu'il est plus honneste donner que prendre, et pensons que Dieu ne nous a donné tant de richesses pour les garder en un monseau, mais pour les departir a ceux qui en ont besoin.

## LI.

JE me suis ebahi ce matin, ma seur, de voir les anciens ethniques, privés de la cognoissance de notre foi, estre plus sages que nous. Je lisoi que Socrates disoit qui ne failloit demander a Dieu que sa grâce, reprenant ceux qui demandent une femme bien douée, des biens, des honneurs, des roiaumes, longue vie, comme voulant enseigner a Dieu ce qu'il faut faire. Ne faisons pas ainsi, ma seur, car Dieu scait mieux ce qui nous est bon, et ce qui nous est mauvais que nous mesme.

## L.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Oro te, soror, ut intelligas quid responderit libera-  
lissimus rex Alexander. Interrogatus ubi recondere-  
t suos thesauros, Apud meos amicos, inquit, significans  
quod opes non possunt reponi tutius. Nam cum res  
et tempus postulant, redeunt ad nos cum fœnore.  
Discamus, soror, quod est fœlicius dare quam accipere.  
Et putemus Deum non nobis dedisse tantas opes ut  
cumulatim servaremus; sit ut daremus illis quibus  
opus est. Valc. 11. Decembris.

## LI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MIRABAR hodie, soror, veteres ethnicos privatos cog-  
nitione nostræ fidei esse sapientiores nobis ipsis.  
Legebam Socratem dicere non oportere nihil a Deo  
petere, præter suam sanctissimam gratiam, obiurgan-  
tem eos qui petunt uxorem bene dotatam, opes,  
honores, regna, longuam (*sic*) vitam: tanquam volentes  
Deum docere quid oporteat facere. Ne ita faciamus,  
soror, nam Deus optimus maximus melius scit quid  
nobis optimum sit et quod opessimum (*sic*), quam nos  
ipsi. Vale.

## LII.

LA coutume des Lacedémoniens estoit que le plus viel monstroit la porte a tous ceus qui entroient aus banquets, disant, Qu'une seule parole ne resorte par la. Les admonestant qu'il ne failloit rien reporter, si librement il estoit dit quelque chose au banquet. Et institua cette coutume Lycurgus. Fuions donc les rapporteurs et les flateurs, ma seur, imitant Alexandre, envers lequel quand on accusoit quelq'un, il etoupoit l'une de ses oreilles. Interrogué pour quoi il faisoit cela, je garde, disoit-il, l'autre entiere a celui qu'on accuse.

## LIII.

QUAND je lisoi les beaus faicts d'Alexandre, le plus grand que fut jamais aus armes, j'ai noté, Mons<sup>r</sup>, qui n'aimoit rien tant que les lettres. Car quand on lui porta un petit coffret, si beau que rien ne se trouvoit plus excellent entre les richesses de Darius, et qu'on demandoit a quel usage il seroit destiné, les uns disant d'un, les autres d'autre: Il lui sera donné Homère a garder, dit-il; voulant dire qu'il n'estoit tresor plus grand que cela. Ce qu'il approuva une

## LII.

M. SC. R. ET. SORORI S. P. D.

CONSuetudo Lacedemoniorum erat, ut is qui senior, ostenderet fores illis omnibus qui ingrediebantur convivia, inquiens, ne quis sermo per has fores egrediatur. Admonens eos nihil effutiendum esset, si quid liberius diceretur in convivio. Hunc morem institutur Lycurgus. Fugiamus igitur adulatores, et linguaces, soror, imitantes Alexandrum, apud quem, cum aliquis accusabatur, occludebat alteram aurem. Interrogatus cur hoc facret, Servo, dicebat, alteram integrum illi qui accusatur. Vale.

## LIII.

M. DEI GRATIA SCOTORUM REGINA FRANCISCO DELPHINO S. P. D.

QUUM legerem pulchra facinora Alexandri, maioris quam qui unquam fuerit in armis hoc unum notavi (princeps illustrissime), eum nihil æque ac literas amare. Nam cum tulissent illi scriniolum adeo pulcrum ut nihil pulcrius inter opes Darij, et petiissent in quem usum destinandum esset: alijs aliud suadentibus dabitur huic servandus Homerus, inquit, signifigans se nihil potius amare, nec u[1]lum eo thesaurum præciosiorem. Id quod alias probavit, quum quidam gaudio gestiens

autre fois par autre façon, quand quelquun s'éiouissant fort accourut a luy, pour luy raconter quelque chose heureusement advenue. Que m'annonceras tu de grand, dit-il, mon amy, si tu ne disois qu'Homere requist [revequist]? Signifiant toute la gloire de beaus faicts perir, si ni a un tel bon chanteur qu'a esté Homère. Aimés doncques les lettres, Mons<sup>r</sup> , lesquelles seulement n'augmenteront vos vertus, mais rendront immortels vos beaus faicts. A St. Germain.

20. de Decembre.

LIV.

L'AMOUR que je vous porte, Mons<sup>r</sup> , m'a donné hardiesse de vous prier que le plus que vous pourrés aiés avecques vous gens vertueux et sçavans, et que sur tout aimés votre precepteur, a l'exemple d'Alexandre, qui a d'une telle reverence honoré Aristote qu'il disoit ne luy devoir moins qu'a son père. Pour ce que de son père il en avoit pris le commencement de vivre, et de son maître le commencement de bien vivre.

accurreret, ut recitaret aliquam rem feliciter gestam. Quid magni, bone vir, mihi anuncies, inquit, nisi dicas Homerum revixisse; significans gloriam pulcrorum factorum perituram, si desit talis preco, qualis Homerus fuit. Ama igitur literas, princeps illustrissime, quæ non solum augebunt tuas virtutes, sed tua pulcra facta immortalia redeunt (*for reddunt*). Vale. Apud St. Germanum. 13. Calend. Januar.

## LIV.

M. DEI GRATIA SC. R. FRANCISCO DELPHINO S. P. D.

AMOR quo te unice complector, princeps illu[s]trissime, efficit ut ausim te deprecari tecum habeas quantum poteris probos et sapientes homines, et ante omnia præceptorem ames, exemplo Alexandri, qui tanta reverentia Aristotelem prosecutus est, ut diceret se non minus illi quam patri debere: quod a patre initium vivendi solum, a præceptore bene vivendi initium accipisset. Vale.

## LV.

AGESILAUS voiant que plusieurs estoient entachés d'avarice, avoit coutume d'admonester ses amis qui n'estudiassent tant a s'enrichir de pecunes que de force et de vertu. Pour ce qu'en vain acquiert des richesse, qui est sans les vrais biens de l'esprit. Car, ma seur, ceux-ci nous accompagnent, et font honneur après notre notre (*sic*) mort; et les autres nous trompent, et perissent en un moment. A St. Germain, 26. Decemb.

## LVI.

ARISTIPPE interrogué quelle difference il y avoit entre les doctes et les ignorans, autant qu'entre les chevaux dontés et ceus qui ne le sont point. Car tout ainsi qu'un cheval qui n'est point dressé est incommode a tout usage, pour son ignorance et ferocité: ainsi celui qui est transporté de ses affections, lesquelles la seule philosophie apprivoise, est inutile a toute coutume de la vie. A St. Germain, le jour St. Jean après la nativité de Jesuchrist.

## L.V.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM videret Agsilaus (*for Agesilaus*) plures laborare pecuniæ studio, solebat admonere amicos ut ne tam pecuniis stuperent ditescere, quam fortitudine et virtute. Nam frustra parat opes qui est sine veris bonis animi. Hæc nos comitantur, soror, et nobis addunt honorem: illa vero nos decipiunt, et pereunt uno momento. Vale. Apud St. Germanum.

## L.VI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARISTIPPUS interrogatus quo differebant docti ab ignorantibus: quo equi domiti ab ijs qui sunt indomiti. Nam ut equus qui indomitus est incommodus est ad omnem rem ob iscitiam et ferocitatem, ita ille qui rapitur suis affectibus quos sola philosophia domat est inutilis ad omnem consuetudinem vitæ. Apud St. Germanum, die St. Ioannis a nativitate Iesu Cristi. Vale.

## LVII.

ARISTIPPE disoit que mieux valloit estre povre qu'estre indocte, pour ce que le povre a seulement afaire d'argent, et l'autre d'humanité. Et d'avantage celuy n'est moins homme auquel defaut argent, mais celui n'est homme auquel defaut sçavoir. Outre plus, celui qui a faute d'argent, en demande a ceux qui rencontre : et celui auquel defaut prudence, ne sollicite personne pour en avoir. Nous avons des richesses assés, ma seur, efforçons nous d'acquerir de la doctrine. A St. Germain, dernier jour de cest an 1554.

## LVIII.

Nous devons vouloir, ma seur très aimée, que soions, pendant que sommes jeunes, reprisnes d'un chacun, afin que soions plus tost sages. Et ne nous faut dire tantost a l'un, tantost a l'autre, Quoi ? t'appartient il de me reprendre ? Diogenes disoit a Xeniades du quel il estoit acheté, combien que je soy serf, si est il necessaire que tu m'obeisses, car qui a un nautonier, ou medecin serviteur, il est constraint de lui obeir, s'il en veut recevoir profit. Je ne vueil oblier a vous dire que j'ai

## LVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARISTIPPUS dicebat satius esse fieri pauperem quam indoctum: quia ille tantum eget pecunijs, hic vero humanitate. Et porro ille non minus homo est cui pecunia deest, sed non homo est cui sapientia deest. Præterea cui pecunia deest, petit ab obvijs, et ille cui prudentia deest, neminem sollicitat ut habeat. Satis habemus opum, soror, conemur adipisci doctrinam. Vale. Apud St. Germanum, die ultimo anni 1554,

## LVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SOR. S. P. D.

DEBEMUS velle (amica summa sua et soror) dum iuvenes sumus, emmendari ab unoquoque, ut simus citius sapientiores; nec oportet nos dicere modo huic, modo illi: Quid pertinet ad te reprehendere me? Diogenes dicebat Xeniadæ a quo emptus erat, etiam si servus sum, tamen necesse est ut tu mihi pareas, quia qui habet nauclerum, vel medicum servum, cogitur illi obedire, si velit percipere utilitatem ab illo. Non obliviscar tibi dicere modo intellexisse me regem

entendu que le roy se porte mieux qui ne faisoit hier, dont j'en rens graces a Dieu, qui vous garde en bonne santé. A St. Germain. 5. de Janvier, 1554.

## LIX.

EPENETUS avoit coutume de dire les menteurs estre auteurs de tous crimes et toutes iniures. Laquelle sentence ne discorde point aus lettres des Hebreus, lesquelles narrent que par la menterie du serpent les portes ont esté ouvertes a tout genre de vice. Par ce nom de menterie sont aussi contenus les flateurs, calumniateurs, mechans conseilleurs et mauvais gouverneurs, qui sont fontaine de tous maulx. Puis donc que tant le mensonge deplait a Dieu et [est] si dommageable aus hommes, faisons, ma seur, que touiours soions veritables.

## LX.

PLUSIEURS belles histoires temoignent que les anciens ont esté plus studieus de la Rep. et salut des citoyens, que ceus qui ont regné depuis. Temoign en est Pomponius homme notable et digne de grande louange,

melius habere quam heri. Unde ago gratias immortales Deo opt. max., qui tuam valetudinem feliciter conservet. Valec. 5. Ianuarij.

## LIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

EPENETUS dicere solebat mendaces esse autores omnium criminum, et omnium iniuriarum. Quæ sententia non dissonat a literis Hebreorum, quæ narrant ut mendacio serpentis, fores apertæ fuerunt omni generi vitiorum. Et hoc nomine mendacium adulatores, calumniatores, mali consiliarij, et perversi educatores continentur, qui sunt fontes omnium malorum. Cum igitur mendacium Deo tantum displiceat, et perniciosum sit hominibus: faciamus, soror, ut ne quidem ioco mentiamur, sed simus omne tempore veraces. Valec. 7. Januarij. Apud St. Germanum.

## LX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PLURES pulcræ historiæ testantur veteres fuisse studiosiores reipublicæ et salutis civium quam illos qui regnaverunt ab eo tempore. Ponponius, homo insignis et dignus magna laude, testis est, qui multis

lequel estant fort blecé fut amené a Mithridates, qui lui demanda si le faisoit penser, il vouloit estre son ami? Si tu veus (repondit Pomponius) estre ami aus Romains, je serai aussi le tien. Vous voiés que sa vie ne lui estoit si chère que l'amitié qui portoit a la republique. A St. Germain, 8. de Janvier.

## LXI.

TRES élégamment a chanté le poete qui a dit la liberté ne povoir asses estre achetée. Du quel avis estoit Diogenes, très excellent philosophe, qui respondit a ceus qui louoient le bon heur d'Aristote de quoi il vivoit avec le fils d'un roy: Aristote, dit-il, dinne quand il plaist a Alexandre, Diogenes quand il plaist a Diogenes. Voulant dire riens n'estre heureux si liberté défaut. Apprenons donc les arts et bonnes disciplines, ma seur, par lesquelles plus facilement nous acquerrons vertu, nourrice et mère de liberté, car temoin l'ecriture saincte, quicunque fait peché est serviteur d'iceluy.

vulneribus confossus, adductus fuit ad Mithridatem, et cum ab eo quæreretur si curaret eum vellet sibi amicus esse? Si tu, inquit, fueris amicus Romanis me etiam amicum habebis. Vides amicitiam qua rem-publicam prosequebatur maiorem et vita ipsa cariorem. Vale. 8. Ianuarij.

## LXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Hoc carmen cecinit eleganter poeta,

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.

Cuius opinionis erat Diogenes philosophus eximius, qui respondit illis qui laudabant felicitatem Aristotelis quod viveret cum regis filio: Aristoteles, inquit, prandet quand[o] placet Alexandro, Diogenes quando placet Diogeni. Significans nihil esse beatum si libertas desit. Discamus ergo bonas disciplinas et artes, soror, per quas facilius parabimus virtutem matrem et neutricem libertatis. Nam, ut sta. Scriptura testatur, qui-cumque facit peccatum servus est peccati. Vale. 9. Ian.

## LXII.

DIROGENES disoit les hommes bons estre les images et simulacres de Dieus, plus tost que les statues d'or, d'argent, ou d'airain: car il est propre aus Dieus de bien faire a tous, et ne nuire a personne. Ce que mieus reluit aus sages et aus bons, qu'aus statues quelques precieuses qu'elles soient. Il disoit encores une autre chose que vous louerés grandement, ascavoir, entre les indigens et miserables n'estre tenu celuy qui s'est acquis de bonnes sciences et de bons amis. Mais que celui estoit malheureusement povre qui n'estoit pourveu de quelque vertu.

## LXIII.

[*The French has never been written.*]

## LXII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

DROGENES dicebat bonos viros esse imagines et simulacra deorum, potius quam statuas aureas, argenteas, vel æreas. Nam proprium est deorum bene facere omnibus et nocere nemini. Id quod magis elucet in sapientibus et bonis viris quam in statuis quantisvis (*for quantumvis*) preciosissimis. Dicebat etiam aliud quod maxime laudabis, videlicet inter pauperes et miseros illum non haberi qui sibi paravit bonas scientias, et probos amicos. Sed eum esse infeliciter egenum qui non sit predictus aliqua virtute. Vale.

## LXIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S.P.D.

LEGEBAM hodie apud Ciceronem, soror, non oportere efferri rebus felicibus et prosperis; nam, ut dixit Solon, Crejo nemo ant (*for ante*) obitum felix. Rotat omne fatum, et si fortuna blanditur nobis hodie, cras minatur. Quomodo accidit Policrati regi Samiorum potentissimo, et usque adeo felici ut ab omnio prælio reportarit victoriam. Et tamen evenit quod Oretes, præfectus Ciri rex Persarum eum superavit et afixit

## LXIV.

[*The French has never been written.*]

[THE END.]

cruci. Quanto ergo superiores simus tanto nos summissius geramus. Dicentes cum Davide rege et propheta, in manibus tuis sortes meæ, non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo sanctissimo laus, honor et gloria sit in secula seculorum. Amen. Vale.

## LXIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S.P.D.

QUEMADMODUM non debemus efferi quavis bona fortuna que nobis evenit, ita adversa non debemus despondere animum, nec quoquomodo turbari, veluti legimus de Socrate, qui nunquam visus est vultu aut hilari magis aut turbato. Xantippæ (*sic*) testatur, quæ dixit se semper ipsum vidisse eodem vultu exeuntem domo et revertentem. Porro si sumus pauperes in hoc seculo, in hoc sumus similes Deo, et patri nostro, qui non habuit ubi reclinaret caput suum. Si homines nos odærint, hoc pollicetur nobis gloriam regna (*for regina*) celorum. Vale.

[FINIS.]









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